

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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VAMPIRES.

CHAPTER I.

HE used to sit opposite to me at table in my boarding-house. His head was about the only bit of color at the table, and, in fact, in the dun-colored room itself. All the other people were dun-colored, like the apartment. There was old lantern-jawed, slab-sided Miss Hodgson, with her congested complexion, who tramped in upon wide noisy feet which, after she had seated herself, she displayed on either side of her chair in their full upturned heelless ugliness. It was a joke among the other boarders to discuss which had the greater appetite,—Miss Hodgson, or poor Paton himself. Then there was the plump married woman whose husband was a commercial traveller and always on the road. This husband was a man of an energy and push which presupposed speedy advancement and final success. He had a breezy personality which was not unpleasant, and laughed uproariously at Miss Hodgson's caustic onslaughts, abetting her particularly when she directed her missiles upon the clergyman who sat next to him, for he had the secret contempt men of action always entertain for men of thought. He would, no doubt, have been surprised if any one had told him with what a sense of respite one turned away from the stream of his restless, flustered, wide, and shallow converse to take heart and breath in the narrow, dark, cool, if somewhat stagnant, channels of the clergyman's quiet talk.

His brief apparitions at the boarding-house were emphasized to his wife—he seemed ardently attached to her—by an added flower in her bonnet, a visit to some popular play, and a drive around the Park in a buggy hired from a neighboring livery-stable, with their daughter Clara wedged in between them. Clara, the only young thing in the house, was a pallid, long-legged, clever child, who, having eaten liquorice all the afternoon, usually came to the table still smeared and soiled from the debauch, and filled the meal-time by fretting to be

allowed to leave, or by making men and pigs out of bread-paste. She was a good deal noticed by the women, and was the landlady's especial idol: in fact, I believe the liquorice was a fervent expression of this lady's fancy. Her mother's mild reprimands were of no avail whatever, unless indeed to exasperate Miss Hodgson, who had no patience with any form of human weakness, and would, under her breath, advise "a severe trouncing." Then there were the faded girl and the physician who waltzed together in the parlor at night (one can hardly dignify it with the name of drawing-room) and were supposed to be on the eve of an engagement. Clara's mother took great interest in this love-affair, and played the "*Allez toujours*" waltz for them every evening from nine to ten. The girl's father was a broken-down lawyer, of whom it was reported that he owed the landlady several months' board and was only kept on sufferance because his wife had been some distant relative of hers. He was a sad-looking man of fifty, who rarely spoke and never smiled. He ate sparingly, as if conscious that his food was not paid for. There was about his figure that resigned tranquillity suggestive of one who has long done with agreeable hopes. Despair is calm.

Then there was the young widow in limp bombazine, who was not entirely ungraceful and had even some pretensions to beauty. Her complexion was dark and rich, and she sometimes relieved the sobriety of her dismal garments with a red rose at her bosom. She also seemed not entirely averse to such scant scraps of homage as could be gleaned from the gentlemen when she floated in and out to her meals. It was evident that Miss Hodgson regarded her with distrust and profound disapproval; her very black seemed an impertinence, an unblushing advertisement of past pleasures which might have been reprehensible and should never have been sanctioned and encouraged by the law. Had she been lachrymose or melancholy, Miss Hodgson would undoubtedly have found opportunity to rebuke her for being hysterical, mawkish, and sentimental. But the fact that she retained some of the juices of life in her and had an evident craving for human companionship and appreciation disposed the acrid old maid to look upon her as certainly light and probably loose.

Then there was the clergyman whom I have mentioned, whom the parishioners at an up-town chapel called "Father," and who wore strange ecclesiastical garments and a large black cross depending from his thin throat. He had a long, rather intellectual face, looked like one to whom necessities were superfluities, was gentle of manner and speech. When he first came to the table he always said a silent grace, which occupied fully five minutes, and was watched sharply by little Clara, over whom he seemed to exert some peculiar fascination,—probably because he was the only person at the table who never noticed her. In fact, his eyes seemed always looking beyond his surroundings upon some clear and pleasant vision. He seemed like one who had conquered the first aridities of self-renunciation. To me there was a charm in his dim mediæval figure, something quaint, almost gothic, cast upon the garish background, the crude modernity of our environment, and I found myself furtively watching his pale fingers as he

clasped them to return thanks for his spare meal. They seemed to my imagination to assume involuntarily the indistinct outlines of the pointed arch.

It was next to him, and *vis-à-vis* to me, that Paton sat. All the women in the house were more or less *épris* with the young parson,—those at least who did not secretly envy Miss Gooden the undivided attentions of her physician,—but Paton they treated without accentuation, almost with contempt. Clara was saucy to him always, although he tried hard to make friends with her, constructing rabbits for her with painstaking care out of his handkerchief, and giving her at dessert all his own portion of nuts and raisins. She laughed at the rabbits and ate the nuts and raisins, but she generally addressed him by the descriptive appellative of “Red-top.” “Hallo, Red-top!” she would cry down the stairs at him. Then he would run after her as if to catch her skirts, but with loud derision she invariably managed to evade him.

His hair *was* very red. It curled all over his round head tightly, and one could not but feel how pretty it would have been on the head of a painted cherub or a living infant. His small gray eyes had a merry twinkle in them, as well as a great fund of patience and of kindness. His turned-up nose was conscientiously inquisitive, his round face bright with ruddy health. His queer wide mouth was as fresh as a cherry, and his teeth—well, poor Paton had this one beauty—such teeth!—white, regular, beautiful. They were usually in full play when he and I met, and did their work with silent expedition. He ate of everything voraciously. Miss Hodgson, who pressed him pretty closely in the race,—nay, the others said, surpassed him,—was more ponderous in her performance. She had lost a tooth or two, and her mastication was heavy and audible. It was evident from her strongly-developed animal jaw that she was no ascetic, and that the pleasures of the table were very real to her. She suffered with the gout, but no twinges warned her to forego her pudding or her thin coffee, into which she piled six lumps of sugar, until it had the consistency of molasses syrup.

I cannot tell what there was about Paton, notwithstanding his lack of success with the fair sex,—he seemed a man created to be the friend, not the lover, of women,—which interested me. Certain it is that from the first day his red head appeared at the table I felt strongly drawn towards him. We cannot explain these things. There was something so jolly, so honest about him,—such a fund of vitality and cheerfulness.

I was looked upon as the “swell” of the establishment, being the only inmate who had affiliations in society. My frequent absences from the dinner-table, my name mentioned in the morning papers as having figured at this or that banquet or ball, seemed to awaken in the hearts of my less favored companions a becoming degree of awe. It soon became evident to me that I was considered to be possessed of that science of the world which appears so difficult of mastery to the uninitiated. It was apparent they thought me a man of the highest fashion, whose opinion on matters of etiquette or of dress must be

treated with due confidence and respect. I am social, but not gregarious, and I no doubt enjoyed that prestige which we gain by the avoidance of intimacies, the chilly compromises which this temper accepts for rich intercourse with its fellow-beings having the advantage that at least they do not know us or our fortunes too well.

Paton and the clergyman were excellent friends. The latter had persuaded him to come to his chapel, and the young fellow had ended, so he told me, by attending it regularly. He explained to me that in the small town of New England from which he came all the best people were Methodists, and he had been brought up in that simple faith, but he added, "I guess we and the Episcopalians worship the same God, and it's kind of agreeable and sociable to go into a church where you know the minister."

"Priest," murmured Father Nast.

"Isn't that rather papistical?"

Paton opened his mouth and put in a large piece of pie, looking over at me with a genial wink.

"I refer you to the Prayer-Book," said Mr. Nast. "There is no reason why a regular ministry like ours, straight from the apostles, you know, right down, should not claim the title of a legitimate priesthood. We have nothing to do with the Reformation as preached by Martin Luther. Our Church reformed itself."

Paton gave a low whistle and helped himself to another piece of pie.

"I believe you are fond of music," said Mr. Nast, turning to me civilly. "We shall have a fine service of song next Sunday, and I should be delighted to welcome you to our chapel. The seats are entirely free. Monks' Kyrie, Sanctus, and Agnus in C will be given, and a new anthem by a modern composer of no little merit."

I thanked him.

We noticed about two weeks after this that Paton, who habitually came to the table in his morning clothes, having contented himself with brushing his hair and washing his hands, and who always vanished immediately after dinner to his room to work all the evening; straightening out his accounts, he said,—he had a petty clerkship which gave him a meagre salary,—made something of a toilet for the evening meal, appearing in a frayed and shiny but scrupulously-brushed black suit and a white silk tie fastened by an imitation diamond. There was a titter on his first appearance in all this bravery, which turned into a surprised anguish of curiosity when he left the house about eight o'clock and did not return until eleven. This practice became more and more frequent as the weeks passed by and the black frock-coat was always donned for these evening revels, whatever they might portend. Finally his absence became of nightly occurrence: so at least I was told by eye-witnesses. The young married lady, who was a little tired of playing the "*Allez toujours*" for the pair whose *allez* seemed such a slow measure, began to evince a keener interest in "Red-top" than in her waltzing lovers. Finally she took heart of grace, and one evening with an effort at archness and some excitement sidled up to him. "Well, I declare, Mr. Paton," she said, "you do

dress beautifully nowadays!" after which encomium she added, boldly, "And you seem to be going out a great deal. Cannot we know when it is to be?" whereupon she glanced up and giggled, while Clara between two mouthfuls of liquorice cried out,—

"Ho, ho, Red-top! you've got a sweetheart at last. I know! I know!"

Paton blushed until his hair paled, a flush tell-tale, sheepish, creeping up over his low forehead, making havoc with his light eyebrows until they looked like two white streaks of cloud on a red sunset sky. He mumbled something about "making evening calls," and escaped, while Miss Hodgson glared frightfully at Clara, and said to her,—

"If you were my child you would get a spanking before you could turn around twice."

Miss Hodgson did not care much for Paton,—she thought him something of a lout,—but she had one good point amid the asperities of her disposition, which was perhaps, after all, but a part of them. She always espoused the cause of, took up the cudgels for, the attacked party. She adored opposition of any kind, particularly when directed against her own sex. She would shut her flabby mouth up tightly and expand the aggressive nostrils of her wide nose, after having hit her opponent with an unexpected bullet. Catullus could never have written of her, "*Salve nec nimio puella naso.*"

Poor old woman! What a life was hers! She seemed to have no friends,—hardly an acquaintance. She spent her mornings teaching the blind at the asylum, her afternoons in copying for two or three professional men who employed and ground her in the mortar of their parsimony. She had no religion, and was not even fond of tea, that occupation of her sex and age, expressing for the comforting cup extreme scorn and abhorrence. She had, as I say, no religion, and was not only proud of declaring herself an agnostic, but boasted of her infidelity on every occasion, never missing an opportunity of bursting a blasphemous bombshell in the sacerdotal camp of the unoffending divine, whom she persecuted with relentless and tireless sarcasm. Once only did he turn the tables against her. Having invited the household to attend a series of lectures at his chapel, he leaned blandly towards Miss Hodgson.

"The subject of the first one," he said, "will be the sin of gluttony."

A burst of merriment ran round the table like wildfire, and the terrible Miss Hodgson was for a moment disconcerted.

She had a peculiar dislike to all forms of feminine coquetry, considering the mildest decoration in dress to be reprehensible and only used as a bait for attracting the attention of the other sex. She scoffed at love, as a sign of callowness and frivolity. She had evidently not read and digested Henry George's refutation of the Malthusian theory, of which she was an ardent advocate, for she always deplored the birth of any child, apparently considering it an expression of misplaced energy. When our lovers danced their "*Allez toujours*" she sat apart, scowling in ominous gloom, or hurried from the room with a creakier tread than usual, as in open disclaimer of such dissolute practices. She hated

everything that was above her narrow conceptions, having all the faults and none of the virtues of the *bourgeoise*.

After the married lady's onslaught upon Paton I sought my room. I had dined at the house that night, instead of in the world, because of important notes I was forced to make before morning upon an impending law-case. My sitting-room was over-warm, and I had left my door ajar. I had not been at my work fifteen minutes before I was conscious of a figure on the door-sill. I looked up. It was Paton.

"Come in, come in, Mr. Paton," I said, more hospitably than I felt. I dislike invasion. I have in me no elements of comradery. Albeit a negative defect, it is a grave one.

He moved into the room hesitatingly, with a sort of shuffle unlike his usual short, springing step, edged up to my side, and stood against the mantel-piece.

"They got a rise out of me down-stairs," he said.

"Oh, women——" I went no further, only shrugging my shoulders.

"Yes, yes; they like to talk." There was a certain uneasiness in his eye. "I am fearful I may be in your way. I sort of felt lonesome. I felt as if I would like to speak out to somebody." He gasped a little, and I noticed he was laboring under some mental excitement. My curiosity, which is habitually languid enough, was now somewhat piqued. I pushed away my law-papers, tilted back my chair, and motioned him to a seat beside me. He took it, drew up his knees almost on a level with his chin, clasped them with his two arms, and, locking together his short thick fingers, said, after a short pause, "Well, I am engaged to be married."

It would be impossible to portray with any approach to veracity the tone of terrified triumph with which he made this interesting announcement. I jumped from my seat.

"Accept, my dear fellow," I said, cordially, "my heartiest felicitations. You must tell me all about it. Why, this is indeed an unexpected piece of news!" and I held my hand out to him. He shook it violently as if it had been a pump-handle on his mother's farm,—then, looking up at me curiously for all answer, "Did you ever get tight?" he asked me.

I began to fear that his new-found happiness had addled his brain, but I replied that I believed I had once been very tipsy indeed in my college days and had found it convenient to pass the night under a tree. There lurked a merry twinkle which was hardly maniacal in his kindly eyes.

"Well," he said, "I never did. My mother kept too sharp an eye on me down at the farm for that, and since I've been here I haven't had the time. But since I've known Miss Spooner—that's the name of the young lady—I've felt so queer it's been like the effects of liquor. I don't seem to know half the time what I'm about."

The simile certainly showed no great flight of the imagination, was hardly poetic or even refined, but, such as it was, it was forcible. Words which are coarse on the lips of the libertine may be childishly ingenuous on those of innocence.

"Ain't it odd," he went on, "what it is about some girls? I've only known her four weeks: I met her mother at a church sociable, and Mr. Nast introduced me. We shook hands and had a few words, and then she asked me to call. Well, the first time I ever saw Miss Olivia I began to feel queer: when I looked at her I was kind of ecstatic, and when she looked at me, sir—well, I was just crazy. Of course she didn't know it then, and she don't know it now: I never can tell her. I guess she thinks me very dumb. I guess she wouldn't like it. They're very high-toned people. Mr. Nast says they move in the best circles in the South,—they're Southerners. They didn't think much of me at first—I don't think Mrs. Spooner does now. They don't like the Yankees. But we are engaged all the same. Don't it seem sudden?"

I repeated, to say something, that it *was* very sudden, and then I was inspired to ask him if he had any photograph of the lady about him.

"I am sure," I added, gallantly, "from what you tell me, she must be very charming."

"Well," he said, "I think she is pretty, and she looks sort of aristocratic, but I haven't got a picture yet, because she has been too sick to go out and be taken."

"Sick!" I exclaimed, somewhat taken aback.

"Well, yes. She came up here to consult the doctors. She is quite an invalid," he continued. "Her mother says she has always been kind of sickly and delicate since a child; but," he went on, cheerily, "I'll take care of her, I'll take care of them. I'll get her well. I'm strong. I can take care of them," he repeated.

We are grateful to youth for its illusions when our own have vanished. It is pleasant to us to find we can still understand a language we have ceased to speak. I have always thought a great hope proved a great love, and I looked now at the stout-hearted, robust boy, with his healthy, tough young body, swaying back and forth on his seat in front of the warm grate, with a feeling akin to respect.

"You see," he went on, apologetically, "I am lonesome. I ain't got any friends here, and I am strong, and I kind of like to see after these ladies. There's many a little job I've been able to do for them. They're boarding, and I guess it's a poor sort of a place. Mrs. Spooner says they used to be rich, but I guess they've got mighty little money now; and I expect they've been used to comfort."

It had evidently been a great relief for him to tell me all these details, to pour out these wonderful experiences with which his simple heart was fairly bursting. He did get up at last as if to depart, but there seemed something still on his mind. I wondered why he lingered, but I did not ask him. It is always better to let a person alone in such cases. A question will, perhaps, disconcert. One's own silence is the wiser method for learning another's secret. After he reached the door he came back.

"I should like to ask a favor of you," he said.

"Anything in the world, my dear fellow."

As I said before, we never met except at this public table, had

naturally not a friend, vocation, or pursuit in common, yet somehow I liked him.

"Would you—would you mind calling on them—on Mrs. Spooner, some night or afternoon, with me? I think you're more their sort. I think," he added, "they'd like you, and it would be a—a good thing for me."

An alliance requires some support, some prop from the outside. Why, Paton was quite a shrewd diplomatist: he had guessed this. I understood him perfectly, for which he seemed grateful. The absolute friendlessness of one who could ask such a favor from a stranger appealed to me as pathetic.

"Certainly, my dear fellow; with the greatest of pleasure."

It may be added that I felt that a young woman whom it made one insane to look at was, if perilous, highly alluring. The power which dominates and fascinates is as rare in human beings as is the sentiment which it inspires. Fortunately, Providence requires no such raging torrents to turn the wheels of life. The quiet tides of the instinct of mating are enough. I had myself known a hundred beautiful and witty women who had left me cold, for wit and beauty do not necessarily touch the imagination or awaken the senses. In the labyrinth of these magnetic forces we are but children, blind gropers rocked by their balancement and ignorant of their laws.

"When?" asked Paton, eagerly.

"Why, any time you say."

"Shall it be Saturday at four o'clock? It is a half-holiday at the store."

"Certainly,—on Saturday; and accept again my congratulations." I heard him a moment later letting himself out into the street furtively, as if fearful of a raid from the open drawing-room door.

CHAPTER II.

It may be said that when the Saturday arrived Mrs. and Miss Spooner had already become vague undesirable entities to me, and the promised visit loomed up as an uncompromising bore. There is probably no animal so entirely selfish as the bachelor of moderate fortune upon whom society levies no taxes, except such, indeed, as he bestows with the honor of his presence.

My parents and their generation were mostly dead. I had smoked out my short family pipe some years since, and, with the exception of two or three married cousins, in whose drawing-rooms I was always a welcome guest, I had few serious social relations. These cousins' wives were mostly women of the world, gay, *à la mode*, surrounded, and consequently very indulgent as to the number of my dinner-calls. They were busy from morning until night, marshalling social forces, organizing amusements, receiving, dancing, making music, and having no time left for the minor details of cavilling at my insignificant delinquencies. The only other visits which I made were upon two or three lovely women who pleased my eyes, flattered my vanity, and stimulated

my mind. I accepted their civilities with a certain indulgent condescension, admitting no especial claim on their part upon my time or my devotion. As a man who could talk and had a certain culture, had travelled, studied, and seen the white elephant, I was considered desirable at dinner-parties. I had really begun, in my blind fatuity, to believe that they ought to be very grateful to me when I accepted their invitations. I must, therefore, confess that, unaccustomed to sacrifices, I wished now most fervently I could, in any decency, wriggle out of the Spooner expedition. But my fate, clothed in the garb of Mr. Paton, punctually at a quarter before four o'clock waited on the stairs. His face was so wreathed in joyful anticipation that it cleared the atmosphere of my discontent. He seemed to bring a flood of fresh air into my room, such as one breathes in the country of a summer's morning from newly-mown hay-fields. I was in for it, and there was only one way to make the afternoon tolerable, and that was to put some zest into the performance.

We found it was drizzling when we reached the side-walk, so I unfolded my umbrella, that inseparable companion of my walks, and offered Paton, who had none, my arm. We walked down the thoroughfare which he selected, as he mysteriously alluded to a desire to stop and make a purchase upon which he wished my judgment. As we passed a large fruit-shop, a dainty figure draped in a long odd graceful garment emerged with a footman behind her who bore an enormous basket of splendid hot-house grapes. She smiled and nodded at me pleasantly from under her great black hat, and I recognized my cousin Nelly, who reigns a queen in the world of fashion. She stared at my companion, but only for a moment, for Nelly can be impertinent as becomes a *grande dame* when she wishes to protect herself, but she is never ill-bred without a purpose. She does nothing slovenly. She evidently wondered, however, "whom" I had "picked up."

By and by Paton stopped abruptly at a small jewelry-store and invited me to enter. I saw that he was expected, for the clerk advanced to meet us, and said, "The pin, sir?" and produced directly from a neighboring glass case a tray of scarf-pins. One or two of them were of genuine stones, microscopic pearls or tiny brilliants, which the clerk called "sparks," but the majority were a glaring imitation and set in the most execrable taste.

"Ah! here it is," said Paton, and he extricated a flashing sapphire of glass encircled by a pretentious filigree of thinly-beaten gold from the centre of the tray.

"Now, what do you think of *that*?" he asked me.

I realized at once that not to approve would be to deal a blow so terrible that I weakly faltered as I suggested, "Perhaps a real pearl might be not much more expensive, and of greater intrinsic value and service."

His mouth fell limply, and he murmured that he thought this one made a "grand effect" for the money, and that young girls liked bright baubles. Paton in his own personal adornments had always evinced a marked predilection for meretricious splendor.

After a short parley, in which his stubborn will and intense pref-

erence got the better of my feeble remonstrance, the hideous thing was bought for a sum which I knew the poor boy could ill afford, and ensconced in his breast-pocket.

When we reached the door of the Spooner abode it was opened for us by an unkempt colored girl, who let us into the narrow, ill-ventilated hall with a grin of recognition towards Paton, while she bent upon me the eager searching eye of an inquisitor. It was evident that the apparition of strangers was unusual in this establishment. She knocked on the door of what is called in our English basement-houses with a good deal of mock pomposity the "reception-room," and a woman's voice replied, "Come in." Almost immediately we found ourselves in the presence of the Spooner ladies. The long room was lighted by only one window, which looked into the street. In its farther corner were two small cot-beds and a wash-stand, only half hidden by a cheap plush curtain. It was in semi-obscurity. The front part of the room had some pretensions to being furnished like a sitting-room. There were a marble clock and vases on the mantel. Its dark paper was adorned by a few cheap prints. There were two reps-covered arm-chairs, across whose backs rested crash towel tidies, tied in knots and in the corner of which some hungry soul had embroidered a blackbird. There was a mahogany table, upon which stood a lamp with a pink paper shade upon it, a vase with a few fading roses in it, and some illustrated newspapers. There was no visible fire, but a hidden register was somewhere pouring its fiery blasts, for the heat was oppressive.

In a wide rocking-chair drawn close to the window sat a young girl. Coming in from the stronger light of the street, I could see little of her at first; except a mass of lifeless yellow hair piled on the top of her small head. Mrs. Spooner herself came forward with an extended hand to greet us. She was a pale, refined-looking woman in early middle life. She spoke in that nasal drawl which the Southerners early imbibe from the negroes. She was polite, lady-like, and evidently a person of some education. She introduced me very correctly to her daughter, saying, "This is the gentleman friend Mr. Paton has told us about." The younger woman intimated, without rising, that she was "glad to meet" me, and put out a cold little hand. Growing accustomed to the gloom, I began to distinguish more clearly the features of Paton's innamorata. They were delicate, and might have been pretty, had they not been marred by attenuation and by the sallow unhealthiness of their complexion. Her large eyes, of the smoky color of obsidian, had an expression in them I did not altogether like; she looked at you now and then out of their corners as if imbued with a distrust of your words and motives; and the mouth, which was small, was thin-lipped and disfigured by an expression of fretfulness. She was dressed in shabby black, but neatly, with white linen collar and cuffs.

"Have you brought me my pin?" she asked, almost immediately, in a high, anæmic voice.

He took it out and displayed it with pleasure and pride.

The girl looked at it undecided, and then turned to her mother.

The latter took it close to the window and examined it critically, holding it up against the pane.

"It's imitation," she said, decidedly.

"Thank you very much," said the girl; and that was all.

Paton had his back to the light, so I could not see his face. He sat by the side of his *fiancée* as he did in church, with an odd mixture of awkwardness and reverence in his attitude, and I could see no evidences in his embarrassment of that intoxication and rapture which he had so graphically portrayed to me in the first avowals of his passion. He was very silent. Doubtless his happiness, like all great emotions, made him speechless.

By and by Mrs. Spooner invited me to her side on a narrow horse-hair sofa near the mantel-piece, saying that her feet were cold and that she would sit nearer to the register: so the lovers were left to talk together in low tones. Now and then the girl would laugh out, as if at some remark of Paton's, and the laughter, albeit a trifle shrill, was not devoid of a certain youthful ring of gayety.

We had hardly seated ourselves,—“Do you know anything about him, sir?” asked the elder lady, indicating Paton by an upturned chin.

Rather startled, “I am sure he is a very good fellow,” I said, with a sudden rush of loyalty at which I was myself surprised.

“I don't know much about him,” replied Mrs. Spooner.

“Mr. Nast—I thought——” I really was nonplussed.

“Oh, Father Nast! Yes, he's a perfect gentleman. I shouldn't have asked Mr. Paton to call if he hadn't introduced him.”

“I am sure he's a very good fellow,” I repeated, floundering.

“Do you know his people?” she continued, full of her own thought. “He says they live in Parthenia. What kind of a place is it, anyway? I never heard of it.”

I evaded the allusion to his relatives by explaining that Parthenia was a county town which could be found on any properly-executed map of the United States. Mrs. Spooner sighed:

“I am sure I don't know what I am to do about it. I looked higher for Olivia. I had a right to. She's only seventeen; she's very young. At Halifax Court-House we always went with the best. Did you ever met Colonel Spooner? You must have heard of Colonel Silas F. Spooner.” She accented the middle initial as if it had been a brevet of nobility. “He was a very distinguished man indeed. He was my husband's brother,—Olivia's own uncle. They're both dead,—he and my husband. She's very delicate. She can hardly walk at all now. That's why I take this ground-floor room. They charge so very high. It's not much to look at, but she can't go up-stairs. I brought her here to see the doctors. I had to sell our place after Mr. Spooner's death. It was heavily mortgaged. We have hardly any money. Do you know what his income is?” And she again pointed towards her embryo son-in-law somewhat contemptuously.

I declared that I had no idea.

“Nor about his people either, I fancy,” she continued. “I reckon they're not much. He don't seem to have a great deal of education.

In Virginia the gentlemen were very elegant men, and I've been accustomed to the best kind."

I was silent. The Spooner visit was even more unpleasant than I had anticipated, but less dull.

"Are you a friend of his? Do you move in the same circles?" she asked, persistently. "You don't look of the same sort."

I vaguely intimated that I was a quiet man who went little into society, and murmured that there were so many "sets" in such a big place that people lost sight of each other, and then I prudently alluded to the proverbial needle and haystack.

I saw clearly that she was not satisfied. Mrs. Spooner was no fool. "I suppose I will be whipped into it," she said, in a muffled voice, and at this moment a burst of hilarity from the other side of the room smoothed out of her hard anxious visage for a moment its lines of care, while an expression of greater cheerfulness flittered into a smile.

"He seems good-natured," she said. "He's the only pleasure my girl's got. I can't take it away from her." And then, after a short pause, "He has pretty teeth," she said, sighing,—to which I assented.

"Ho, Olivia!" she called out.

"Ho, mamma!"

Only those who have heard the "mamma" of the Southern child can seize its strange wail, like the cry of a wandering sheep.

"What is the joke? What are you two laughing at? Can't this gentleman and I know your fun? You are not polite."

Olivia giggled. "It isn't really anything, mamma, but he always makes me laugh."

I rose to go soon after.

"What did the doctor say?" asked Paton of the mother before making his final adieux.

"Oh, he says beef soup, port wine, fruit, oranges. I'm sure I don't know where they're to come from," replied Mrs. Spooner. "They don't feed us decently here. I'm thinking of looking up another place."

"Don't forget to bring me that paper with the pictures," Olivia cried out after us. "It's so funny."

A sort of intuitive delicacy which I had noticed and marvelled at before in Paton deterred him from questioning me upon my impressions of his friends, and we parted at the street-corner. I indulged, as I trudged through the mud alone, in a meditation upon the curious phenomena of the love-passion, and concluded that this was one of its most extraordinary manifestations. Later, as I came down in my dress-suit to attend a dinner-party, Paton was ascending the stairs after the earlier boarding-house meal. I noticed he had an orange in his hands. Paton was fond of oranges. He had always devoured one for his dessert with peculiar gusto, but he now nightly carried his orange away from the table, until the landlady, who disliked him and subjected him to those covert innuendoes and petty persecutions which women of her class can heap upon one of the opposite sex who has failed to fascinate them, exclaimed that "there was those as didn't

know where to stop. They'd rob the table of what they were too full to hold themselves."

A look of pain crossed Paton's face, giving his common features a moment's dignity. He continued, nevertheless, to carry his orange away. On the particular evening of our visit and the first occurrence of this peculation, he passed me, as I have said, upon the stairs.

"I say, Mr. Milburn," he whispered, "I ain't a drinking man myself,—I don't know much about wines,—but what is the price of A No. 1 port, can you tell me?"

I answered him to my best ability. That night before I sought my couch I took down my classical dictionary and began to flick over its leaves carelessly. I glanced at the word "vampire," and then turned and looked up the word "harpy." It told me that these were daughters of Neptune and Terra, and monsters of the gods' vengeance. They were winged and of fierce aspect, with the bodies of vultures, the heads of maidens, spectral, with faces pale with hunger. But through what processes of unconscious cerebration I had been brought to think of Aello, Celæno, and Ocypete I could not have told.

Shortly after this I had occasion to change my lodgings, wishing to find an apartment in closer proximity to my club, where I should take my meals. So in the maelstrom of the great town Paton, Spooner & Co. were swallowed up and drifted out of my sight, as I supposed, forever. It is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to keep up an acquaintance, much less any degree of intimacy, with persons who live in the same city but whose lives run in an entirely different channel from one's own. I had long ceased to attempt the profitless experiment.

It was about a year after my *déménagement* that I dropped in, as I sometimes did of an afternoon, for a cup of tea at my cousin Nelly's. I found her with a small party of congenial friends chatting by the fire in that curtained part of her hall which she is pleased to call the atrium, probably because no other appellation could be found quite as inappropriate. I doubt if the Pompeian ladies were ever so snug and cosey, unless indeed when a volcanic eruption came down to enshroud them in its genial warmth. But Mrs. Maury, like other great ladies, has a vocabulary of her own, which she imposes upon an adoring world.

To call my cousin Nelly a great lady is perhaps stretching the point a little, but when there is question of a very pretty woman how elastic grows the male judgment! There always appeared to me to be two souls inhabiting my cousin's graceful person, two distinct beings exhaled from her lips and eyes. Her mouth, that crimson flower, is that of a serious and absorbed Phryne fed upon the most delicate philtres and spices of passion. Her far-seeing eyes, green as the summer sea and as alluring as its cool depths in the hot noontime, are haughty as a proud queen's. Both eyes and mouth are full of mystery. Mystery is menace.

One feels that those eyes could weigh, discriminate, condemn, discard; and, yet, who knows? Nelly might have her moments, stoop, lean down, be a good sovereign, give her hand, clement, and strong. I used sometimes to wonder how it would be with my cousin Nelly when the icy voices of time should have whispered into her ear,

"Doubt thyself." Now she has a frank confidence in herself, in her own charm and other women's lack of it, in her own cleverness and other people's stupidity, which is always a strengthening tonic. This attitude of mind induces a reposeful manner, is conducive to ease and to a certain supercilious nonchalance which imposes. Although Nelly is not a beauty, she carries herself effectually for one; and I have always found that this self-assertion does better in the struggle for supremacy than the genuine article itself.

When I entered the holy of holies this afternoon, she was standing in the middle of the floor, and I heard her say, "Never give advice to a fool. It only aggravates his imbecility. Personally I prefer foolishness served *au naturel*. It is less unendurable. Now, I am not a fool, and I ask your advice."

This remark was duly applauded by an admiring audience, for Nelly has a following over which she reigns supreme,—men who are content if they may but drink deeply of her presence and whose patient and constant homage is a source of piqued curiosity to her world, and women who, if less enthralled and loyal, remain yet apparently as faithful.

She was, as I say, in the middle of the floor, and was parading about in front of her friends in a long dark velvet coat richly embroidered, upon which the ladies present were evidently sitting in judgment.

"The back," said one overfed beauty who affected languor but only succeeded in being heavy,—*"the back is a masterpiece."*

"Very well," said Nelly. "That settles the matter. I shall keep it. I can look after the front myself. What is the front of a thing? Why, absolutely nothing. In one's own hands. There are the arms, if one holds them properly; and then one can wear a violet or two. But one's back—so helpless!"

"You mean defenceless?"

"Yes, just that; defenceless. And yet at times how eloquent!" Everybody laughed.

"Ah! Mr. Milburn."

"Ah! *mon cousin*."

"How charming you look!" said I.

"Really it is *chic*." And Nelly showed her little teeth, with her strange smile.

She knows not much, my cousin Nelly, of the long waitings, the weary denials, of life, and yet, and yet, methinks, her smile tells of a waiting, a searching for something that her own destiny has not yet given.

"That is what I call the systematization of our religious conceptions," said a young lady from Boston, sitting in a corner with little Tommy Morrow. Tommy groaned.

"Heavens, Sally!" said Nelly, "what *are* you two talking about?"

"We were discussing the Rev. Mr. Slappit Crooks's last lectures to young men," said the girl.

"You frighten Mr. Morrow half to death," said Mrs. Maury, shaking her head at the Boston girl. "He looks quite white. I am afraid he is going to be ill."

"Come to your mother, dear, for comfort," laughed an extremely youthful matron, who looked fully five years younger than the man she called her son, and had a complexion that suggested a diet of milk and rose-leaves.

"There is a good deal of coquetry in this grown-up son business," whispered Nelly to me. "Jane Morrow thinks herself a paragon of virtue because she drags Tommy about with her wherever she goes, and 'My son Toms' you hither and thither. But the fact is it's all a pose. It's immensely swagger, this sort of thing. Everybody so surprised! 'What! No! Impossible! Thought you were the *daughter*. How extraordinary! A freak of nature. Cannot be your child; must be somebody else's. Married at sixteen? No, twelve—Ah!"

Then came tea, borne in by the burly English butler, followed by his stiff-spined candle-bearing acolyte.

"Will you draw up your chair and have a cup, dear?" addressing a poetic, narrow-chested blonde who had been sitting somewhat apart with a far-away eye.

"Thanks. No tea. But I will draw up. There is no use in tea."

"Why not? It excites the nerves. That is why one takes it: it is an emotion."

"But what do emotions amount to?" gurgled the blonde.

"What does anything amount to?"

"That's just what I think. Nothing amounts to anything."

"You ought to get married, Cicely. You're morbid," said Mrs. Maury, decidedly, and with her characteristic lucidity.

"Married! Why, my dear girl, you forget I once *was* married."

"Didn't you like it?"

"I was once married," continued the lady, abstractedly, "for—for—let me see—three years. It seems a very, very long time ago. It's before ever I knew you, Nelly dear." Then she sighed.

"You should marry again, now that you do know me, and this time for a longer period."

"Thanks. I found three days of that form of entertainment quite sufficient." And then the blonde, who is a great friend of mine, came over and flirted with me. She evidently feels I hold out no shackles for her slender wrists to wear, and that I promise no "useless" emotions.

"Oh, Milburn,"—and Nelly moved across the room, disencumbering herself as she went of the velvet coat and emerging in a pale daffodil tea-gown,—“oh, Milburn, I have something to show you.”

But a lovely long-limbed goddess who was sitting under a palm-tree behind the tea-kettle caught and arrested her, pulling at her sleeve:

"Look here, my dear, won't you deliver me from him?" And she turned her head in the direction of a lank, yellow-haired military attaché, with calveless legs and sloping shoulders, who sat on a low seat by her side with his feet chastely folded up under his chair. He wore that discreet and meaningless smile which people do who are not familiar with the language spoken about them. A single eyeglass was screwed into his fiery left eye, whose flames it veiled in an expression of vigilance and apprehension. The right eye was invisible, being

tightly contracted in its effort to keep the lorgnon in position. A shiny hat and a walking-stick were held across his knees by a white well-groomed hand. He occasionally hugged his hat to his breast, as if for protection. He was paying a visit of ceremony: he was invulnerable, not to be tampered with. He knew how to treat *femmes du monde*. If any doubted it, why, let them watch him now. This girl, for instance. *Gott!* what a type! Bold, challenging. Nothing, nothing should tempt him to deviate from his attitude of reserve. He would be civil to her,—civil, but cold. No, he understood these things perfectly. You could not tell where you were with these American ladies. They led you on, and then they laughed together. His colleagues had warned him. No. All was uncertain,—even their incomes,—insecure, fluctuating. He wasn't going to be *roulé*, not he.

The girl in question wore her heavy smooth hair parted over one ear, a man's hat, a high shirt-collar, and carried her hand on her hip as if ready to draw forth at the first false step of her antagonist the hilt of a sword concealed somewhere under her petticoats.

"Why, Lily, how can you? He will understand you."

"Not a bit. He doesn't know a word of English. He's been bleating for an hour about the big-bugs he's chummy with over there. He's perfectly happy, only a little cross that I am not dazzled. I have fallen asleep several times already. Just listen to him yourself, Mrs. Maury. You have had your cup of tea. You are stimulated."

"The general was saying to me," continued the diplomat, laboriously, in superlatively incorrect French,—“he was saying to me, the cavalry—that is everything. When in contact with the enemy it must paralyze, dislocate, scatter. It is this part of the army which one must watch with solicitude. Do you follow me, mademoiselle? Do I make myself clear to you? It must influence the tactics of the commander-in-chief, the logic of the whole campaign. Generals of cavalry must have initiative boldness, force, understanding. That is what I aspire to. I said to the prince—I——”

"Come with me, monsieur, and have some tea," said the hostess, suavely. "And you, Lily," she threw backward, "emerge from behind that teapot. A belle should never be blocked." She piloted the foreigner across to the Boston girl, thus releasing Tommy Morrow, who made but one leap to Miss Lily's side.

"Hallo, Tom! How are you? That Dip. and I didn't seem to clam on the same beach, as the oystermen say on Long Island. You have no ambition in the cavalry line, I hope? I was afraid that old cart-horse you were mounting when I saw you at the last meet—you must have bought him from an omnibus-driver—would fall dead before ever you threw your leg across him."

"How you do chaff!" said Tommy.

Having effected these desirable changes, for the Boston girl was found to take the same enthusiastic interest in military manœuvres that she had in theology, Mrs. Maury returned to me with a printed sheet in her hand which she had gone to seek.

"See, Milburn. I told you I had something to show you. Here, I have kept this paper expressly. Don't you remember those queer

people you once talked to me about?—that odd man with red hair I met you patrolling the streets with. I cannot remember his name; but Miss Spooner, Olivia Spooner,—the girl,—she made quite an impression on me. Well, they are married. I have seen the wedding announced in this paper."

I glanced at the place to which she pointed with her long polished finger-nail, and found it there effectually recorded that the Reverend Father Nast had tied together in matrimony my old friend Paton and Miss Olivia Spooner, daughter of Mrs. Somebody Spooner and niece of the late Silas F. Spooner, of Halifax Court-House, Virginia.

"Good luck to them, poor little things!" I said. "But how in the world, Madam Nelly, did you remember anything about them?"

"Oh, you told it nicely. They interested me. Don't you remember?"

I did not remember very well.

"By the way, won't you stop and dine? We shall have soft-shells done in a new way that Mill insists is a consolation for all the ills of life."

But I could not stop and dine.

The foreigner was just then being led unwillingly to the piano to sing a song. With becoming modesty he explained that his voice was not in repair, but that to please the ladies he would sing a Russian chansonnette he had himself translated. He did so with considerable fire. I caught the refrain, which, if I am not mistaken, was something on this guise, set to a cadence as caressing as a warm breath of youth:

"Te tourmenter, te voir pleurer,
Jouer de tes tourments et de tes pleurs,
O, c'est ainsi que je voudrais t'aimer."

This delirium of the wilder aspect of the love-motif thrown suddenly on the mildness of a pallid civilization was, to me, excessively amusing. The gentleman's own extremely correct *tenue* as he stood buttoned up in his dark frock-coat, the sober demi-tints of the surroundings, and the women's Parisian bonnets, were in strange discord with this fierce, passionate, and reckless invocation. But I noticed that Mrs. Maury's cold eyes awoke from their unknowable dreams, and her sensitive nostrils dilated as if she had breathed into them for a moment the odor of some new and subtle flower. The Boston girl felt herself called upon to express rapturous approval, and amid the general applause which ensued I passed out unnoticed.

As I closed the front door behind me I almost stumbled over a young lady who was ascending the steps. I bowed an apology, and turned to pull the bell for her. She was *petite*, and wore a plain brown cloth skirt and a gray fur tippet. She had a soft round face, and a dimple in her chin.

"Are you not a frequent visitor of Mrs. Maury's, sir? A relative, I believe?" she asked, in a hurried whisper.

I bowed in surprised assent.

"Oh, then," she said, decidedly, "I need not go in. I won't ring

the bell at all. You'll do." And she lifted up her skirt, which was already somewhat muddy, picking her way carefully, and descending the steps by my side, displaying as she did so a rather well turned ankle and foot.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me, sir," she continued glibly when we had reached the side-walk,—“will you be kind enough to tell me how Mrs. Maury amuses herself?”

"Why," I answered, blandly, "she amuses herself as most women of her class, I presume, do,—receiving her friends and arranging her bric-à-brac."

"Did it ever occur to 'her class,'" said the young woman, with a certain ill-disguised asperity of emphasis upon my words and some bitterness in the inflection of her voice, "that there are women who have no friends to receive and no bric-à-brac to arrange?"

This was an incontestable truth, but irrelevant, and I murmured something to this effect, adding, with considerable impatience, that I really must decline to discuss Mrs. Maury with strange young women in the streets, although I added, with some compunction and an effort at gallantry, that I was always ready and glad to serve her sex.

Dismissing her sneering tone, the young woman smiled and looked up at me insinuatingly. "Well," she said, "you are just the person I want; for I am certain that you can 'serve' me this minute, and that you are not going to refuse."

This faith in my good nature was unequivocally gratifying.

"The fact is, I am new to my profession, and I get cross standing around in the wet. I have been at two weddings to-day, and have been treated like a dog, and it isn't pleasant. I fancy you wouldn't think so yourself: now, would you?"

To this I assented with a vague shake of the head. The situation was dawning upon me.

"But now, sir, to business," continued my fair interlocutress, in a more serious tone. "Does she ride, eh?—Mrs. Maury?—here and in the country? Does she attend the meets? Can she take a fence? See much company down at her place? Fond of gentlemen's society, eh? What did you say, sir? Fond of yachting? Wear sailor dress? Capable of steering a boat herself? Musical, eh? Give *musicales*? I hear she reads a good deal. Now, *does* she?"

I concluded from the rapidity with which she formulated her questions that she had a good mental digestion for assimilating facts. As she propounded her queries she pulled from the pocket of her jacket a note-book and pencil, preparing to write with nervous fingers.

Her hand was small, and underneath its soiled glove, ill fitting and wrinkled, I noticed that it had the pointed fingers indicative of a love of pleasure. I inferred that, left to its own tastes, this little hand would take kindly to cakes and fruits and wine and tea under the palms and amid the roses by the fire in the warm atrium; and as the small sturdy figure trudged splashing through the wind and mud beside me in a quickly-gathering gloom, there was something about it so unprotected and forlorn, and at the same time so valiant, that such latent crumbs of chivalry, such shrivelled embers, as our insolvent cen-

tury has left us, awoke into life in my manly breast. Before we had reached our first corner she had confided to me that she supported herself, her mother, and a sick sister by writing for the *New York Scrutinizer*, the *Chicago Nightcap*, and the *St. Louis Prairie Chicken*. As we crossed our first avenue she informed me that such scraps of information as she could glean concerning "society women" would insure for the sick child, the little sister, a trip to the sea-shore this summer, and—shall I say it?—ere we reached our last and final crossing where our ways were to divide forever, shall I acknowledge that, weakly, ignobly, pusillanimously, criminally, I gave away my cousin Nelly, I gave away Nelly's husband, I gave myself away, I gave the whole of society away? And what man, indeed, would not have made a holocaust of the whole world while in the proximity of that appealing, searching, imploring, wheedling dimple? If such there be, let him cast the first stone at me. I am certain that if he could have resisted the fascinations of all these his heart of adamant would have at last melted before the grateful dimple which rewarded my perfidy. Had it failed to do so, he must have been indeed a wicked and a vile person. Hugging my guilt later, in the silence of my room, I chuckled at the thought of it, knowing that my nearest friend, like my cruellest foe, would forever hold me, in spite of every evidence, innocent or incapable of this particular form of misdemeanor. I therefore concluded that the *New York Scrutinizer*, the *Chicago Nightcap*, and the *St. Louis Prairie Chicken* knew what they were about; also that we must never think we have learned how to drive until we have been run away with, that we must never feel sure we know anything about other people's temptations, and that editors in general must be very clever gentlemen.

CHAPTER III.

It was again fully a year after this that I ran down one hot summer's day to a sea-shore place to pass an afternoon and to sleep. It was what is called a "fashionable resort," where the fashionable person is never met with by any possible chance, and one wanders lonely amid a sea of strange faces as completely unknown as if one were suddenly stranded on the South Sea Islands. I have always wondered if these people knew each other; but it is difficult to discover, as they quickly form friendships which have every appearance of being long-standing intimacies. I was glad of the certain isolation. I was in one of those conditions, mental and physical, when we hate our kind,—in that *cui bono* mood Dr. Johnson so deprecated, when the great nervous centres fail to respond to the demands of intellect, affection, sentiment, even of taste, and all the pulsations of life are arrested and replaced by lassitude and disgust. I had begun to find no joy even in music, to wonder if Wagner was not overrated, and to believe Bismarck a political charlatan, to imagine our own Federal government to be rotten, our local one impotent, and to wonder if the end of all things was not at hand. I doubted mankind in general, womankind in particular, and myself *in toto*. Everything seemed tending to the fulfilment of disas-

trous prophecy. I concluded that the sea-air and a plunge in the surf might be efficacious. If not, there was always Europe. I was evidently overworked. A tired brain and disordered nerves will make genius shrivel, faith totter, affection pale, and passion dry up. All the mechanism of life becomes a weary lesson learned by rote, tedious and futile in the learning.

The sail down did me good. There was a delicious breeze, which, when I landed, I found still pervading the cliffs. They overhung the long low beaches, and at this early hour—it was little past noon—they—the beaches and cliffs—were almost deserted. A row of trees bordered a road which ran parallel with the embankment, and their welcome shade allured me. At the edge of the precipice the sun beat down with intolerable heat, and it was oppressive in spite of the sea-winds that blew. I kept, therefore, to the road under the maples, lounging lazily, my hands in my pockets, feeling already that the cloud which had enveloped my brain in the hot town where I had imprudently lingered too late that summer was beginning to lift a little, as if with a promise of renewed courage. Suddenly I heard something crunching the gravel behind me, and a fretful feminine voice saying, "I tell you I am cold. Can't you take me into the sun?" and then a man replied, "Well, it's so infernally hot."

"You're improperly dressed in that pot hat and thick vest. You look like a guy, too, that way."

"The fact is," replied the male voice, good-humoredly, "I haven't had the time to look up my linen suit and straw hat. They've kept me at the store every evening until it was nigh on midnight, and when I get home I am kind of sleepy."

I made way for the speakers to pass, but what a train of half-buried remembrances had their voices awakened! I saw again the young widow and little Clara, Mr. Nast and Miss Hodgson; the physician and the lawyer's daughter whirled before me once more, while my ears seemed to vibrate to a faint echo of the "*Allez tousjours*."

"Why, Mr. Milburn!"

Miss Spooner—Mrs. Paton, I should say—had suddenly recognized me. She was reclining in a wheeled chair which her gallant husband was propelling from behind. She was prettily dressed in a pink cotton gown which fitted well her slight person, and its reflection cast upon her pallor a glow which, heightened by the sun and vivid air, was distinctly becoming to her. It was noticeable that the yellow, almost orange hue which her complexion wore at our first and only meeting had given place to a healthier tone. Her skin now looked like white beeswax, and was in its way handsome. There seemed to be, too, a little more fulness about the lines of her mouth and lips, whose dominant characteristics, however, still remained those of discontent. Her eyelashes and hair, possibly through the effect of the sharp sunlight, seemed to have caught a brighter tint, and, although there was still a certain incompleteness about her, I had to confess that she had greatly improved.

Paton was less changed. Yet he was changed too, but it was not for the better. He looked thin, his mouth a little less ripe and fresh,

and his eyes were a trifle bloodshot, as are those of men who work by candle-light. There were wrinkles and a certain looseness of the skin under them. I have studied medicine, among other things, and I never like to see this flabbiness about a person's eyes. He seemed to be suffering from the heat; his forehead was flushed. He had pushed back his hat, and the perspiration dropped down from under it. Otherwise he was as jolly as ever. He smiled all over at the sight of me, grasping my hand and shaking it warmly.

"I just arrived on the train," he explained. "Mrs. Paton and her mother are passing the summer here. I can't get down very often. To-day they let me off early. I've got a holiday until Tuesday. That's all I'll get all summer. They've doubled my salary since I knew you," he said, "but double money means double work." And he laughed. "I am down at the store half the night lately. My wife was just scolding me because I hadn't dressed like a dude to come out here among the fine folks, but I was telling her I haven't the time. I never was much on style."

Mrs. Paton in the mean while was arranging the folds of her frock, and establishing her white hat more firmly on her head, with its flutter of pink ribbons. Were these manoeuvres for my benefit? I wondered.

"Has your health improved?" I asked her. "I am something of a doctor myself, and you appear to me to be looking so much stronger."

She replied, rather pettishly, "Oh, I'd be well enough if I only had somebody to wheel me about more. Mamma is not strong enough, and Mr. Paton can hardly ever come down. What I want is the sun. I was raised in the South, and I reckon I need the heat. It's chilly on the piazzas, and I get dull."

"Are you not able to walk yet?" I asked.

"Yes, a little every day now. The doctor says I will soon be all right."

"You look as bright as a rose, Ollie," said her husband, adoringly, "and I'll have you on your legs again before this August's over. Here goes for the sun." And he turned the wheeled chair out towards the cliffs.

I accompanied them only a few steps. The heat and glare were unpleasant, and I promised to see them again after dinner. They were stopping at a boarding-house not far from my hotel. I noticed that at her husband's last exclamation Mrs. Paton had looked rather pleased than otherwise, but instead of turning her head gratefully in his direction she had glanced furtively at me out of the corner of one of her eyes, as if to see if I too thought her "as bright as a rose."

That evening, sauntering aimlessly about with my cigar, an impulse of friendliness towards my old acquaintance—he had urgently made the request that I should call—led my steps in the direction of the white green-shuttered mansion which he had indicated to me as the momentary shelter of his marital joys—or woes. Which? I asked myself. I unlatched the gate, walked up the path of white pulverized shells which shone like snow in the clear moonlight, and the first person I saw upon the piazza was Paton's mother-in-law. She, at least, was unaltered. She wore a black net shawl over her shoulders, and a bit

of black lace upon her hair, tied under her chin. She was conversing with a stout lady in a dark satin gown which fitted so snugly over her preponderant bosom that imminent explosion seemed probable. This lady also wore enormous solitaire diamonds in her ears, and a great many bangles trembled at her two fat wrists.

Mrs. Spooner rose to greet me. She did so with an evident excitement of titillated vanity, and, several other women having joined the group, presented me with a certain ostentation to each and all in turn, as a friend from the city. "Mrs. Shelton," she said,—which proved to be the name of the stout lady,—“knows a friend of yours. She knows Mrs. Milburn Maury, who, I reckon, is a relative of yours.”

Now, Mrs. Milburn Maury and my cousin Nelly are one and the same person, as I have before explained, and, while I could not question the fact that Mrs. Shelton knew Nelly, I found myself wondering if Nelly knew Mrs. Shelton.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Shelton, “I know Mrs. Milburn Maury very well,—or rather my daughter and she are acquainted. My daughter thinks she is fascinating,—that there is nobody like her.”

I acknowledged this tribute to my relative's attractions by a civil though perfunctory bow.

“I declare, Mr. Milburn,” said Mrs. Spooner, “it does me good to meet you again. My gracious! how time flies, and how many changes since!”

Mrs. Shelton now went to fetch a shawl, and the group dispersed, the others wandering to the other end of the piazza, where the male members of the establishment, the husbands and fathers, were sitting in a row with chairs tilted against the whitewashed walls, smoking, and reading the evening papers. A kerosene lamp which was suspended to the ceiling quashed the soft smell of the pervading sea with its poignant greasy odor.

“You must find Ollie,” said Mrs. Spooner,—“my daughter, Mrs. Paton, I mean,—looking right smart. She is getting strong, and that weakness in the knees is almost cured. The doctors say in six months she will be a well woman. What I have suffered no one will ever know! When I look at her now and think what she'd have had a right to expect, and what she's got, it makes me mad. But I suppose what's done's done. I wanted my son-in-law to let us go to Europe this summer, but he says he can't afford it. I declare!”—and she laughed,—“I tell him he's getting stingy since he's got a better salary.”

“I find him looking rather thin,” I said, a trifle stiffly. “You must not allow him to overtax his strength. He has pluck and energy, but——”

I noticed that Mrs. Spooner's attention was wandering, and that her faded eyes, as expressionless on the disk of her sallow visage as two cold potatoes forgotten on a platter, were turned towards the main entrance of the house.

“Ho, Olivia! Ho, Olivia! Here's Mr. Milburn come to see you.”

At this summons Mrs. Paton appeared in the door-way. It was the first time I had ever seen her on her feet. She stood taller than I expected. She wore the same pink gown, but her hair was adorned by

a silver arrow pricked through its masses, instead of the white hat of the morning, and she had opened her corsage at the throat with a bit of white lace. Her neck was extremely white. I remembered the epithet "aristocratic" which in the flush of his early infatuation Paton had bestowed upon his beloved.

"Aristocratic"? Well, yes, almost.

"You are surprised to see me on my feet," she said, smiling, "but I can stand and walk quite a good deal now. My husband only has to carry me up-stairs. He says I am getting heavy, too."

Mrs. Spooner, who was a great talker, here interrupted her daughter with a long dissertation on the difficulty of keeping her acquaintance down to desirable limits in a place of this kind, and the brilliant social aureole which encircled the brow of her friend Mrs. Shelton was especially burnished and made to glint and shine for my edification. Many of the people, she said, were vulgar and low-born, and she did not wish Mrs. Paton to mix with them. The gentry of her own county had always accused her of exclusiveness. She had not come into the land of her enemies—she emphasized "enemies"—to be more careless in her choice of a circle. She desired the best or none.

The passionate "Ego" of people who seem to us unimportant, mere ciphers, occupying no place whatever in the world's economy, causes us often to stand in dumb amazement, filling us with impatience and contempt. But it may be the compensation Providence has tenderly granted to them for their insignificance.

Wearying of subjects whose personality makes them always somewhat dangerous ground, I endeavored to turn their attention to the more impersonal texts of Nature. I spoke to them of the grandeur of this lonely shore in its bold curves and vigorous stretches, of the lovely night, and of the delicious air. I even ventured to ask the ladies if they had seen a special kind of interesting and beautiful shells for which these beaches were famous. But the glories of sea, of sky, of land, touched no answering chords in the breasts of my companions. I soon found they had seen nothing,—nothing but themselves; and they continued, with the volubility of their sex, to dwell only upon their own petty experience. Mrs. Spooner, indeed, seemed to be a species of perambulating autobiography. I recognize that there are two forms of egoism: the one craves approbation, an audience, sympathy,—which was Mrs. Spooner's; the latter is self-absorbed and self-sufficient,—which is mine.

Mrs. Shelton now again joined us, enveloped in a red velvet toga, and proceeded to ask me innumerable and minute questions as to the past, present, and future movements of Mrs. Milburn Maury, to which the Spooner ladies listened with a great deal of keen and awed curiosity. Having been told Paton had gone down the road to smoke a cigar, I made an excuse to join him, and said my good-nights. As I reached the gate, Mrs. Paton called after me:

"Ho, Mr. Milburn! When you meet my husband, tell him I want to go up. Tell him I am tired. It's very cold out here. I wish him to come in right quickly."

I did meet him a few yards from the house.

"I tell you what, it's splendid out here!" and he drew a sharp long breath. "It's just grand! It does a fellow a heap of good. It's so hot in that parlor with those lights. What is it about these nights, Mr. Milburn, that makes us feel happy and sorrowful at the same time?"

The fine-grained fellow had touched what he could not express. It was, indeed, an evening to make a poet out of a plough-boy. The waves' rhythm created a caressing murmur soft as the sound of songs and kisses on summer nights, or else they lay silent for a moment, holding back breathlessly, as it were, the treachery and the fury with which in another hour they might swell and break forth, bringing havoc and dismay. The low sand-mounds looked like a band of gold. The moon hung close to the horizon, which had eaten away half of its glory, in a low bank of murky clouds. What security, what calm, in Nature! What wisdom, force, and equilibrium! It seemed to invite contemplation, and as I looked up at the dark portals of the sky I felt as if some afflatus of peace had breathed upon my sick and world-soiled soul. A sudden joy irradiated my being, purely subjective, free from the fetters of human desire, full of mysterious voices promising ineffable spiritual pleasures.

Paton and I walked side by side for some time in silence. By and by, passing my arm almost affectionately through his,—

"Well, old fellow," I said to him, "I suppose things are going very well with you?"

"Yes, yes," he said, a little hurriedly: "my wife's health's on the mend, and that's the principal matter, and we are all right, and happy enough. We'd get on very well if it wasn't for the old lady. I may as well tell you that she and I don't exactly *gee*. I don't know why it is, she's hard on me,—and she's hard on my mother. When we were first married we went up to Parthenia. It would do Olivia good to go there now; lots of fresh air, good milk, and quiet. She'd be welcome, too. But the fact is, my mother and Ollie's ma had words. I guess it's religion set 'em going. My mother's a Methodist, and she thinks that's good enough, but Mrs. Spooner says she's a Ritualist,—a Papist, my mother says. I say it's foolish. One sect's as good as another. But women can't be easy. Mother says they—Mrs. Spooner, I mean, kind of looks down on her. Well, she is old-fashioned, and ain't used to high-toned people. She's always stayed on the farm. Then Mrs. Spooner she said to her one day, 'Why don't you build a piazza out towards the east?' That's on the old house. 'What for?' says ma. 'Why,' says Mrs. Spooner, 'you could sit out moonlight evenings. We always did so in Virginia.' 'And when'd I find time to sit and look at the moon,' says mother, 'with all I have to look to and no one ever to give me a hand? I never saw any good in the moon, except to breed maggots in fresh meat.' Mother's kind o' spunky, and I guess she was riled. Then my mother-in-law cries out,—says she, 'My gracious! Mrs. Paton, you are a vulgar old woman.' 'And you,' says my mother, 'may be a good Episcopal, Mrs. Spooner, but I guess you're a mighty bad Christian.' Then they had it out about religion.

"Mrs. Spooner she wanted to go to Paris; but, Lord bless us, Mr.

Milburn, what would they do in Paris? Why, Olivia's nothing but a baby; has to be fetched and carried and looked after. Bless me, the way I've had to nurse that little girl, sir! A poor sailor, too. 'Most died on the ship when she came North; her ma told me so herself. Who'd have seen to her on board the vessel? No, siree! Paris or no Paris, I say she sha'n't, even if I could afford it; and I can't."

I commended his wise decision. It was a consolation to find that he had some obduracy left; that he wasn't quite broken yet; that the sterling New England sinew still retained its powers of resistance.

"Could you not," I ventured boldly, but at the same time looking carefully about me to make sure that there were no eavesdroppers near us,—“could you not—er—get rid of her? I mean—couldn't Mrs. Spooner—?”

He looked at me, and his comical little eyes twinkled merrily:

"Whew!" he said. "You'd better not let the old lady hear you. I guess she'd make things pretty lively. The fact is, I am away so much of the day, and half the night, that she's kind of company for Olivia. Mrs. Paton clings to her mother, and I guess it's natural. She ain't really old, you know,—Mrs. Spooner,—and she's a great hand to talk, and they like to chat. And then I guess my mother-in-law hasn't got any money; it looks that way. I can't turn her out now, can I?" And he pushed his hat back and scratched his head.

There is nothing so dispiriting to the theoretic mind as a practical facing of the problems of existence. Life is only easy when one knows it not. There was nothing left to say, so I somewhat tardily delivered his wife's message. He stopped instantly, threw away his cheap cigar, and bade me a hasty farewell, expressing the hope that we should meet again in town.

"Poor little thing!" he said. "She gets impatient if I don't go in to carry her up. Then she likes me to read her to sleep. She says my voice is drony and soothing."

As I walked home I found myself thinking of Mireille when she tells the shepherd whose livery was so fine, "*Mon bien-aimé en a une plus belle son amour.*" On the whole I was rather glad to part from Paton at once. I pitied him. This sentiment becomes importunate. Any long drain upon one's sympathies is fatiguing. Our Northern hearts beat feebly at the best. We are cowards, and do not court emotion.

CHAPTER IV.

It was several years after this episode that I chanced to stop for a few days at a Southern watering-place. I had been in Europe during this lapse of time. I had filled the position of secretary of legation at a foreign court, and Paton and his women had been long ago relegated to a dusty shelf of the past. Nevertheless I did sometimes, strangely enough, remember him. His was one of those silhouettes which remain engraved upon the plates of the mind, taking a certain hold of the imagination. When I did think of him it was always, I

know not why, with a sentiment of commiseration, such as we bestow upon those delicate and fine beings whose tempers seem a sure prophecy of failure.

Suddenly one day I found myself weary of the incompleteness of an exile's pleasures, and gave in my demission with a strange craving at my heart to return once again to my own country. I felt a bit weary of watching, as a useless spectator, the political and social travail of the nations, as bitter, as breathless, as is the shock of individual destinies. I thought that in my own country, where the struggle for supremacy did not exist, I should find a larger contentment; and then certain personal bitter-sweet experiences had made a prolonged sojourn in Europe painful to me. Before I myself fully realized my decision I was on the high seas. I reached my Northern destination one afternoon in the midst of a furious snow-storm, was chilled and caught cold standing about on the damp wharves, and after two weeks of a futile attempt to conquer an obstinate cough, the weather continuing execrable, my physician advised me to pack my valise and start southward. He sounded my lungs, looked a little grave, and bade me not delay. I concluded to join my relatives the Milburn Maurys, who were wintering at St. Augustine. It was on my way thither that I took a détour to visit a celebrated health-resort of which I had often heard. I was always of an inquisitive turn. The change of air produced an almost instantaneous improvement in my condition. I travelled by very slow stages, and felt that the soft breezes of Florida would complete the cure. I had now reached that period of life which finds us a little aghast, in which we say to ourselves, "What more?" and in our sombre moods the answer is, "Not much." We have until now drifted contentedly enough on the breast of time, but all at once we want to turn back, to stop, with some instinctive fear. Not always. Not every day. Not to-day, perhaps, but to-morrow. The future looks first a little obscure, then frowning, then dark. Not very far off, not very,—what is that?—what? A descent, something which engulfs. A phantom. What? We never saw it clearly before.

When I reached my destination I gave my bags and my ulster to my valet, and, it being still early afternoon, did not instantly seek my room, but loitered leisurely about the white verandas, watching the groups which here and there dotted their monotony. One party particularly arrested my attention as I passed and repassed up and down before them. There were two ladies and four gentlemen. They were, both the women and the men, what the newspaper reporters of our country are pleased to term "fashionably dressed," and seemed to be indulging in almost boisterous merriment. One of the ladies must have been a wit, for her sallies were met with loud laughter. The first time I passed, her face was partly shaded by her parasol,—I found I had in a few hours been transplanted from winter to summer,—but at my second approach she had swung the sunshade back over her shoulder, so that I could clearly distinguish her face. Where had I seen it before? I taxed in vain my powers of recollection. She was a very handsome blonde, with hair that nature or art had burnished into gold. Her clearly-cut face and luminous eyes were beaming with

vivacity and life, and the dazzling fairness of her skin with the bloom of health. As I passed she laughed, and even in the sound there lurked a reverberation of some lost remembrance, but I found it impossible to place her. As I crossed the vestibule a few moments later to call the hall-boy for the key of my apartment and to give some directions in regard to my luggage,—

"My gracious! I do declare!" said a soft nasal voice at my elbow. "If this is not Mr. Milburn! Well, Time's treated you gently. I knew you directly."

I could reciprocate the compliment. Mrs. Spooner was exactly the same, with the same black dress, the same black shawl, and the same lace scarf tied under her chin; and then I knew that the lady on the piazza, the stylish lady of the blooming complexion, was her only daughter.

"Well," I said, after the astonishment of the first meeting was over, "it cannot be for Mrs. Paton's health you have come to these springs. I think I espied her just now on the piazza, and she is the very picture of health."

"No," said Mrs. Spooner, "it is not for Olivia we have come here, except inasmuch as she likes the company. No, it's [Mr. Paton, my son-in-law, who is sick, or thinks he is. I tell him he's hipped. But, I must say, he don't seem to eat much. I don't know what's the matter with him; I don't know what they call it. He's always complaining lately. The doctor here is a smart young man. He's very agreeable. He says it ain't much that's the matter with Mr. Paton. Perhaps you know him,—Dr. Hallevy. His mother was a Leverich of Charleston. I know all about his people. They were rich before the war; kept their carriage. We've all had to suffer." And the lady sighed.

Yes, she was certainly unchanged.

"So my son-in-law is taking the baths here. It's terribly inconvenient. He had just got a better position,—perhaps you read of it in the papers. They're keeping the place open for him, but I reckon they won't for long. It's been rather up-hill work all this time, Mr. Milburn, and so hard on poor Ollie, not having as much as her friends; but now, just when everything looked better——" and Mrs. Spooner groaned once more. "Here, come along and see him. He's on the sunny side of the house. He'll be pleased to talk with you again: it'll cheer him up. He's low in his mind."

I followed her to the south piazza, which was bathed in the palpitating sunlight, and here, quite alone, with a newspaper in his listless hand, sat, or rather crouched, my old friend. Oh, the poor fellow! Oh, the poor fellow! He looked up with rather a dazed expression, and his lips contracted at the sight of Mrs. Spooner piloting a stranger, but when he saw me his whole face brightened and he uttered an exclamation of genuine pleasure. Between this man and myself there had always existed some mystic bond of friendliness. As I beheld him now, the wreck that he had become, my old cordial liking awoke again, augmented to a sentiment of profound sympathy. His bright hair was scantier and streaked with gray; his eyes were sunken and

uncertain in their glance. Was it only my imagination which saw in their tired depths the revelation of an ulcerated soul, the regrets of lost illusion, a dumb revolt, full of infinite suffering?

It is not uncommon for us to imagine people far more uncomfortable than they really are, and all this on my part may have been but fancy. He had grown very thin, and his clothes seemed to hang loosely upon him, and Jaques's picture of the "slipper pantaloons" of age came up to me, and yet here youth still lingered. Ah! there lay the pathos of it! I told him he would soon grow stronger in this sweet place hidden among its pines, redolent with aromatic odors, with all the gamut of perfumes, floral, aromal, balsamic, gay with flowers. I told him all the lies we tell on such occasions, for there are righteous lies, as there is righteous wrath. But even had my words been unholy I should have uttered them. I did all that I could to encourage him, showing no signs of surprise at the change that I found in him. He spoke little. Conversation seemed an effort.

By and by Mrs. Spooner, who had wandered off around a corner, returned with a gentleman who was unknown to me, and behind her came her daughter with another gentleman, a tall, rather elegant young fellow, whom I had seen sitting at her feet a half-hour before.

While Mrs. Spooner, with her passion for introduction, named to me her brother-in-law, Mr. Darius G. Gillespie, the others were parting lingeringly. They stopped at the piazza steps, the man leaning over Mrs. Paton, according rapt attention to her words in an attitude of almost affected homage, and while the parting lasted—and it was a long one—Paton watched them. I know not what prompted me to turn away, not to see his face during this silent contemplation.

Mrs. Paton then came forward and shook hands with me. She did so courteously, but without enthusiasm. She seemed absent-minded, yet on the whole in high good humor. She stopped a few paces from her husband, and, leaning against a pillar, "How do you feel?" she asked him, smiling.

"There ain't any change," he replied, and then, after a moment's pause, he added, shortly, "I thought you said that infernal puppy was leaving to-day?"

"What a way to talk about Mr. Van Vliet! Well, I reckon he's changed his mind. He wants to go to the Glen with us to-morrow."

She moved a step nearer, and then I had a most curious sensation,—I remember no other such impulse in the course of a moderately long life,—a desire to seize her and hurl her to her knees face downward in the dust before the man upon whose forehead I had already detected the shadow of a swiftly impending doom. It was a very extraordinary experience.

She moved nearer, but not quite close to the sick man's chair. "You must feel better to-morrow, deary,"—she spoke suavely,—"for if you aren't brighter I can't go to the Glen with the party."

"Oh, you'll go," he said.

I turned to see if the bitterness I had imagined in the ring of his voice was really in his or my own mind. But no, I must have been mistaken. He was looking at her quite cheerfully.

"At any rate," she said, "ma'll stay with you, and Uncle Darius, and now here's Mr. Milburn."

But to this announcement he made no reply. She lingered only a few moments longer, when, declaring that she was "not fit to be seen, and must go and dress," she vanished.

After supper—they serve an early dinner and late supper in this benighted region,—a horrible supper of cold dabs of meat and innumerable dishes of sweetmeats served on little saucers—I sallied out to breathe the evening air.

"Ah!" I thought, in spite of my early repast, which still lay heavy on my stomach, "ah! America, America, what a garden of the gods thou art! How delicious thy clear, thin air! How fresh the dawn of thy pure young life!" And then I fell to dreaming of the summers of my youth, of those long hot days dreamy with the hum of insect wings, the languid sails, and the white sea-birds dipping in the golden water. I thought of the haymakers calling to each other across the twilight in fear of the storm-cloud gathering over the lonely fields; I thought of the woods behind my father's place, with their untamed tangles and untutored growths, and again how I used to go out on the long holidays with him in our open pleasure-boat to drift at noonday upon the great South Bay. What treasures did we not bring in from the ocean's bed, while over us the gulls and terns circled and veered!—sponges, sea-corn, skates, sea-peas and lettuce, mussels and black pearl-oysters, beautiful to look at, but not good to eat, and the wide green velvety kelp with its ruffled edges which went to ornament my sister's hat, and the roses of the deep with their flushed petals. And so, with my cigarette and my meditations, I lost myself in the shrubbery.

I had not walked many yards when the figure of Mr. Darius Gillespie detached itself from the shadows. Mr. Gillespie was a distinctly picturesque object. He looked to be something between a professional cowboy and a Spanish hidalgo. He was tall, and also broad and deep-chested. His black hair, which was straight and oily as a Cherokee Indian's, hung very long upon his bronzed neck. He had a shapely leg for a man of his years,—he seemed about fifty,—and perhaps through an appreciation of its proportions displayed it in a pair of closely-buttoned tan-colored leggings which met his tight breeches at the knee. He wore a short velveteen shooting-jacket, and a flaring collar held in place by a red silk necktie tied in a loose knot. On his head he sported a soft felt hat with a high crown and an enormous width of brim. He hailed me in a deep, sonorous voice, fixing me with his rich, warm eyes. My first impulse was to evade and escape him, but his Southern loquacity was too much for my stratagem. Almost the first words he said were,—

"That is a very sick man, sir." And he tossed a thumb over his shoulder designating the vague exterior of the moonlit hostelry.

"Do you not think—er—," I said, a little eagerly,—“do you not think the—ladies ought to know,—to be told?”

"I ain't an alarmist, sir, and particularly where women are concerned, and I reckon they'll know it soon enough. I reckon it's one

of those things that can't be concealed very long. You think, as I do, that they haven't an idea."

"Have you spoken with his doctor?" I asked.

"Well, yes,—hum,—I did yesterday; I did yesterday; waylaid him in the passage. 'Well, sir,' says he to me, 'that man's been burning the candle at both ends, burning the candle at both ends, sir.' That was his expression."

He stopped and asked me for a light. After a few silent puffs of his re-illuminated pipe, "Mrs. Spooner, sir, is my sister-in law," he continued. "I married her sister. They've had reverses, or she never would have consented to Olivia's marriage. Mrs. Spooner's a remarkable woman, sir, a woman of energy, and she comes of a remarkable family, sir. She was a Hoguet of South Carolina. She's terribly ambitious. She would have looked higher. Did you ever know Colonel Spooner, sir?—Colonel Silas F. Spooner, sir, of Virginia? Well, sir, he was the best shot in the country, the boldest rider, and the heaviest swearer."

Here I smiled faintly, but Mr. Gillespie did not follow my example. It was evident that humor was not one of his salient qualities.

"Well, sir, Colonel Spooner was the mainstay and prop of the family, and when he died they just went to pieces. Mrs. Spooner she drifted North with her girl, who was an invalid then, and there somehow they got hold of this fellow. Lord bless you, sir, Olivia's a regular stunner,—a regular beauty. Smart, too, I tell you. She ought to have done better for herself. I reckon he has not got much ability, and now the poor fellow's about played out."

"How long has he been so ill?" I interrupted.

"The doctor tells me it must have been coming on some time; that he's been careless about his hours and meals, went without eating lunch many a time, got the dyspepsia, worked up too late. But Mrs. Spooner says he only broke down entirely six weeks ago. She thinks he's hipped about himself. The doctor does say there's no immediate alarm. As you're a friend of theirs, sir, I believe I can say to you confidentially"—and he spoke in a lower key, sinking his powerful voice into a whisper—"that if he dies they'll be badly off. Now, couldn't you, as a stranger, find out if his life's insured? It's a mighty delicate question for his wife's family to ask. Perhaps you, being an old acquaintance of his, could do so."

I said I would do what I could, and, making the excuse of having letters to write, managed to shake myself free of Mrs. Paton's uncle. I did not altogether dislike the man, however. There was something genial and even attractive about him. Instead of going back to write, I decided to prolong my walk, and began to descend a steep rough path which led into the valley. I soon penetrated into what White of Selborne would have called a "hanging wood." At the foot of this copse there was a clearing, and there loomed against the dark background of the hills a small white kiosk, or summer-house, half embowered by honeysuckles, whose cloying sweetness made the air heavy. As I approached it I saw that there were two figures under the rustic eaves, caught sight of two heads in somewhat close proximity, and

heard distinctly the low droning of human voices. "Lovers," I thought, and was turning upon my heel, but it was too late. My steps upon the gravel had evidently already disturbed them, for they rose simultaneously and came forth boldly to the entrance. It was Mrs. Paton and Mr. Van Vliet.

"Is it not a lovely night?" she said, returning my salute with what seemed to me a forced cordiality. As she stood in the bright moonlight, her splendid hair framed by the dark rich foliage of the vines, she was really quite a picture.

She went to the Glen the next day, and Mr. Van Vliet, and a large party. They started early in the afternoon, and night had closed in about the quiet inn before the sounds of their gayety and the snatches of their songs—why will picnickers always feel obliged to thus poison the serenity of nature?—gave the household warning of their return.

I had passed an hour or two with Paton in the corner of the piazza where he sat shivering. When I first found him, the doctor, an extremely young man, was sitting beside him. He (the physician) was stretched in a low chair tilted against the wall, with a wide straw hat pushed far back on his head, his thumbs in his waistcoat-pockets, and a toothpick between his teeth.

"I was saying to Mr. Paton," he enunciated, as well as the toothpick would permit him, "that one of the most singular physiological phenomena is the aggressive attitude of the leucocytes—that's the white blood-cells—when the bacilli invade the organism. I tell you, sir, the leucocytes are intelligent. They know what they're about; they ain't going to be beaten. They prepare for invasion, for battle. Yes, sir, they do. They make walls. They encyst the foreign substance. Inside of you to-day, Mr. Paton, an unvolitional struggle is at this very moment going on. The question is, will the leucocytes destroy the bacilli, or the bacilli the leucocytes? There, sir, is the problem. There lies the entire matter in a nutshell." He drew in his lips to keep hold of the toothpick, which he nearly swallowed in the effort.

"And if they don't?" asked Paton, with considerable anxiety.

"Well, sir, if they don't—if they don't, the patient's none the better off. You may be sure of that. But by the introduction into the system of certain powerful remedies impending dissolution may even yet be sometimes averted, or," he added, "at least retarded."

Paton looked about helplessly, as if not entirely understanding him. He hailed my arrival with evident joy; and the doctor, saying he had another visit to pay in the house, and that he would look in again the next day, took himself off.

Strangely enough, I had not been with the sick man a half-hour before he himself confided to me that just before leaving for the South he had insured his life for a good sum. "So she'll have something," he said. But of his possible demise, or, in fact, of any of the solemn problems with which I felt he should be concerned, he said never a word. His principal interest seemed to centre upon his mid-day bowl of soup,—whether it would be palatable, and whether it would be brought to him at the right hour. There was, in fact, some delay about it, Mrs. Spooner having promised and then forgotten to order it

while she stopped and talked with some ladies in the drawing-room. This lady's political reconstruction was evidently tinged with the modern doctrines of the *Laissez faire*.

When the meal did at last arrive, Paton partook of it with eager tremulousness.

"The fact is," he said, apologetically, "I am kind of depleted. I am used up, Mr. Milburn. I have worked too hard. Why, bless you, sir, I ain't had a holiday for ten years. They say this doctor's a bright man; but he don't help me much. Seems sometimes as if he didn't know what he was talking about. I couldn't make him out this morning. Could you?"

For the rest, he chattered of our old colleagues at the boarding-house,—told me the lawyer's daughter and the physician had been married, that Miss Hodgson had been made matron in the asylum at which she used to be only a humble hanger-on, and that Mr. Nast, from whom he still heard occasionally, was now the rector of a large and flourishing church. He spoke of little Clara, of "Red-top," and often laughed at our joint reminiscences. Upon one point he did not touch,—his outpouring to me that night in our rooms, and our first visit to Olivia. But he had not forgotten it. It is often what we do not mention that we best remember. I, for my part, would have liked to probe into that mind and heart which were groping near such sombre shadows, were soon to grapple with the most profound of human experiences. Did this nearness to the Infinite bring no message, no premonition, no wider knowledge? Did he know? Was he afraid? Had he hope? or was there none? No fixity? Nothing? But if the dead tell no tales, neither do the dying, and if they leave a word for us it is of earth and its cares and anxieties.

Once, indeed, he spoke of his mother. "She still lives up at the old place," he said. "I guess she'd feel bad if she knew I was so sick. I haven't liked to worry her."

Ay! his mother! There was room indeed, I thought, for a mother here,—a mother, womanly and of gentle presence, who should fold close and clasp in her cherishing hands these forlorn and lonely ones, whisper softly those nothings that comfort and alleviate. Nay, pagan though I am, I half wished—it was, no doubt, a great weakness—that a tender voice might be raised to speak to the poor fellow those old sweet words of childhood's days, of the dear Saviour who had died for him, and whose succoring compassion might be brought even now to give him courage in that dim pathway he was soon to tread alone. I am at all times, being myself unsocial and reserved, impressed with the absolute isolation of each human soul, and there are those to whom religious ministrations, even if they deal in fables, have brought much needed support. Once only Paton showed some rancor; and this was when he spoke of his mother-in-law.

"The old lady has always hated me," he said. "She's always begrudged me everything. Yet, God knows, I've done the best I know how to for them both."

I lingered out rather late that night. The piazza windows were crowded with people looking in at a form of entertainment which was

called a "hop," and I was finally driven under cover myself by a slight shower. The "hop" seemed to consist in that a few enterprising young people had formed themselves into sets and were dancing a quadrille in the middle of the room. There was a rush, and a rustle of skirts: "Ladies chain!" shouted the band-master, raising his baton, while the fiddle scraped. "Face partner!" There was a bustle and scramble. "*Ballonsay!*"—for so he pronounced the Gallic command,—and each cavalier claimed his own once more, and first and foremost Mr. Van Vliet was twirling about with Mrs. Paton.

It was somehow borne in upon me, I know not why, that this young gentleman's evolutions were perfunctory, and that he was considerably bored. The music was merry, the company lively. It whipped up my blood, and I had half a mind to tread a measure myself, and was about selecting a pretty, black-eyed girl for my partner, when I suddenly remembered where and when and with whom I had last danced. It sent a sharp pain through my left ribs, and sent me up-stairs two at a time.

I saw once more the great white-and-yellow *salon*, I heard again the *cor de chasse* which had awakened me so rudely that night from my pleasant dream. I was once again with the Countess Diane beside me, she leaning a little against my shoulder, saw again her white face with its low hair as we stood together watching the returned hunters dismount in the court-yards, her lord in his heavy boots, and George and Clemenz in their muddy hunting-coats, the grooms hurrying to and fro with their lanterns, until the tread of the horses on the stone pavement was mingled with the strains of the Sir Roger de Coverley that they were dancing down-stairs here in this American hotel.

"*Dos-à-dos!*" cried the band-master. His voice came up rattling through the floor. My room shook with the rush of the dancing feet. I could feel them going down the middle. I hunted for a book which I had left upon my table, but when I found the author, in writing a history of ancient art, had skipped from Persia to Greece, omitting China and India, I rose disgusted and threw away the insufficient volume. I was out of tune. I sought my bed, where the old Schloss rose again before me, with the sleepy swans upon its mimic lake, its formal gardens, its dark forests, and I heard again Mademoiselle Sophie playing the waltz which Diane and I had danced before the hunters' return, and then I heard a shrill burst of Mrs. Paton's laughter, which in her excitement she had forgotten to modulate, and then—I slept.

I was awakened suddenly from deep slumbers, two or three hours later, by a hasty call, and a knock at my door. I sprang from the bed, hastily donned some clothes that lay at hand, and answered the imperative summons to "open." When I did so I found Mrs. Paton standing on my threshold. I knew at once, as if by intuition, why she was there. She wore a loose white sleeveless silk wrapper, and a bit of lace was thrown over her dishevelled hair. Her face was like marble, and her eyes were distended in terror.

"Come quick!" she gasped, rather than said. "Come quick! I heard you say once you were a bit of a doctor. My husband!—I

don't know—there's something dreadful the matter with him. I am frightened half to death!"

Her teeth were chattering, and she seized my arm and supported herself against me as we hurried along the dark, silent corridor. I entered with her into her apartments. The first thing that met my gaze was Paton. He was sitting up upon his bed, propped by pillows. His eyes were fixed upon us, as we entered, with an expression of intense fear, but stupidly and without recognition. I saw that they were already sightless. The exhausted senses must die first, one by one, slowly, and last the brain. His commonplace features, now veiled by an ashy hue, were pinched into majesty by the fingers of approaching death.

"What is the matter with him?" she asked, huskily, clinging to me. "He looks so queerly, so terribly. Speak to him. What do you think it is?"

Then, savagely, nervously exasperated, I know not why, by the contact of her hand upon my arm, I turned upon her and dealt her the blow, ruthlessly, pitilessly, remorselessly.

"I'll tell you what it is," I said. "It's Death."

She gave a piercing shriek: "My God!" and, tottering forward on the high heels of her satin slippers, she sank across her husband's knees.

Was that paltry and frivolous soul wrung at last? for her cry had had a ring of true anguish in it. And how would it be with her to-morrow? Would it still be the great despair born of a profound sorrow, or only the whining fretfulness of a broken habit? As her mother would have said, it would be "inconvenient."

Her hair fell loose from its confining comb over her bare arms, and as she lay in the trend of the moonbeams I was forcibly reminded of a picture I had once seen of the Magdalen weeping thus prostrate over her dead Saviour.

Rousing the drowsy hall-boy, and bidding him call some one immediately,—Mrs. Paton's friends, the doctor, any one,—I then drew near and laid Paton's head gently against my breast. His lips moved, and I leaned to hear him. Twice, thrice, he tried to speak, but he was unable to articulate. Mrs. Spooner, who had been awakened by her daughter's shriek, now appeared, half dressed, and thoroughly frightened, in the door-way. I told her in a few words that all was well—high over. She gave an exclamation of horror, and insisted in a peremptory voice that a clergyman ought to be at once sent for. With a superhuman effort Paton turned upon his side.

"Ollie," he said, distinctly, extending one of his short hands and laying its cold fingers upon his wife's hair.

She seized it in both of hers, with loud weeping. A faint smile crossed his lips, and then there was no further sound in the room except the gasping sobs of the newly-made widow.

Mrs. Spooner tried to rouse her: "Come away, come away, daughter! Come with me. You can do no good. You'll make yourself sick!"

But Mrs. Paton did not heed her admonitions, and I myself took the old woman by the arm and led her from the room.

"For God's sake," I said, solemnly, "leave her alone with him for a moment. Let her weep; let her weep."

As we stood confronting each other in the hall, into which pierced the first streak of a misty dawn, Mrs. Spooner began to bemoan herself.

"My gracious, Mr. Milburn," she said, "what a shock! Have you called Mr. Gillespie? It's a terrible thing for Olivia. What's going to become of us? What do you think did it? I say it's that doctor. He has never understood the case. I said so from the beginning; but no one would listen to me."

Oh! Mrs. Spooner!

"Mr. Milburn, what has killed him?"

"Madam, did you ever read the Talmud?" I asked, looking fixedly into her pale eyes.

She shrank a little uneasily from my glance, as if she thought this dreadful night of death had also probably culminated in my madness.

"The Talmud, madam," I continued, "tells the story of a man into whose ear a tiny gnat crept, and it grew, and it grew, and it grew, until the man died, and when his head was opened the gnat had grown to the size of a dove, only it was not a dove that they found there, but a creature with a beak of brass and claws of iron."

"It is impossible. Mr. Paton—— Never—— I don't understand"—— But before she had completed her sentence an angry gleam crossed those opaque eyes of hers, and I think she had understood.

As I have said before, Mrs. Spooner was no fool. I hope my own face did not divulge the emotion, but I was conscious of a pang of brutal satisfaction.

Just then came the landlord, Mr. Gillespie, some women-servants, a physician, with hurrying feet, questions, answers; Mrs. Spooner became a heroine, was surrounded, and carried upon the breast of the surging current once more into the chamber where the dead man lay with the moon upon his upturned face. Soon would arrive all the repugnant paraphernalia of these occasions, and so, for a few hours, my friend Paton would become of importance,—yes, even to the woman he had so tenderly loved.

The poorest super has his little moment on his narrow stage, his brief hour, his one flash of fire which will evoke laughter or tears.

But from those voiceless lips came no whisper of that eternal into which his poor insignificance had dropped out of a vast and cruel world. The eternal has no yesterdays we wot of, and no to-days of which the dead may speak. We touch it, and it has flown with the onward; we look back, and, lo, it is forgotten with the past. It was here, and we knew it not; but perhaps to Paton's simplicity all was revealed.

I was glad to leave at daybreak for St. Augustine. I had found myself curiously stirred. When I departed, the birds were chirruping in the trees, and there was a rustle of springtide wings in the air. A vivifying breath, as of coming summer, fanned my temples.

But, sunk in a corner of the old swinging stage which was conveying me to the railway-station, my meditation was not a cheerful one. I felt that at the feasts it promised I should arrive too late.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A PHOTOGRAPHER.

ON the morning of October 17, 1846, I first solicited as a photographer the patronage of the public, and from that day until December 31, 1887, I continued to practise photography in all its successive stages.

During my forty-one years' experience under the skylight I have made the daguerrotype on the silver plate, the ambrotype on glass, and the photograph on paper. I have made pictures of the grandfathers and grandmothers of the present generation, and, I must say, they were not so hard to please as are their grandchildren. The old fogies were satisfied to have the picture a likeness; the art of retouching and removing wrinkles had not been discovered.

When I commenced business, the number of pictures made was very small: five or six sitters in a week was a fair average. In a few months, however, the demand for likenesses had so increased that I was compelled to employ two assistants, and we seldom had a moment's leisure while the sun was shining.

In the year 1839, M. Daguerre published to the world his success in fixing the image of the camera obscura by the action of light and chemicals. Thereupon, mechanical genius, chemical knowledge, and scientific research combined to develop the capabilities of the invention.

If we follow these developments we shall find the results truly astonishing; yet it is the belief of photographers that their art will achieve still greater results in the future. Daguerre's first success required an exposure of thirty minutes in the full sunshine; now, perfect impressions are made in a fraction of a second. This alone is a wonderful advance, even leaving out of consideration the great improvement in the quality of the production.

THE OLD-TIME DAGUERROTYPE.

The daguerrotype was made on a plate having a pure silver surface. This plate was polished on a buff of soft leather covered with rouge, continuous rubbing rendering it very sensitive. It was then subjected to the vapor of iodine, in the dark room, until coated to a light yellow, when it was inserted in the holder, and, after exposure in the camera, returned to the dark room and placed over the fumes of hot mercury. This developed the image. The plate could now be exposed to the light for a short time, without damage.

At this early date—1846—our experience in the photographic art was limited, and our knowledge of the ever-changing chemicals was very slight. Sometimes we succeeded in getting a good impression; often we did not, and could not tell the reason why; after several trials we would give it up, and request the sitter to come another day, when we would try to make the chemicals work better.

It seemed mysterious, but the chemicals which worked well one day

and gave the desired results could perhaps not be made to produce an impression the next.

An operator in a daguerrotype gallery on Broadway came to me one day, bringing a dozen or more plates, which he had been exposing. On two of them a portion of the table-cover could be seen, but not even an outline of the sitter was discernible. The operator had not made any change in his chemicals, as they had worked satisfactorily the preceding day. What was the matter? was a question I could not answer.

After many efforts to shorten the process, it was found that the vapor of bromine in connection with iodine acted as an accelerator, and the time required for the sitting was much shortened.

After spending much time and money, the writer was successful in producing some fine impressions in ten and fifteen seconds. While this required great care on the part of the operator, it was a much-desired relief to the sitter.

These early plate impressions would fade out after a prolonged exposure to the light; but after a time we learned to fix the image with chloride of gold, so that it would not fade. Such plates may become tarnished from the vapors to which they may be exposed; but they can be cleaned and restored to their original perfection.

The writer can restore them, unless some "smart" person has endeavored to clean them by rubbing them out,—as has often been done. Many fine daguerrotypes now in my collection were made over forty years ago, and are just as good as on the day they were taken.

An instance is well remembered, of a lady bringing an old case, said to contain a picture, but the plate was tarnished and covered with a film, so that the impression was not visible. In a few minutes the impression was restored and the picture was shown to the lady. She fainted on seeing it, as it was her husband's picture, and he had been dead for twenty years. She had not expected to see the picture restored. It was to her as if he had been brought back from the grave.

While spending some days last summer in a village not far from New York, I called, by invitation, upon a widow residing in the vicinity. She brought out a box about two feet square, filled with what she called her treasures. There were some thirty or forty daguerrotypes, nearly all of my making,—pictures of her husband, father, mother, brothers, and sisters, all of whom were dead. She valued them above price.

Keep the old pictures. They are interesting to show how you looked and how you dressed thirty or forty years ago. Many a man sixty years old forgets, until he sees his long-neglected daguerrotype, what a promising youth he was at twenty-one years of age, when he deposited his first vote. The change wrought by time is so great that it is almost impossible for him to believe that he is the person represented by the old picture.

Occasionally people bring pictures made twenty years ago, to be copied for presentation to friends, as they are well aware that a picture from life taken now would show the marks of time, and they are not willing to admit that they are growing old.

It was very difficult then for the public to pronounce the word "daguerrotype." With some it was "dau-ger-type;" others said "dag-ro-type;" and by some it was debased into "dog-type."

THE PAPER PICTURE.

The daguerrotype on the silver plate was superseded by the photograph on paper. A German, just arrived in New York, brought out a process of making pictures on paper, by means of a glass negative from which any number of copies could be printed. I went to see these pictures, in Walker Street, west of Broadway. They were large, coarse-looking impressions; and at first I thought they would never take the place of the elegant, clear, silver picture. But I soon saw in the work the foundation for a picture far superior to the crude work there exhibited.

The New York daguerrotypists almost simultaneously attempted the photograph; and it was not long before they produced pictures far better than those exhibited by the German, and more pleasing to the public.

Not long after this, the *carte de visite* came into great demand. The first one I ever saw was brought to me by a friend, from Paris. It was a full-length picture of a man standing by a fluted column. The face was not much larger than the head of a pin. It was so small, and yet so perfect, that at the first sight its effect was amusing. I did not for one moment imagine that I should soon be making such pictures at the rate of one hundred dozen per day. The public seemed almost frantic to procure these little *cartes*. On every clear day the galleries were crowded with sitters of all classes, ages, and nationalities.

I had employed two assistants after the increased demand for the daguerrotype; now my pay-roll contained thirty names. One young man was fully occupied in entering the names of sitters, and another in delivering the finished work and mailing the pictures ordered from out of town. The time of five young girls was taken up in pasting, or mounting, as it is called.

Very few persons are aware of the accuracy required in producing these pictures in perfection. Even the glass on which the negative is made must be perfectly flat, as any irregularity in its surface will distort the picture. A particle of dust settling on the plate during the manipulation will produce a spot. A pin-hole in any part of the plate-holder will give a white streak on the picture. In fact, everything must be absolutely perfect, or a failure will be the result.

Everybody that was anybody now possessed an album, and every friend was obliged to contribute his or her *carte* to it. The babe, with its smile or its stare, the school-boy or school-girl, with the satchel, the maiden, in her youth and beauty, man, in his strength and pride, the mother, with her dear ones grouped around her, the aged grandparents, loved and revered, all must be pictured and the dear lineaments distributed to all the relatives.

This universal demand for the *carte* created a demand for albums, and the manufacturers vied with one another in furnishing books

of great beauty and value. The number manufactured and sold was immense.

Pat and Bridget sent their pictures back to the old sod, and the mails for Germany carried thousands of photographs to the Fatherland. The little pictures were sent to every land reached by the mails.

Monday was generally the best business day of the week. I attributed this to the Sunday evening courtship,—the couples agreeing to exchange pictures, and Monday affording the earliest opportunity to have them taken.

At that time the medal of the American Institute was much coveted. Who has taken the medal? was the annual question after the distribution; and the photographer receiving the medal was sure of a "rush" of business. That medal was usually exhibited in his gallery, and an engraving of it printed on his cards and circulars.

When the World's Fair was to be held in London, the principal photographic establishments confined their operations to producing specimen pictures for the exhibition. One leading firm refused to work for the public for one week, so that the whole time of the operators could be devoted to making specimens, in the hope of getting the World's Fair medal and its accompanying advertisement.

It has required a great deal of work and money and time to bring photography up to its present standard. It required the combined intellects of the best chemists and the best manipulators; it required the finest mechanism to construct the necessary apparatus; and it required great care, taste, skill, judgment, and experience to make a good picture.

One photographer excels in lighting and posing the sitter, while another is perfect in the chemical parts, but cannot pose or light correctly, and still another is good in the mechanical parts, but cannot pose or use the chemicals to produce a good result. Very few photographers combine all the requirements to produce the perfect photograph.

The sitter sees or knows very little of all this. He thinks that if he looks his best and assumes his most agreeable expression, nothing more is required. If he would go into the dark room and see the care necessary to develop the image in the dark,—to bring up the whites so that they shall print black, and the blacks so that they shall print white, and yet leave all the half-tones,—he would learn that the smile of the sitter contributes but a small part to the delicate operation.

Amateurs nowadays are doing well; but, remember, all the work of the operation has been simplified. The amateur does not prepare his chemical plate, but buys it already sensitized; how to expose it is very easily learned. Great care is required in preparing the emulsion and coating the plate; the best makers often do not succeed in giving a reliable coating.

Some of the blunders of the careless amateur are very amusing. He will frequently expose the same plate twice or oftener. A gentleman usually successful exposed his plate before a man with a hand-organ and monkey; the next day, forgetting which plate had been exposed, he focussed before a beautiful country-seat. When the plate was developed, the house, the man, and the monkey were somewhat mixed,—the

head of the man emerging from the chimney, and the monkey perching over the head of the lady of the house, who had carefully assumed an interesting attitude on the piazza.

Another amateur exposed his plate before some cattle grazing in a field; afterwards he used the same plate in photographing a beautiful lake and its surroundings. When the plate was developed, the cows all appeared standing under water, and seemed to be perfectly at ease in that element.

More plates are spoiled by careless working than by bad chemicals.

Given a negative with good printing qualities, the next important part of the process is to make good prints from it. The printer is not usually expected to do any other part of the operation.

The silvering and fuming of the paper are done by clock-work, and must be varied to suit a hot or a cold day. The properly-printed picture must be correctly toned and fixed, or the result is a failure. One may very quickly and easily spoil what with care would have been a good picture.

INCIDENTS.

Many ludicrous requests were made, and many provoking things occurred, during my long experience in the photograph gallery.

One old gentleman often came to me to have his picture taken. He wore a white cravat about five inches in height, and he held his head above it. I always tried to get his head down, so as to obtain a view of his face without looking up his nostrils; but he never let me. As soon as I placed his head in a good position, he would say that that was not natural, and up would go his head. It was this gentleman who was told by a crazy woman on the Jersey ferry-boat that when he died it would not be much trouble to bury him, as he was already laid out.

A lady once brought her three children, a hobby-horse, a drum, and a doll. They were to be taken in a group. The size selected was three and one-fourth by four and one-half inches. The girl Angelina was to hold the doll; but the family had not decided whether Charles Augustus was to ride the horse and William Henry hold the drum, or *vice versa*. They had agreed to let my superior judgment decide that momentous question. As both the boys wished to mount the horse, a decision was no easy matter. I then learned that the mother did not want the children close together, as all the "dog-*ra*-types" were taken. She wanted Angelina in the middle of the room, one of the boys by the "winder," and the other boy on the other side of the room. It was a brilliant idea; but how my camera was to reach them all, thus spread out, was more than I could see. I told her that it could not be done; I explained to her the capabilities of the lens, the concentration of the light, and so forth, but she did not understand me. She said that she had been told that I was disposed to be accommodating, but that I was just the same as the rest of the "dog-*ra*-type" men, for three others had refused to accommodate her in this way.

Another lady brought her three children to be taken in a group,

and when I asked her if she wished them taken in any particular position, she showed her good sense by saying that she only asked that they should not look like three candles; she did not wish them all standing straight.

An old lady, after sitting about half the time required to have her picture taken, raised both hands and exclaimed, "Stop it! stop it! I winked!"

As an elegantly-dressed young lady was preparing to sit for her picture, she asked, "Where must I look?" and before I could answer, her escort, a very diminutive specimen of a man, stepped in front of the screen and said in a squeaking voice, "Look at me." The scene was so ludicrous that the lady burst into hearty laughter, and it was some minutes before she could control her features for a sitting. After that, "Look at me," *sotto voce*, was for some time a by-word in the gallery.

It was a common occurrence for aged people to leave the chair and walk to the window, as soon as left alone behind the screen, although explicit directions had been given them to remain seated.

Pat wanted his picture taken "life-size," in a case four inches square. When he was told that it was too small for a life-size, he said, "Well, then, take it with the legs hanging down."

"I don't like me picture," said Pat. "Me nose turns up and me mouth turns down, and I'd not have it that way."

Stout people by the hundreds wanted to look thinner, as they were just then much stouter than usual; and the same number of thin people wanted to be rounded out, as they were just then much thinner than usual. Sitters with small eyes always wanted the eyes large and full; those with large staring eyes asked me to be sure that the eyes had a mild expression.

A rough man once said to me, "My picture looks like the devil." I told him I did not know as to the likeness, as I had never seen that personage, but I was aware that sometimes a resemblance would run all through families.

I always had sticking-wax on hand, and used it to keep wing-shaped ears from standing out from the head. One little trick of the trade I must reveal; and that is the use of a wad of cotton to fill out hollow cheeks. The ladies called these wads "plumpers."

I have had scores of children willing to sit, and have been told, "What a knack you have in taking children!" and scores that were not willing to sit, although the mothers tried every means to induce them to, and sometimes used force without avail; then I heard, "I see you have no skill in taking children." They did not seem to be aware that it takes two to make a picture, just as much as it requires two to make a bargain.

I have been praised by hundreds of good-looking people, and abused by as many others not good-looking. People seem to think that the photographer makes their features; but he only copies their looks. Skill and judgment should be used to pose every sitter to the best advantage, but it is the sitter's face that is reflected on the plate.

An elderly couple from the rural districts is taken; the pictures

are approved, except that the lady insists that her mouth is too large. The husband answers the objection by saying, "What do you expect? It is just like yourn."

The trouble with mouths is beyond description. Almost every man thinks the business he follows is the most troublesome one pursued by man, and says that if he had his life to live over he would follow another occupation. Had he been a photographer, he would have found that the business of pleasing people with pictures of their mouths is one of the most troublesome ever undertaken. It is undoubtedly true that the likeness of a picture depends very much on the expression of the mouth, but when the sitter's mouth is in repose that feature is just as perfect as any other part of the picture. Yet the invariable criticism is, "All good but the mouth," and re-sittings by the hundred are made in the hope of getting the mouth right,—as the sitter says. The most experienced operators often say, "These mouths are the bane of my life," or, "Other people's mouths will be the cause of my death." The fact is that pretty mouths, like perfect ears, are very scarce.

"I know I sha'n't like my picture; I am sure it will look ugly," says one. After making that remark, it is pretty sure that she will not be disappointed.

"I had just as soon go to the dentist's" is an old and wearisome phrase that operators, for business reasons, must hear in silence.

A lady weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, and wearing a low-necked dress, came to me one afternoon with a red, rough, and painted face. She said that her picture was perfectly horrible, and looked just like all the others that she had had taken. Yet we had done the best that could be done with an unpromising subject.

One gentleman, whose wife was very beautiful, in his estimation, came several times to have her picture taken; he also visited several other galleries, and his criticism always was that "No camera could do her justice." This, of course, was nonsense: the camera copies faithfully whatever is before it, without regard to anybody's preconceived opinion.

A customer came one morning to return her proofs: she said that they did not look like her, and that they made her look twenty years too old. As she passed to the skylight for another sitting, her companion said, "The ugly old thing! it looks just like her. She only wants to try another dress."

A mother once brought her daughter for a picture; the girl, unfortunately, was badly cross-eyed. "Now," said the mother, "if you will notice particularly, you will see that she has a slight cast in one eye." It was so perceptible that I had just decided to make a profile in order to avoid that "slight cast."

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

If the reader is now, or proposes to become, an amateur photographer, it will be of service to be told the things that follow:

If you would succeed in your experiments, let everything you use be the best of its kind.

A poor camera-box and a weak lens will not give good results.
Have the dark room, and everything in it, in perfect order.

Use great care in every part of the process. Carelessness never succeeds.

Do not be satisfied with any kind of an impression, because some ignorant person has told you that you are doing splendidly.

If you are anxious to excel in photography, learn to develop the negative and to print from it. Do not carry your plates to a professional to develop and print them for you. If you do, how much of the picture is of your own execution? Anybody can put a plate in a camera and expose it.

Do not attempt portraits of friends: they will find fault with them and laugh at you. Your sitter will not like his or her expression, and will say it is your fault.

Use your plates to make landscapes or views.

Do everything deliberately.

Do not neglect to dust the plate before inserting it in the slide, or the picture will be spoiled by dust-spots.

Learn to use a reliable plate, and do not change.

Use one formula for a developer, and keep on doing so until you are master of it.

Master the difficulties, and don't get discouraged.

THE RIGHT WAY TO GET A GOOD PICTURE.

Go to a photographer of established reputation,—one who can be relied on for good work.

Prices for photographs are regulated by the quality, just like the prices of all other commodities. A man does not expect to get a six-dollar hat for two dollars; neither can he get pictures worth six dollars per dozen for two dollars. If Mr. Rushem charges only two dollars for his finest work, his work is poor and is not worth any more.

The most indifferent worker will sometimes produce a good picture, and that one good picture will perhaps induce several to give him sittings, each expecting to get a picture equal to the one shown; but all are disappointed, as his usual work is not well done. Go to a photographer in whom you can place confidence; pay him his price, that he may give you the necessary time and attention. Do not go when you are in a hurry, and by no means hurry the operator. He must have time to think as he works. Let him select what he sees to be the best position for your features. Do not let everybody decide on the proofs; it will be better still if you do not see any proofs, but let the photographer, who is interested in your having a good picture, decide.

In hundreds of instances the friends recommend the proof in which the dress or accessories are most pleasing, entirely ignoring the better face. Now, as the face in the picture is of the most importance, it is better to have that perfect and overlook a wrinkle in the dress or a twist in a ribbon. If there is anything radically wrong in the drapery, the photographer will give a re-sitting.

It is not wise to go to a photographer for a sitting a few days or

even weeks before the Christmas holidays, as that is the busiest season of the year. Even when one succeeds in getting a satisfactory negative at such a time it will be very difficult to get the prints made. The days are short, and many stormy days shut off the sunshine, which is needed to print the photographs. Then when they are received they are not satisfactory; for the printer was obliged to hurry them through, and prints are permitted to pass that would be condemned at any other time. It is very unfortunate for all concerned that during the holiday season, when the sunshine is most needed, the days are the shortest and the sunshine in very limited quantity; I have known four dark days in a week just previous to Christmas; and the helpless photographer is held responsible for the delay.

Some people think that it makes no difference who takes your picture: if the camera is only pointed at you, it matters not who points it, the result is the same. This is a great mistake, made through ignorance. Two artists paint your portrait. They both use brushes and similar colors; but is there no difference in their pictures? The one is a work of art, the other is a daub. Just as much depends upon who handles the camera as upon who handles the colors and brushes.

Photography has almost reached the dignity of a fine art, yet it descends to a very low grade when one sees the so-called artist in his shirt-sleeves, in a dirty room with dusty floor and furnished with a miserable-looking chair, working his camera without knowing whether the face is properly posed, intent only on exposing the plate, while one hears the drummer outside soliciting customers on the score of the cheapness of the work. This is enough to disgust and dishearten every man of intelligence.

The skilful operator must see at a glance the best view of his sitter's face. He must place the face where the light and shade will contribute to produce the best effect. He must know the strength of the light at the moment of making the sitting. His camera must be at the proper angle and in focus. His chemicals must be in good order, and he must know how to use them. He must endeavor to get the sitter to assume his or her most agreeable expression; and he must expose his plate at the right moment to fix that expression.

In fact, everything must be right; and the result depends in a very great degree on the experience and good judgment of the operator.

If the sitter dictates as to how the picture is to be made, and the operator, anxious to please, follows his directions, the sitter is responsible for the result. Had the photographer been allowed to use his knowledge, the result would probably have been very different. For instance, suppose the sitter insists on placing his open hands on his knees; when he sees the picture he finds that his hands are enlarged to double their natural size, and is sure to say, "See how large you have taken my hands!" Of course the operator knew what the result would be, but it was his sitter's desire that placed them so that they would be distorted.

I cannot close this subject more fitly than by repeating the advice to go to a photographer of reputation and taste; let him use his judgment, and the result will generally be satisfactory.

A. Bogardus.

LOST TREASURES OF LITERATURE.

NATURE is a spendthrift, undoubtedly, but has she ever wasted her energies in creating a mute inglorious Milton? Gray affirms that she has; Carlyle denies it. A man who *can* speak *must* speak, says the latter. Between two such authorities, who shall decide? At all events, it is idle to waste tears on what might have been. It may be equally idle, but nevertheless it is only human, to deplore the loss of what has been. The lost treasures of literature have caused a heart-ache to many a scholar and bibliomaniac. A large portion of classic literature has vanished from the sight of men. The dramatic literature of Greece was one of its greatest glories. At the time of Aristophanes it is estimated that fully two thousand dramas had been produced: only forty-two have come down to us. From Æschylus we have only seven, out of a total of seventy; seven also of Sophocles, out of a hundred or more; and nineteen of Euripides, out of a possible ninety-two. The comic writers have suffered the most, and of the greatest of them, Menander, hardly a vestige remains. Goethe said that he would gladly have given one-half of Roman poetry for a single play of that master. In the few lines that have come down to us he recognized the touch of a supreme genius.

But this is not the worst. The greatest lyric poetess of all times was Sappho. Only two odes and a few fragmentary lines are left to tantalize us with a sense of our loss. From Pindar we have some odes, indeed, but not the hymns and dirges and dithyrambs which the ancient critics considered his real masterpieces. And where are the songs of Alcæus and Ibycus,—not to mention any lesser names,—songs which once thrilled the most cultured nation of antiquity? Perished all, perished utterly from the face of the earth, with the exception of a few mutilated stanzas. In Roman literature we have fared somewhat better, but even here there are sad gaps. Ennius, the father of Roman poetry, Ennius, of whom a complete copy is said to have existed as late as the thirteenth century, survives only in a few fragments. Perished utterly also is that splendid ballad literature which preceded the historic age, the literature whose loss Macaulay sought to supply in his “Lays of Ancient Rome.” The poets Lucilius, Bassus, Ponticus, Valgius, Accius, and Pacuvius, the historians Cœlius Antipater and Cornelius Sisenna, the orators Calvus and Hortensius and Cassius Severus, names to conjure with in ancient days, are names and nothing more to our modern ears.

A dozen words are all that remain of the “Thyestes” of Varius, which, according to Quintilian, rivalled all the tragedies of the Greeks; and two lines represent all the vestige of Ovid’s tragedy of “Medea.” Livy, himself, has come down to us in a mutilated state.

Many of these treasures perished in the invasions of the Goths and Vandals, many were destroyed by the ignorant or the superstitious in the Dark Ages, many were consumed by fire in the successive incen-

diarisms at Alexandria. The library of four hundred thousand manuscripts collected by the Ptolemys was burned during the siege of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar. The famous library in the same city known as the Serapeum, which had been enriched by Pergamon and given to Cleopatra by Mark Antony, was partly burned, partly dispersed, at the storming of the temple of Jupiter by the Christians during the reign of Theodosius the Great. A new library sprang up in Alexandria, and in A.D. 640 was said to have contained seven hundred thousand volumes. That was the year in which the city was captured by the Saracens under Caliph Omar. The Caliph decreed that "if these writings of the Greeks agree with the Book of God, they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they ought to be destroyed." So the building was burned to the ground, and the manuscripts were sent to heat the four thousand public baths. Six months were barely sufficient, it is said, for the consumption of the precious fuel. Frightful losses were also sustained when the great monastic libraries were plundered in the time of the Reformation. The books and manuscripts were scattered to stuff broken windows, clean boots, and light fires, or were sold to grocers and soap-sellers as wrapping-paper. One merchant for forty shillings bought two noble libraries, which supplied him with paper stock enough to last for ten years. No doubt many of the most precious ancient manuscripts perished in this way, as well as the works, more or less valuable, of mediæval writers. The great fire of London destroyed many treasures of Elizabethan literature. More of this literature perished through the selfishness of managers who would not allow their manuscripts to be printed, and through the carelessness of subsequent collectors.

At the beginning of this century, the manuscripts of a number of famous plays which had survived all these casualties were destroyed by a servant of Warburton, who used some to light the fire and others to make into pie-crust frills. No fewer than fifteen of Massinger's plays perished in this wholesale massacre, with some fifty other plays of various authors, including Ford, Dekker, Robert Greene, George Chapman, Cyril Tournure, and Thomas Middleton. Nay, among the number were three plays attributed to Shakespeare,—*"Duke Humphrey," "Henry I.,"* and *"Henry II."*

But one of the most lamentable of all losses is that of Heywood's *"Lives of the Poets,"* which has unaccountably disappeared. Heywood was the familiar friend of Shakespeare and his great contemporaries, and the book would now be looked upon as a priceless storehouse of literary *ana.*

Of all Elizabethan poets the greatest sufferer was Spenser. The last six books of his *"Faerie Queene"* were said to have been lost by a servant while crossing from Ireland to England, and, although this statement has been doubted, it is quite certain that no fewer than seventeen of his compositions have entirely disappeared. The poetry of Abraham Cowley has come down to us intact. But his poetry, though it has an historical interest, is far inferior to his prose, and of his prose only his essays remain. His letters were suffered to perish by Bishop Spratt.

Of that queen of epistolary writers, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, only a comparatively few letters have come down to us. These few were preserved by accident, the jealous pride or the carelessness of her family preventing the rest from seeing the light of print. Pope was responsible for the destruction of Lord Peterborough's *Memoirs*, as was Tom Moore for the destruction of Byron's. In the first case we probably lost more than in the latter. Lord Peterborough was one of the most brilliant and versatile men in English history. His career was a rich and strange one. Possibly, however, the noble lord was prouder of his conquests over the fair sex than of his victories over the Spaniards, and so Pope may have been afraid of the scandals that might ensue. Still, it is hard to forgive him, and still harder to palliate the share he took in the destruction of the *Memoirs* of another distinguished public man, Sir George Savile, who had taken notes of the conversations of Charles II. and reported much entertaining information about his great contemporaries. Nor is it any plea in mitigation that Pope, at the advice of Lord Bolingbroke, put one of his own books into the fire, his "Treatise on the Immortality of the Soul," which must certainly have had a personal, and possibly had a literary, value.

Where are Mrs. Inchbald's *Memoirs*, which are said to have extended to several volumes, and for which the publishers offered her one thousand pounds? And where is John Wilkes's autobiography? We know only that he lent the manuscript to Charles Butler, and that after Wilkes's death the cover of the book was found without any leaves. Another manuscript which has unaccountably disappeared is a prose work by Matthew Prior, called "Dialogues of the Dead, in the Manner of Lucian." It has been lost sight of since 1781, when it was in the possession of the dowager Duchess of Portland. Joseph Warton and Disraeli speak highly of the work.

Pope is not the only author who has destroyed his own works. Samuel Rogers is known to have written and made away with a drama, called "The Vintage of Burgundy," but the loss is scarcely to be deplored. Nor need any tears be shed over the prose works of George Crabbe, among them several novels and a botanical treatise, in spite of the fact that his son admired the former and that he himself admired the latter. He had spent years of labor upon it, but destroyed the manuscript because a pedantical friend assured him that a scientific treatise of this nature should be written in Latin and not in English. Nathaniel Hawthorne made a holocaust of a number of his early tales which we can ill afford to lose, for even the despised "Fanshawe," the earliest of his printed books, which he did his best to suppress, has a personal interest that makes us rejoice over its rescue from oblivion.

Molière, it may not be generally known, had almost completed a translation of Lucretius, but one of his servants whom he had ordered to dress his wig took some pages of his manuscript to make curl-papers, and Molière in a rage threw the remainder into the fire. An accident destroyed the result of the labors of Newton's declining years. He had left his manuscripts upon the table beside a lighted candle. His dog Diamond, playing around the table, overthrew the candle and set fire to the papers. Newton was more patient than Molière: he merely shook

his head at the dog. "Ah, Diamond, Diamond," he cried, "thou little knowest what damage thou hast done!"

A curious heap of scorched leaves, looking like a monster wasps'-nest, may be seen in a glass case in the British Museum. It is a relic of a fire that occurred in 1731 at Ashburnham House, Westminster, and partly destroyed the Cotton manuscripts. By the exercise of much skill a portion was restored, though apparently charred past recognition. The remnants were carefully separated, leaf by leaf, soaked in a chemical solution, and then pressed between leaves of transparent paper. The library of Dr. Priestley was burned by the mob in the Birmingham riots, and the celebrated collection of Lord Mansfield, which contained untold manuscript treasures, was destroyed in the same way in the Gordon riots. The conflagration of Moscow consumed many literary relics, and the shells of the German army in 1870 fired the great Strasburg library, when many manuscripts and printed books of great value were destroyed, among others the earliest-printed Bible and the records of the famous law-suits between Gutenberg, the first printer, and his partners, upon which depended the claim of Gutenberg to the invention of the art of printing.

Disasters by sea have been as fatal as disasters by land. In the early part of the fifteenth century Guarino Veronese lost a ship-load of classical manuscripts while crossing from Constantinople to Italy. The unhappy owner survived the wreck, but his grief was so great that his hair turned white in a few hours.

When Vincentio Pinelli died, in 1600, a London bookseller purchased his library,—at that time the most celebrated in the world. It had been collected through many generations, and comprised numerous manuscripts, dating from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, and an extraordinary number of Greek, Latin, and Italian works, many of them first editions. The bookseller put them in three vessels for transportation. One of these ships was captured by pirates, who flung the books overboard. The freight of the two vessels which escaped their hands was sold for about forty thousand dollars.

The sea has also swallowed up all the books and manuscripts which were contained in the churches and libraries of Constantinople when Mohammed II. captured that city in the fifteenth century.

In the year 1698, a Dutch burgomaster named Hudde started on a voyage of discovery through China, disguised as a mandarin. He travelled for thirty years through the length and breadth of the Celestial Empire, and collected great literary treasures; but the ship which contained them foundered, and they were irrecoverably lost.

Ignorance has cost the world priceless treasures in books and manuscripts. Just before the French Revolution a fine copy of the first edition of the "Golden Legend" was used leaf by leaf to light the librarian's fires. A copy of Caxton's "Canterbury Tales," with woodcuts, worth at least two thousand dollars, was used to light the vestry fire of the French Protestant Church in St. Martin's le Grand in London some thirty years ago.

The memory of John Bagford, an antiquarian shoemaker, is held in deserved execration by bibliophiles. When the name of John

Bagford is mentioned, book-lovers hiss through their teeth, "Biblioclast!" and in that lies the secret of his misdoing. He spent his life in collecting materials for a history of printing which he never wrote. His materials were title-pages which he tore out and mounted with others in a book. It is said he collected about twenty-five thousand title-pages in all. His collection, in sixty folio volumes, is deposited in the British Museum, a melancholy yet, professionally, an interesting collection. It is said that the closing hours of this arch-mutilator were embittered because he had been unable to discover and destroy a Caxton; but this was only because title-pages were unknown in England in Caxton's day.

A curious occurrence took place in the year 1840. An antiquary bought some soles from one Jay,—a fishmonger in Old Hungerford Market, Yarmouth. The soles were wrapped in a large stiff sheet of paper torn from a folio volume which stood at the fishmonger's elbow. When the purchaser unwrapped his purchase, his eye caught the signatures of Lauderdale, Godolphin, Ashley, and Sunderland on the large stiff sheet of paper. The wrapper was a sheet of the victualling-charges for prisoners in the Tower in the reign of James II. The signatures were those of his ministers. The antiquary went back at once to Jay's shop. "That is good paper of yours," he said, assuming an air of indifference. "Yes, but too stiff. I've got a lot of it, too. I got it from Somerset House. They had ten tons of waste paper, and I offered seven pounds a ton, which they took, and I have got three tons of it in the stables. The other seven they keep till I want it." "All like this?" asked the antiquary, his heart in his mouth. "Pretty much," replied Jay; "all odds and ends." Jay obligingly allowed the antiquary to carry home an armful of the rubbishy papers. His head swam as he looked on accounts of the Exchequer Office signed by Henry VII. and Henry VIII., wardrobe accounts of Queen Anne, dividend receipts signed by Pope and Newton, a treatise on the Eucharist in the boyish hand of Edward VI., and another on the Order of the Garter in the scholarly handwriting of Elizabeth. The government in selling the papers to Jay had disposed of public documents which contained much of the history of the country from Henry VII. to George IV. The antiquary went back to Jay. Little by little he was acquiring the whole pile, but he injudiciously whispered his secret about, and it became no longer a secret. The government were aroused to a sense of their loss, and the public clamored for a committee of inquiry. It was then found that the blame lay with Lord Mounteagle, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that the papers which had been sold for seventy pounds were, at the least, worth some three thousand pounds; but most of them had by this time been lost or mutilated, or scattered beyond redemption.

William Shepard.

THE SINGER AND HIS SONG.

THIS said the muse hath no true lovers now,—
 That men are grown too wise to waste their days
 Following afar each idle wind that strays
 O'er Helicon from high Parnassus' brow.
 "We have enough of song," men say, "and thou,
 O poet, need'st no longer seek the haze
 Of purple Dreamland, but in common ways
 Must walk uncrowned, though false to oath and vow."
 Perchance, perchance; yet, haply, should there come
 One whose strong soul burned high with steadfast flame,—
 A singer mindful only of his song,—
 A wide-spread hush would tell of tongues struck dumb,
 Of glad ears listening, till at last his name
 Burst from the bosom of Earth's mighty throng.

Charles Henry Lüders.

THE FOOTPRINT.

A LITTLE crescent beach of shining sand
 Wet by the waters of the ebbing sea;
 A purple bay whose waves glide murmuringly
 Backward and forward down and up the strand,
 Where, etched upon the smooth, surf-beaten land,
 A footprint lingers, slight enough to be
 That of a nymph or ocean deity,
 Soft pressed where some bright form has chanced to stand.
 Whether it is a being of the deep
 Whose step is thus revealed, or whether she,
 The white-armed girl whose parent is our host,
 Has wandered here while all else lay asleep,
 I may not know. And yet it seems to me
 So small a foot dwells not on all the coast.

Charles Henry Lüders.

TRANSFORMATION.

FAIR in the woods I found a cold, dark spring
 Through scarce-distinguished pebbles bubbling up.
 I knelt to drink,—a cloud took sudden wing,
 And pearls, in wine dissolving, filled my cup.

Charles Henry Lüders.

"THAT HOUND O' JOEL TROUT'S."

I.

HE was a good deal thought of in the district, even back in the mountains, where the people are not given to enthusiasm. Boone Hutter was "pretty consid'r'ble of a man," was the popular verdict, and, as is frequently the case, the popular verdict was a just one. Everybody knew Boone Hutter, and everybody liked him: the very sight of his healthy, sunburned face and the twinkle of his merry light-blue eyes were sufficient to cause a perceptible rise in most mental barometers. Boone got so much enjoyment out of the mere fact of existence, and so palpably found the world a good place to live in, that those coming in contact with him were insensibly cheered by his atmosphere, even while they might shake their heads over his optimism. He was a companionable fellow, moreover, always ready with a jest, or a song, or a kindly turn for a neighbor.

He knew very well how to take his own part, too, they said, and, for all his sweet temper, allowed no man to impose on him beyond a certain limit. With women it was quite a different matter: Boone could never make much headway in standing out against a woman. His instincts were protective, and the sex were not slow to make the discovery, or to use it as disposition and opportunity should dictate. The tow-headed children, headed by his own tribe of brothers and sisters, of course rode over him rough-shod. Yes, Boone was, in the opinion of his neighbors, "er right down likely fellow, fur er young un, an' apt to be a credit to ther county, if he should live."

The last clause was not added in deprecation of any organic or hereditary threatening, for Boone was as healthy an animal as ever breasted a mountain, and came, moreover, of a family proverbially long-lived: "the onliest way ter kill er Hutter was ter knock him in the head," was a saying on the mountain. The clause "if he should live" which invariably rounded the summing-up of Boone's good qualities was added simply for euphony, and in deference to rural custom.

When at nineteen Boone succeeded to the management of the scrubby little mountain-farm and the care of his father's family, the older men turned their quids over slowly and wondered what he would make of it.

"Old man" Hutter had been thrifless; too fond of contemplation and tobacco to cumber with much serving, either for himself or others; and, being the sort of man he was, of course there were many "others,"—a cabin-full of them, in fact. It is one of Nature's readjustments that, having recognized the existence of an utterly useless quantity, she nullifies its ill effects by making it a medium of production. A worthless man is very apt to have thrifty, industrious children, and a good many of them, who fill the gap in the world's work which he has left. When Boone's mother dropped into her grave from excess of care and

responsibility, which a physician, if she had had one, would have dignified by a polysyllable, Nature, demanding an equipoise to Hutter's inertia, insisted on another wife, and Hutter, under the impression that he was "lonesome," married again with speed, and, of course, got the smartest and most capable woman in the district.

An excellent thing for them all it was; for Mrs. Hutter looked after the house, and the farm, and the children, and Hutter himself, and, in fact, did everything that was done on the place, until Boone got big enough to help her. A very hard time they had, those two, for the family was large and constantly increasing, the farm, owing to years of neglect, unprofitable, and old Hutter had a way of quietly converting the result of months of labor on the part of his wife and son into liquor at the village store and causing it to disappear in moments. Such headway did this habit make in the later years of his life that it came to be a burden, and when, one dark night, the chestnut filly, coming up the mountain, stumbled on a rolling stone and threw her intoxicated rider over her head with such force that his neck was dislocated, it was felt to be an affliction not without palliating circumstances, and all the religiously-disposed among the neighbors were not slow to discover, and point out, the hand of Providence in it.

After his father's death Boone openly assumed the position he had tacitly filled for a good many years, and became the acknowledged head of the house. He worked thoroughly and cheerfully, and his step-mother helped him, and the children too, as they came on; and as the farm improved, and the stock got sleek and round, and a new porch and shed-room were added to the cabin, the watchers turned their quids again and opined that Boone would make something of it after all.

Boone sat on the fence in the shadow of a big sycamore and gazed about him. His face was flushed, and the perspiration stood on his forehead in beads. He pushed back his hat, took a blue cotton handkerchief from his pocket, and mopped away for a moment vigorously: hoeing corn is hot work under a July sun. The shade of the sycamore was dense, and the grass at its foot looked cool and inviting, and presently Boone jumped down from the fence and stretched himself upon it. Near him a coat lay, and beside it, well in the shade, was the tin bucket which contained the boys' dinner. There were two besides Boone, lads of twelve and fourteen, sturdy little fellows, able to hoe a row or run a furrow with most men in the district. They had gone to the spring for the jug of buttermilk, left there to keep cool, and two watermelons they had secured as they came through the patch that morning. As he waited, Boone drew the bucket towards him, opened it, and spread out the dinner in readiness. There were soda-biscuits, fried bacon and chicken, and at the bottom a covered pie on a blue-edged plate. Hoeing is hungry work, and the provisions looked enticing. Boone wished the boys would hurry up. He wondered, too, whether they would have sense enough to bring some water along, so that a man could wash his face before eating.

A scrambling noise and a light thud attracted his attention: a long-bodied, spotted hound had jumped over the fence and was coming

towards him. He had been running, and his tongue was hanging out, and his eyes looked red and tired: one foot was badly swollen, and he held it up as he ran. Boone wondered whose dog it could be: he knew most of the canine inhabitants of the country-side, but this appeared to be a stranger. Something in the woe-begone look of the brute appealed to him, and he whistled encouragingly as he reached over for a biscuit.

The dog stopped and looked at him.

"Come, old fellow," coaxed Boone; "I won't hurt you. Don't be afeard. You're fa'rly tuckered out. Here, eat a mouf-ful." And he threw a biscuit towards him.

The dog touched it with his nose, but could not eat: he was panting heavily, and dropped down beside it. Boone threw him another piece.

"Hold on a bit," he said, "twell the boys git back, an' I'll give you a sup o' milk. You're 'most too dry fur bread to relish."

Then he rose and went to the animal and stooped to examine the hurt foot. The dog showed his teeth and growled. Boone, misunderstanding his motive, spoke soothingly and took the wounded leg in his hand. The brute snarled, made a bow of his body, and set his teeth viciously into the arm nearest him. Boone struck down fiercely with his clinched fist.

"You damned ongrateful varmint," he growled, "I'll larn you some manners. Git out o' this! Does you think I want the bread I give you? Git out of this, or I'll make you!"

The dog moved away down between the corn-rows, panting still and limping. Boone looked after him, then stopped, picked up the bread and threw it as far as he could send it in the direction the dog had taken. Then he examined his arm: the wound was a small one; he could cover it with the end of his broad thumb; it throbbed a little, but nothing to signify. Boone pulled down his shirt-sleeve and went to the fence to help the boys over with the melons. Ben, the younger of the pair, carried in addition to his melon a big gourd half full of water.

"It's so all-fired hot, Boone," he explained, as he handed it over, "I 'lowed you'd like er wash afore your vittles. 'Twas full when I started, but er go'de is onhandy to tote, an' half of it sloshed out. Look at that thar melon Jack's got, Boone! Ain't it a buster?—an' just as cool as er ice-house."

"First-rate! I never seed a better. Ther melons is oncommon fine this ye'r: I reckon 'twas the way we-all fixed them hills. Here, Ben, pour the water over my hands, will you?"

He pushed up his sleeves again and made a cup of his hands. Ben filled it with water and waited while his brother slapped it over his face.

"You've snagged yerself, Boone," he commented, indicating the small, bloody place on Boone's forearm. "How'd you do it?—ag'in' the fence?"

"No: it's er dog-bite. 'Tain't nothin'. Look out, Ben! you're dashin' the water on the groun', 'stid o' my hands. Thar, that'll do."

"What sort o' dog was it?"

"Er long-bodied, spotted hound. I dunno whose 'twas. I never seed him afore."

"I seed him," observed Ben: "he jumped over the fence ez we-all come along. He war limpin' in his hind leg."

"Thet's how he come ter bite me. I took hold o' his foot ter view it. I reckon I galled it. Come on, boys; ther weeds ain't quit growin'. Let's eat an' git to work."

II.

"Air you gwine over ter Bainbridge's to-night, Boone?" questioned Mrs. Hutter, as she bustled about the supper-table, putting the dishes together.

Boone had come in for a light for his pipe, and stood with his back towards her. He did not answer immediately, being occupied in fishing up a live coal with a bit of chip. When he had completed the job to his satisfaction, he said, slowly,—

"I dunno. Does you want anything?"

Mrs. Hutter smiled, a queer, knowing sort of smile, and placed the plate she had just wiped in the cupboard.

"No: I dunno ez I'm arter anything pertickler at Bainbridge's," she drawled, emphasizing the personal pronoun. "I 'low'd you mout be gwine over to 'quire 'bout the ole man's foot. Its pow'rful badly mashed up, they sez. Cally come over a minute this evenin' arter some balsam-apple to put to it. They knowed I keep it ready sot in liquor."

Boone turned round with a show of interest: the coal on his pipe tottered to a fall, and he pressed it down in the bowl with his thumb.

"What ails the old man's foot?" he queried. "I seed him yestiddy, an' he was peart ez common."

"Ther bench o' ther grindstone gin way one side when ther ole man war grindin' of his axe at dinner-time," explained Mrs. Hutter, "an' the ole man he hefted up the rock to h'ist it out, so ez he could put in er new leg. Cally she had been turnin'. Ther ground war sorter sloshy whar the water run out'n the trough, an' the ole man slipped, an' flop come the grindstone down on his foot an' like to bust open every toe he had. Cally sed he grabbed up his foot in his hand an' hopped roun' 'pon t'other one same ez a gander struck by lightenin', an' hollered, 'Oh, Lordy! oh, Lordy! come down frum heaven an' have mussy on my toes, I pray!' An' when that didn't ease 'em none, he jus' let in, he did, an' cussed ther grindstone fur everything 'pon top the yearth. Jus' like ther grindstone had come down 'pon his foot itself, 'stid o' him lettin' it drop. 'Twar scandalous!—an' him er jined member o' ther First Baptist kongregation, an' happy with religion, Sunday was a week."

Boone laughed: "Er man ain't studyin' 'bout no religion when he's bust his toes open. What he's arter is gittin' shut o' ther pain. Cussin' eases up ther feelin's enough better'n prayin', sometimes: it's ther diff'ence 'tween slow train an' express."

"Hell-fire's er sight wuss'n achin' toes," asserted Mrs. Hutter, in a

tone expressive of exhaustive and verifiable knowledge. "An' that's what ther swearers an' ther blasphemers ain't none of 'em got gump-tion enough to study 'bout. They jus' r'ars an' cusses, an' cusses an' r'ars, an' never calls ter mind ther comin' o' ther judgment, an' ther fallin' o' ther mountains, whar'll be mo' onsatisfactory 'en fifty grind-stones, nor how ole Satan's settin' fur thar po' souls, like er brindled cat at er rat-hole."

Her voice rose and fell with a camp-meeting cadence, and she half shut her eyes, as if to get a focus on the coming torments of the un-righteous. Boone disliked the turn the conversation had taken. It suggested a feeling of insecurity and made him uncomfortable. It sounded personal, too, for Boone was conscious of letting slip many a word that would not bear scrutiny, when he was angry or driving mules. He hastened to change the current of her thought:

"War Cally skeered much?"

He hesitated a little over the name, and his face flushed. The step-mother smiled again, and her eyes softened:

"Pow'rful skeered, po' little creeter! She run every step o' ther way over, an' when she got here she were all but foundered. She could hardly fetch breath to ax fur ther apple; an' she war in sich a swivet I couldn't git her to set down. She've got a feelin' heart, hev Cally! She don't spar' herse'f none when folks air in trouble. She yearns over sufferin' mightily."

Boone fumbled with his pipe: it had gone out while he listened. He laid it away on the chimney-shelf and went into the shed-room for his Sunday coat.

"I reckon I'll step over an' ax arter the ole man," he drawled; "'twouldn't be neighborly not to. Maybe they're flustered an' I kin' be some service."

As he stepped out on the porch, his youngest sister, a child of three, threw her arms around his leg and held him captive. He caught her up and kissed her, then dropped her like a kitten in the low, wooden cradle, and went his way with a smile on his lips.

Boone walked briskly along, whistling like a mocking-bird. He was happy, and vaguely conscious that the night was fair. He glanced up at the moonlit sky and thought how bright the stars were, and what a good night it would be for hunting. A squirrel ran across the road in front of him: he could see it distinctly, and wondered if its home was in the big black-oak-tree up which it scudded. Among the bushes in the fence-corner he heard a little rustling and a faint cry and an answering call, and knew that a baby partridge had strayed from the nest and was being coaxed by the anxious mother-bird.

The night was still and brooded over the sleeping earth.

Boone's thoughts became personal. He had been "keepin' comp'ny" with Cally Bainbridge for more than a year, going to see her steadily, and having eyes for no other woman. He had never told her that he loved her, nor asked her to be his wife. He meant to do so,—had meant to do so for some months; but, although he would plan it all on the way over, what he would say, and how she would answer, and even how she would look, somehow he never found things as he pic-

tured them. The old people would be in the way, or some one or other of Cally's tribe of brothers, or Cally herself would be in an unsympathetic mood,—wanting to get to her wheel, or knitting, or troubled in her mind as to whether or not the old black turkey hen was on her nest. The surroundings were never half so helpful or suggestive in reality as they seemed in imagination: so the words he wished to say never got themselves said. Still, he thought, Cally must know, and there was no such desperate hurry. He would tell her before long,—to-night, perhaps.

The family were on the porch, and welcomed him heartily. The men lounged about and smoked, and, at first, contributed little to the conversation. In her own estimation, however, Mrs. Bainbridge was equal to the entertainment of a host: she was a quiet, steady talker, and, just now, had a prolific theme in her husband's accident. She told the story at length, and introduced quite an astonishing number of details, and Boone listened sympathetically, and after it was ended stepped in to see the sufferer, who lay on the bed with his foot bandaged, and there heard it all over again.

Cally was sitting on a bench at one side of the porch when he came out, and Boone slipped into the place next her, and, under cover of the dusk, touched her hand, as if by accident: it was shyly withdrawn, but he could hear her breathing quicker. She was a slender girl, with the wistful sadness in her face so often seen in mountain women.

After a while the accident, even under Mrs. Bainbridge's copious treatment, was exhausted, and the talk drifted to other matters.

"Hev anybody seed thet thar spotted hound o' Joel Trout's to-day?" questioned Sam Bainbridge, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"No: I never knowed he had any spotted hound. I thought all Joel's pack war liver-colored or yaller. 'Lowed I knowed Joel's dogs, too. This un must be a new un," one of the boys answered.

"'Twas a new un: sort of er long-bodied beagle. Joel ain't had him more'n er week. Got him frum er man down below somewhars, an' 'lowed he'd done er mighty big thing. 'Twas er dog wuth money, he sed, an' he got him fur next to nothin', tradin'. I ain't never seed the brute, but Joel's apt to find *thet* dog dear at er gif'."

"Air he roguish more'n common?" inquired Mrs. Bainbridge. "Them hounds Joel had afore beat creation when it come to stealin'. Thet one-eyed hound—him they call Juniper—is ther biggest an' ther slickest rogue in ther county. Dolly Trout she 'lowed to me thet she did suppose thet dog's toes was same ez fingers: he could rake er cake o' bread out'n ther ashes an' scratch open ther cupboard door like er human. Well, I kin believe her, too; fur he come over here one day an' stolt er piece o' meat out'n the pot a-bilin' on ther fire. I seed him kyar it off mysef, with ther hot grease a-drippin' frum his jaws, an' trottin' just ez stiddy ez if his mouf war iron. If ther new dog kin teach ther old ones mo' tricks 'en they know a'ready, Dolly'll lose what religion she hev got, along o' aggervation."

"Ther new dog hev done wuss'n thet," observed Sam. "He hev gone mad."

The news excited interest. A mad dog was an unusual event. Mrs. Bainbridge cried, "Ther Lord have mussy!" and raised her hands and let them fall again. Cally shrank nearer to Boone and glanced nervously over her shoulder.

"Is he loose?" she queried. "Hevn't no one shot him?"

"Yes; he's loose," replied her brother, uneasy in his mind, but enjoying the sensation he had produced. "Nat Taylor told me erbout it when I come by ther shop at dark; said Joel hed been thar, skeered nigh to death, an' arter some o' ther boys to help him hunt ther creeter down. Ther dog hed er fit 'bout breakfast-time, but Joel didn't think much of it; he'd seed er dog in er fit befo'. He mixed up some sulphur an' truck to give him, an' sot er pan o' water so ez the creeter could drink. Just ez soon ez he spied the water I'll be durned if the varmint didn't go plumb distracted: he howled, an' snapped, an' begun to foam at the mouth, an' started to run to'ards the paster whar the stock was. Joel retched back in the house arter his gun, an' took out arter him, but the dog he'd got the start, an' he jumped the fence into the road afore Joel could git in good range. Joel shot once or twice, an' 'lowed he must er hit him; but he couldn't be sho', an' the dog never drapped."

"What sort o' dog was he?" It was Boone who put the question. His voice sounded strange in his own ears, and he leaned forward as though to meet the answer half-way.

Sam repeated the description he had already given, and added several bits of information in regard to the dog's condition and his probable capacity for doing mischief.

"He may be dead by now," he concluded. "The boys war arter him hot-foot, an' they'd be yearnest to run him close. He went off'n the handle 'bout breakfast-time, an' they've been huntin' him all day. I fastened up our dogs: it's safest. Thet hound mout be dead, an' then ag'in he moun'."

"Which way'd he go this mornin'?" Boone asked.

"I dunno. He's down below somewhars now, Nat Taylor sez. Leastways, he war seed down to'ards ther Cove sence three o'clock. We-all ain't in no danger frum him now,—lest he bit somethin' 'nother passin'. He must er went by us 'bout twelve o'clock: thet's how come I axed ef anybody seed him. He ain't hurt none o' our stock. I looked to see, an' thar warn't er scratch on any one. You better look at yourn when you git home, Boone, an' ef thar's er bite on anything, burn it out with red-hot iron."

"Thet ain't no use 'ceptin' it's done a'most ez soon ez ther creeter's bitten," interjected Mrs. Bainbridge. "Ef ther pizen gits er chance to strike through, burnin' ain't no more use'n nothin'. When I war a gal down at Tuckahoe Cove, one o' ther neighbors hed a yearlin' whar was bit by a mad dog, an' he didn't know it right at fust. When he found it out he burned ther place an' he physicked ther yearlin'; but, Lord er mussy! 'twa'n't no use; ther pizen hed got headway, an' ther creeter took on so he was 'bleeged ter git a gun an' shoot it. Ez likely a yearlin', too, ez ever I seed. 'Twar certain'y er pity."

The half-hope that had flickered a moment in Boone's mind went

out. The awful possibility with which he had been grappling for many moments seemed to mend its hold. The talk around him sounded in his ears like the humming of bees at swarming-time. The women's anxiety and the reassurances of the men alike made no impression on him. His brain seemed to dilate and his imagination to quicken. He sat in their midst as one removed far from them, conscious of a thing that had happened hideous in itself and productive of more hideous consequences. The wound on his arm began to throb.

Suddenly he bent forward again and put a question to them all. "How long does it take ther pizen to work?" he asked. "How long does it take er creeter to go mad arter it's been bitten?"

Opinion varied, but the bulk of testimony went to prove that the disease usually developed within twelve or fourteen hours.

"An' nothin' ain't no use arter so long er time?—doctors' truck, nor nothin'?"

No; they were all quite positive that a case would be hopeless if what should be done was not done immediately after the infliction of the wound. Mrs. Bainbridge in particular was *very* sure, and told an anecdote or two in support of her theory, besides the one of the neighbor's yearling. After the poison had entered the blood, she maintained, the only merciful thing to do to the creature would be to shoot it, to put it out of its misery, and out of the way of doing harm.

Boone moistened his lips and tried to make his voice sound steady and natural: "Ef they don't git shot or kilt noway, how long is it afore they die?—jus' natu'ly o' ther pizen?"

"Sometimes in er day, sometimes two; an' then ag'in they hev been knowed ter linger longer,—up to seven or eight. Thar was er man bit by a mad dog, when I was a gal, down at Tuckahoe Cove, whar hilt out seven days. They had to keep him tied, an' ther doctor couldn't do nothin' fur him. He trimbled like er leaf, an' his eyes looked like they'd bust out'n his head, an' was red an' bright ez fire. He suffered pow'ful when ther fits was on, an' folks war 'feard to go nigh him. 'Twould er been better to er kilt him than to let him die like he did; but 'twa'n't nobody willin' to take ther job."

"An' ther creeter's dange'ous all ther time?" Boone rose to his feet. When this question should be answered, his position would be clear to him.

"Ez dange'ous ez cholery; ez dange'ous ez yaller fever, or er double-headed cyclone. Lord! thar ain't no tellin' *how* dange'ous er mad creeter is," affirmed Sam. "I wish I know'd thet damned brute war dead! I'd be er sight easier in my mind."

On a shelf just outside the door stood a bucket of water with a gourd floating in it. Boone went to it, filled the gourd, and drank deeply. A faint feeling of relief and thankfulness rose in his heart: he was not dangerous yet; he had no horror of the water. Then he shook hands with them all, and put aside their invitation to spend the night. He must be getting home, he said: it was late. One of the boys suggested that he might meet the mad dog, and brought him out a gun. Boone took it, but told them he "wa'n't afeard o' ther hound: it couldn't hurt him," and said good-night.

A strange recklessness possessed him. He went to the bucket and drank again, and then, in a low voice, asked Cally to come with him as far as the gate. She hesitated at first, then assented, muttering something about seeing if the chicken-coops had been fastened. It was only a few yards to the gate, and the path was bright with moonlight.

They walked together silently. At the gate Boone took her hand and said, gently, "Cally, I've been 'lowin' to tell you er long time that I love you, but I never got ther chance. I dunno when it begun, dear, or ef it ever had er beginnin': ever sence I've knowed myself I've loved you, and ever sence I've been er man growed I've wanted you fur my wife. I oughtn' to be talkin' this way to you now when you're flustered; it's sort o' selfish; but you'll forgive me when you know; you'll see I was *obliged* to tell you. I ain't axin' fur no answer, dear: you kin take your time 'bout thet. I 'lowed one time——" His voice broke, and he paused.

Cally's face was turned away, but the hand he held trembled.

After a moment he went on:

"Ef anything should happen, Cally,—I ain't seekin' to make you oneasy or troubled, but life is so onsartin, dear,—ef anything *should* happen, more'n common, you'll think about me,—won't you?—an' be sorry?"

Cally caught her breath and laid her other hand on his arm.

"Don't go home to-night, Boone," she pleaded. "I can't b'ar it. I dunno what I'm 'feard o', but I'm 'feard like I never was befo'. Something's gwine ter happen to you: that creeter ther boys talked about,—ther road is lonesome. Stay here to-night, Boone; it won't give no trouble; an' ef it would,—stay!"

But Boone would not. He must get on home, he said: there were things he must attend to. The stock must be looked after and matters set in order. He had trusted Ben to feed the steers, and "Ben warn't much dependence:" the creatures might have been neglected. He must go. But he lingered still, although the moments were so precious. A mad desire came over him to take her in his arms, to cover her face with kisses. He felt that it would be the last time he should see her,—that he was virtually a dead man. He could not harm her yet; one kiss,—what would it matter to her?—and for him it would sweeten death. He bent his head,—then raised it: she was unprepared; she trusted him; he could not take advantage. The men were looking on from the porch; he could not put her to confusion before them all,—make her a target for rough jokes. He let go her hand and said good-night. Time was very precious.

III.

He did not mutiny against his fate: he had no time. His mind was filled with thoughts of how best to keep harm from others. For himself, he faced the inevitable steadily: it was his nature. What should he do? Whatever he decided on must be done quickly. Already the poison was at work. He made a rough calculation of the

time which had elapsed since he had been bitten ; eight—nine hours had it been ?—it must have, for the sun had then been high in the heavens. Only eight hours ? It seemed eight years, eight centuries, since he had bent over the wounded hound, seeking pitifully to help it.

He glanced up at the moon and quickened his steps. A thought of self-destruction crossed his mind, and he stopped and examined the gun. The instinct of life within him rose : he could not shoot himself in cold blood ; he must give himself a chance.

How strange the cabin looked in the moonlight ! He glanced around curiously. The house was still ; the grass and the trees in the little yard glistened with dew ; it hung in bright beads from every leaf and blossom of the cypress and morning-glory vines his step-mother had planted around the porch. He put out his hand and shook the glittering drops down on his face and garments. His own dog—an Irish setter—roused himself and flapped his tail against the floor in welcome. Boone stooped and caressed him. A cow put her head over the fence and lowed softly ; the horses moved in their stalls ; he could hear them stamp and strike against the troughs ; once a chain rattled, as though one of them pushed against the harness-rack.

He entered the house. In the outer room—the living-room—he paused again. There was a bed in the corner, covered with a patch-work quilt. His own mother had made it ; he remembered how pretty the scraps had looked to him as she sewed them together. Two of the children were asleep under it now ; their curly heads looked dark against the pillows. He went over to the fireplace and stirred the embers : a fitful light broke from them. On the chimney-shelf was a little shoe of the baby's he had laid there to mend. The simple home-life got hold of him and swayed him as a tree is swayed and shaken by a storm : his chest heaved, and a sob rose in his throat.

It looked hard to him that he should have to die,—“like er dog,”—he told himself,—hard, and cruel : he did not understand it, nor try to : it was his portion, and he must endure as best he could. And he must get out of this before it should be too late,—before the poison should fever his blood and cause him to do harm. The necessity for action roused him : he must get him gone.

Still, he would give himself a chance. He stood the gun in the corner and went over to the cupboard and filled his pockets with food. Eight days, they had said : that would be the limit ; often death came sooner. He hoped it would come sooner to him ; it would be more merciful ; but he was a strong man.

As he went out he turned and looked at it all once more,—his home,—and pulled his hat down close.

There was no more time to waste. The wound began to throb again : he turned back his shirt-sleeve and looked at it in the moonlight : it seemed, to him, red and angry. He went over to the stable and secured two heavy trace-chains, and took the padlock from the door and slipped it in his pocket. His dog had followed him, and he coaxed it into the stable and fastened the door.

Away back in the woods he knew of a place that would serve his purpose,—a lonely hollow, where none but hunters came : he had got

shingles there the summer before with his little brother. The timber-men knew that, and would not be apt to go there: he would be out of the way of doing harm if the worst should come. He went there. There was a tiny spring in the hollow, and a sycamore grew beside it. He selected that tree: he would give himself every chance. He joined the chains with a lap-link, which he hammered close, between two stones: then he fastened it around the tree in the same way. Some stones lay about: he threw them all out of his reach: there must be no possibility of his freeing himself. When the searchers found him he would be beyond the power of harming any one. Then he passed the other end of the chain around his body and locked it, and threw the key away.

IV.

Boone's disappearance caused considerable stir in the community. The news took a day or so to circle round, and even then the men seemed disposed to stand about and discuss Boone's probable motives and whereabouts, rather than institute any search for him. It seemed so improbable that anything should have happened to him. Every track and by-way in the mountains was as familiar to Boone as the fields around his cabin, and at first the men scouted the idea that anything save his own will was keeping him away. When Mrs. Hutter, with no bonnet on her head and her apron up to her eyes, hurried over to Bainbridge's and besought the boys to help her search for Boone, they laughed her to scorn.

"Boone hev got bizness somewhars," they said. "Don't you fret about him. Men-folks hev to go an' come, an' ef ther county turned out arter every man thet stayed away from home two days, thar'd be no time fur raisin' vittles. Boone'll be along tereckly. 'Tain't no use o' gittin' harried."

But when day followed day without bringing Boone or any tidings of him, the affair began to wear a different aspect, and Mrs. Hutter's anxiety, which had seemed unreasonable at first, was apparently to be justified. "Men-folks" could not be coerced or followed up like children, to be sure, but even the most erratic of men would scarcely absent himself from home for nearly a week in the very midst of "layin' by corn" season without having first made provision that the work should go on in his absence. The affair began to have a serious look; and that Mrs. Hutter and Cally should go about their work with swollen eyes and spend most of their time in gazing up and down the road for signs of Boone, or passing from one house to the other, to harass each other with wild conjectures, no longer seemed "foolishness."

The fact that he had been bitten by a dog the very day of his disappearance became known, and put the matter in a new light, and the impression got abroad that Boone had made away with himself. The men shook their heads and organized themselves into a posse to beat the country for—*it*. They unconsciously substituted the impersonal for the personal pronoun in speaking of the object of their search, and avoided looking in the women's faces when they would return with

still no tidings of him. The Bainbridge boys, remembering the conversation on the porch and the questions Boone had asked, put two and two together and were among the first to decide that he had taken his own life.

"He'd be afeard he'd do harm to somethin'," Sam remarked: "the chil'un air allus 'round him. He'd be afeard the fit would take him onbeknownst, an' thet he'd hurt 'em, maybe. Boone hev shot hisself, you mark my words; an' 'twar er damned big thing to do. I dunno another man in ther deestric' would er had ther grit. I'm 'feard I wouldn't."

"When er man knows he's dange'ous ez er rattler he ought to hev some feelin' fur t'other folks. Mos' men would," observed Tom Bainbridge, a half-grown lad with primitive notions and small knowledge of life and men.

"Thet's foolishness," rebuked his brother. "Mos' men would be er durned sight too skeered, an' too took up with tharselves, to keer er rotten shuck 'bout t'other people. All thar pity would be sucked under by misery, an' thar trouble would look so big 'twould hide creation frum 'em."

As the days went on, the suspense to Cally became well-nigh unendurable. The searchers, to her, seemed supine, indifferent; she grudged them every moment they paused for a mouthful of food or a little rest. How could they—how *dared* they—rest or eat when Boone might be lying dead somewhere in the woods! At first she fought against the idea of his death, denied fiercely that he had made away with himself; but when the hours dragged on and on bringing no tidings of the missing man, her mind changed. He must be dead. Nothing but death could have kept him from his home and his duty all these weary days; nothing but death could have kept him from *her*.

Then she joined in the search herself. The idea that he might be lying dead in some lonely place, uncared for, unburied, got hold of her, and would not let her rest. Night and day it was before her, and her love rose and went out with a yearning cry against the pitifulness of it. *He* had been tender and thoughtful and self-sacrificing towards others: he had gone away to some lonely place to die, so that they might be spared from danger. And they had let him die, alone there, and were letting him lie unburied. In her passion, her pain, she was unjust to every one, blamed every one,—her brothers, Joel Trout, the man who had traded the hound to Joel, even herself. Why had not she kept him that night? Why had she let him leave her? Better, a thousand times, have held him by force, than that he should have died like this: then, at least, she could have been near him, have comforted him, have nursed and tended him when the worst came.

They tried to hold her back from joining in the search; but she would not heed them. When they spoke to her she gazed at them, as one who fails to comprehend, and her eyes looked away beyond them, seeing only one picture, and that so vividly that it seemed as though her brain must give way under the strain.

"Ther trouble hev gone to her head, pore gal! She hev got mixed all up an' addled 'long o' grievin' arter Boone," the neighbors would

say, and shake their heads, and gaze at her with pity mingled with curiosity.

One morning about daybreak she went over to the Hutter's place and asked for Ben: he must come with her, she said; she would need him. She held her sun-bonnet in her hand, for the morning was gray and overcast: her face was calm, almost cheerful, and her eyes burned with a steady light. Mrs. Hutter wanted her to come in and rest and have some breakfast with them, but she would not; she was in a hurry, she said, and had only come by to get Ben to come with her.

When they were out on the road she turned to him.

"Does you know of ary place in ther mountains whar looks like this?" she asked, and described a hollow to him, a lonely spot, with a spring near one side, over which grew a sycamore.

Ben nodded. "Yes; I knows it," he affirmed. "I holped Boone git shingles thar las' summer. We used to eat by thet thar spring, an' ther sycamore hev got er hole in ther side er man kin run his arm in. Thar was a squir'l-nest in it, an' I got the young uns out. Boone made me put 'em back; he 'lowed 'twar scandalous to take 'em 'way afore they could be no service. I kin show you ther very trees I chopped,—leastways ther stumps,—an' ther piles o' truck whar we rived ther shingles."

"I know," said Cally. "I hev seed it."

Ben regarded her incredulously. "How'd you git thar?" he demanded. "It's 'way up in ther mountain. 'Taint on the road to nowhar, an' it's far to walk. Who showed you ther way?"

"Nobody. I ain't never been thar. I'm gwine now. You've got to show me ther way. Thet's how come I stopped fur you. It war in my sleep I seed it. I've been tore up in sperit about Boone, an' I ain't slept none, hardly, sence he went away." Her lips quivered. "Last night I drapped into a doze: looked like to me I hadn't more'n got to sleep, when a black somethin', like er curtain, thet was afore my eyes, parted, an' I seed thet hollow thet we're gwine to, plain ez I see you now. Thar was the trees, an' stumps, an' ther piles o' shavin's nigh at hand, an' the old shingle-blocks whar'd been throwed away; an' thar was the little spring, an' the sycamore. An', Ben,—it's God's truth I'm tellin',—in my sleep I seed er man lyin' on ther ground close to ther tree. He war lyin' on his side, an' I couldn't see his face, but I knowed 'twar Boone. He never moved, not so much as his hand, but it come to me thet he warn't dead, but thet we must hurry or he mout be. I wondered how come he laid the way he did, an' then I seed: he war—chained to ther tree." Her voice faltered and trailed off into a sobbing wail that was pitiful to hear: she wrung her hands together.

"Was thar any more?—I mean in ther dream?" questioned Ben, rather awe-struck.

"No: the curtain drawed together, an' I woke right up. Ther boys war away in ther woods,—had been gone all night, a-searchin' fur him. Thar warn't no use of askin' father to come: he's so crippled he can't hold out to walk no distance. I slipped on my clo'es an' come arter you. I 'lowed you'd know ther nighest way. Can't you walk no faster, Ben? 'Pears like to me we're creepin'."

They quickened their steps. Neither questioned the accuracy of the dream, nor doubted that they would find that which they sought. To crude intelligence like theirs, a dream was akin to revelation,—a thing from above, to be accepted and obeyed unquestioningly. They knew nothing of the reflex action of active consciousness on passive consciousness, or the strength of a dominant idea, which can impress itself upon the brain with such intensity as to retain its hold even when the faculties are benumbed by sleep.

"Ther trace-chains were gone," Ben said, presently, "an' ther stable lock. I 'lowed Boone hed put 'em somewhars. I were gwine to look fur 'em to-day. I ain't had no heart to do it befo'."

They had left the road, and were climbing up the mountain-side. The path was rugged and overgrown, but Cally never paused to rest, nor appeared even to be conscious of the roughness of the way: she pressed on steadily, keeping close to Ben. Half-way up they came out on a little open space: timber had been cut there, and the undergrowth was low and scrubby. As they crossed it they saw something move in the bushes, and Ben, thinking it might be a squirrel, stooped instinctively for a stone.

"It's er dog!" Cally exclaimed,—"thar beside the balsam-bush. Look!"

Ben bent forward and followed the direction of her finger. Suddenly he slapped his knee with his open hand and uttered a sort of whoop.

"It's ther very dog!" he cried, excitedly,—"ther hound, you know!—ther blamed old spotted hound!"

Cally shrank back. "Ther hound air dead," she said, hurriedly. "Joel—ther boys—they hev shot him, down nigh ther Cove, ther very day he went mad. Sam told me: he seed the creeter dead."

"Thet dog is dead, I know," spoke the boy, impatiently, "but 'twar *this* one come to ther field thet day. Ther mad dog never bit Boone: 'twar *this* one. I seed him thet day myself,—seed him good,—an' I could take my Bible oath 'twas *this* one. Ther dog war lame of a leg, an' *this* one is too. See him h'ist his foot up. Here!—here!" And he whistled, and pulled a piece of bread from his pocket.

Cally caught his arm. "Air you sure, Ben?—dead sure?—sartin ez thet you're livin' an' standin' thar tellin' it?"

"Wish I may die ef 'tain't ther same dog!" asserted the boy, positively. "I never war mistaken in er dog in my life; an' I seed thet one good, I tell you. He jumped over the fence an' hobbled down ther road right afore me. I took notice of him pertickler."

Ben whistled again, and threw the bread a yard or so from him. The dog advanced, but doubtfully; his eyes looked anxious and a trifle distrustful: he had been an Ishmaelite among dogs. His foot was better, but he still limped perceptibly.

Cally looked at him with dilating eyes: suddenly she gave a sobbing inarticulate cry and sped forward at a run. Ben followed her as fast as he could, calling to her to bear to the left. It was all he could do to keep up with her: she tore through the bushes, pushing them aside with her hands, like a creature possessed. Once she fell heavily,

tearing her gown and bruising her flesh, but before he could get to her to help her she was up and on again.

As they neared the hollow she quickened her pace,—if that were possible. Never once did she turn her head, never once did she hesitate about the direction she should take. Something seemed to lead her swift and true as the mother-bird to her threatened nest. Swiftly she swung herself down the slope and sped across the little hollow, and, with a low sob of terror, and joy, and physical exhaustion, sank on the ground beside Boone and lifted his head into her lap.

Ben hurried after, and together they worked over the unconscious man, chafing his temples and hands with the brandy Cally had brought, and pouring it, drop by drop, down his throat. He was not dead; they could feel his heart beat feebly under their hands, and the breath that fluttered through the pale lips. Ben filled his hat with water and bathed his face and head. His eye fell on the key, where Boone had thrown it, and he unlocked the chain and threw it aside. Cally shivered as the clanking of it smote on her ear, and moved so that Boone should not see it when he should unclothe his eyes.

The dog had followed them,—hoping for more bread, perhaps,—and stood watching them from the other side of the spring.

Presently there was a movement, and a quivering of all the muscles, and Boone opened his eyes, and, seeing Cally, smiled. They gave him more brandy, and bathed his face again, and waited. Soon consciousness returned, and his eyes grew troubled: he tried to draw himself away,—tried to speak and warn them. Cally laid her cheek down close to his and whispered to him, speaking slow and tenderly so that the torpid brain could follow and comprehend. Then she smiled, and pointed to where the dog stood with his feet in the soft mud beside the spring, lapping up the water.

M. G. McClelland.

ABSENCE.

I STRUGGLE, shrined within a deep content,
 The hours I go companionless of thee;
 For we have learnt together love is meant
 To make each bloom by mellow husbandry.
 So, 'mid the acres of this teeming earth,
 Where once I toiled in barrenness of soul,
 And scorned each dry success, and saw no worth
 In dreary pieces of a dreary whole,—
 Now, with thine image, when thyself's not by,
 I hold communion, and my step is light;
 For thou dost champion each feat I try,
 And oft I laugh aloud in my delight,
 And catch my own voice saying oftenwhiles,
 "'Tis thus her eyes are, and 'tis thus she smiles."

Owen Wister.

SOME FAMILIAR LETTERS BY HORACE GREELEY.

(Continued from the April number.)

XXII.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I believe Mr. J—— sent you a card of invitation to his party on my birthday; at least, I suggested it; not that I expected you to come, but I fancied you might like the card as a memento. I saw Barnum among the surging crowd, and would gladly have seen you on his arm, but I did not expect it. I think he escaped from the sweltering mass within an hour of his arrival.

I had ridden all night from a lecture in Maine, arriving late on a broken-down train, in a blustering snow-storm. I worked all day, and then stood up four hours shaking hands. Going to bed just after midnight, I found the muscles of my legs so swollen by the unusual exercise that I could not lie still without absolute torture: so I kept rubbing and moving them till daylight. They were nearly well last night, but I have had birthday enough to last me at least one year. Yet I ought to be grateful to my friends Mr. and Mrs. J——, who spent at least fifteen hundred dollars and turned their house upside down in my honor. If you did not receive a card, and would like one, I can get it for you.

I—— reached home [Arcachon] about January 7th. She says her flying trip to Italy cost eight hundred dollars, and was worth it. I am very glad that she has had it and enjoyed it. I wished her to leave Europe next spring content with America for evermore.

* * * * *

I—— writes that mother grew stronger during her absence and now directs everything, though still unable to walk. They expect to come home next May.

Next week I must lecture all over Southern and Central New York,—which I wish were well over.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

XXIII.

NEW YORK, Feb. 9, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I have yours of the 8th, which I shall not answer now, if I ever do, because I am writing this only to send you I——'s and G——'s letters just received, though the end of I——'s has not reached me. But what she writes is of no personal interest. I had asked her to bear witness that the massacre of St. Bartholomew (there called death of Coligny) is glorified in the Pope's Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, and, you see, she does it quite cleverly.

I thought I was alone in not receiving a card to that birthday party at J——'s, but you and some other friends seem to have been equally

slighted. Be sure I shall get one, if possible, to send you as a memento of the event.

Please return my children's letters after reading them, and believe me, wearily,

Yours,
HORACE GREELEY.

XXIV.

NEW YORK, Feb. 22, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I pray you never to call me by any other name than that my mother called me. I address you in that way, and wish to be treated as I treat others.

My lecture in F—— is next Saturday. But please do not go there, as I am to give an old lecture that you have already heard. If I ever give a new one near you, I will try to remember that you are to be notified.

I think Browning will grow clearer to you by patient reading. You *must* like "My Last Duchess," and "The Flight of the Duchess" is nearly as good. You already have read "In a Balcony" and "The Last Ride Together." Browning is more a dramatist than a poet, and does wonderful things when he really tries. The mischief is that he seldom tries. Let me owe you a letter till this headache goes off, which it can't till I have more rest.

Yours,
HORACE GREELEY.

XXV.

NEW YORK, March 13, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I was glad to receive yours of the 10th, even though it told me that your mother had been severely ill (you remember that when I last saw you the question "Have we a healthy woman among us?" was triumphantly answered by citing her). She has already lived ten years longer than *my* mother did, and mine was naturally long-lived; but she was worn out before her time. Your mother can hardly be left to you many years longer, for sickness at her age is serious.

You ask me as to a history of England since 1700. I think Lord Mahon's comes next in point of time to Macaulay's, but it is too stately and political. Yet I wish you would procure the first volume of Froude and taste it. I read nothing but periodicals, and know very little; but I once took up Froude and read its best chapter,—a picture of English every-day life under Henry VIII., say about A.D. 1500,—and it delighted me. I tried to do something like it in the first chapter of my "American Conflict," but fell miserably short, for want of time and study and genius. If *you* read that chapter, you will not stop there, but read more. I guess Elizabeth was never dealt with severely enough till brave Froude took her in hand; while he is even *too* hard on Mary Queen of Scots, demon though she was. I write from hasty snatches here and there, mainly in extracts given in reviews, but I feel sure that Froude will interest you. The first chapter assures me that he knows what history *means*.

You see that I am drifting into a fight with Grant. I hate it; I

know how many friends I shall alienate by it, and how it will injure the *Tribune*, of which so little is my own property that I dread to wreck it; yet . . . I should despise myself if I pretended to acquiesce in his re-election. I may yet have to support him, but I would much rather quit editing newspapers forever.

My folks have moved into Bordeaux, and will soon leave that for Paris, in April, and then London. I hope to see them before the 1st of June.

Yours,
HORACE GREELEY.

XXVI.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK, March 28, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I do not mean to write you so often as I have done, but this photograph of my G—— is borrowed from her cousins, to whom she sent it, and I cannot keep it always, yet want you to see it. I learn that they had moved into Bordeaux, and presume they are by this time in Paris. I expect them all by the 10th of June. Meantime, I want you to see how like her is this picture of my girl.

You are right in not choosing to revive the fearful memories of our late war; but some time you will read Froude,—at least the opening chapter,—and then I want you to read the first chapter also of my "Conflict," so as to mark the difference between the work of a great historian and that of a little one. (I could have done better if I had not been hurried.) The fact that I never looked into Froude till eight years after my Vol. I. was printed will emphasize the coincidence in the scope and drift of the two chapters. But mine was dictated at a single sitting; his, I judge, was slowly elaborated, as it should have been. It is the best chapter of history that I ever read.

I was out of town yesterday, attending the funeral of a saint. She was of an eminent but decayed family, bred to genteel poverty, and was persuaded by relatives to marry a reformed reprobate, whose reformation did not endure. She has since endured fifteen years of exquisite misery, lighted only by one gleam,—her husband always honored and revered her. That was all the good there was in him. At length she died very suddenly, and I was glad for her when I saw her decently buried. Thank God for death, the one deliverer who never fails us!

Yours,
HORACE GREELEY.

XXVII.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I have been very busy, and did not really mean to write you again just yet, but I have a letter to-day from G——, announcing the long-delayed start from Bordeaux, adding the . . . intelligence that she (G——) means to separate from the caravan at Paris and come home by herself this month. She has already forwarded by sailing-vessel direct a dog, which she enjoins me to feed on bread and milk and treat tenderly till she comes. I hope to welcome her within

the next three weeks. Mother and I— expect to stay till June, and may not come even so soon as that. I expect to find my girl much grown since you saw her, and even since I did, which was two or three months after. She had fever and ague when she left me, too sick to see her off, but she is now in excellent health.

I am kept at the office this week by the absence of my lieutenant, Reid, who has gone to Cincinnati. I am fighting a battle at this distance with the Free-Traders, who want to impose a platform on the Convention which will probably defeat its candidates. I am in their way, and do not mean to get out of it. They may make the candidate as they please, but not the platform if I can help it. I enclose you with G——'s letter my last telegram from Reid, as one of the curiosities of the canvass, which you may keep or destroy; but return me G——'s letter.

And so, with kind wishes for all friends, I remain

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

XXVIII.

[Copy of telegram enclosed in Mr. Greeley's letter of date May 1, 1872.]

TO HON. HORACE GREELEY, *Tribune* Office, May 1, 1872.

If you are not nominated, I believe we can carry our tariff plank, remanding the whole question to Congressional districts. If you are nominated, the free-traders are furious, and will demand something like language of Missouri call. Last proposition made to me by Wells is that exact language of New York call should be adopted. I have said to Bowles, and others back me in it, that they ought not to ask this of you, but that it is barely possible that you might not object to it. Pray telegraph me confidentially on this point, if you can, to-night. Small free-trade representation here from New York fighting you bitterly in N. York delegation.

WHITELAW REID.

XXIX.

NEW YORK, May 12, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—If you look at the editorials from Grant journals hurled from day to day at the *Tribune*, it may strike you that I am not highly esteemed by some of my late compatriots, who ought to know me reasonably well; but you must consider that they do not consider the matter quite so comic as they would seem to. And then you know that we quarrel more savagely with our ex-friends than with our natural enemies. My head is in such a whirl that I really can't remember whether it is Coleridge or some one else who says,—

Alas! they had been friends in youth,
* * * * *
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

But that is the truth. So be patient with my late allies, and hope that they will feel more kindly after a while.

There is one annoyance in my present position that I did not quite foresee. Not my having to submit in silence to charges that I could so easily refute; that is no more than I foresaw and was resigned to. But my glorious Saturdays are taken from me. A crowd of interviewers and daguerrotypists infest Chappaqua whenever I am expected there (also, in lesser degree, at other times), and make me stand against this tree, and on that ladder, and in this, that, and t'other absurd position, which they will soon be transferring to steam-presses and sending to excite the laughter of millions, who will of course suppose that I wished to be thus depicted and represented! Only one week a candidate, and already counting the time till I shall be out of my misery. I have news of the arrival of my folks in Paris about April 20th. G—— has decided to stay for, and return with, her mother and sister. A letter from my friend Mrs. C—— to our mutual friend General —— speaks of her as very handsome. . . . I hope the Cincinnati news will start them homeward before the end of May. I remain

Yours,
HORACE GREELEY.

XXX.

NEW YORK, June 8, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—Our dear G—— has come back to me at last, but suffering sadly from typhoid fever. She was sea-sick for a day or two at the outset of her voyage, and then lapsed into typhoid, which rather increased on the way, as there was no doctor but a German whom she pronounced an ignoramus and threw away his medicine. After she landed on Saturday, by mischance after mischance, a full day elapsed before a doctor came to her bedside. I hope she is now doing well, but her eyes have a wild bad look, and she was wakeful and half delirious through the night. It will take weeks to bring her up, even if all goes right.

Her mother and sister are not sure as to their time of leaving Europe. Mother suffered from crossing the Channel, and is very infirm.

I am not well myself, nor likely soon to be. My weekly day of exercise and recreation at the farm has been spoiled by reporters and interviewers, so that I no longer regard it with pleasure or profit by it in health. We had a fine picnic there on the 25th, but I do not need picnics, and do need sleep, which hates to come near me. But the longest day comes to an end, and so it will be with

Yours ever,
HORACE GREELEY.

P.S.—I see that I am announced as invited to a clam-bake at your borough. Of course I can't go. I should have to shake hands with a thousand people, and that is not a good exercise beyond the first five hundred. My health is poor, and I want to last at least six months longer.
H. G.

XXXI.

NEW YORK, June 16, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—My folks came in yesterday morning. I was over to Hoboken quite early, for the Rhein had been telegraphed as below, and went down the bay a short distance to meet her. My eyesight is so poor that I did not recognize I—— among the crowd of passengers on deck till long after she had discerned me. Mother of course was in her state-room below. They were at the dock at nine A.M., and we were on board soon after. The Rhein was a large, rather compactly built village, numbering about one thousand inhabitants, including Strauss's famous band from Vienna, on its way to the Boston Jubilee, by which we were favored with several fine pieces, including the Germans' famous "Watch on the Rhine," as we came up the bay.

Mother looks older, thinner if possible, and has lost most of her remaining teeth since she left for Europe, Sept. 1, 1870, but she does not seem to have lost ground essentially. Her mind is as clear and her voice nearly as strong as then. We were two hours getting clear of the ship, but the fresh air of a June morning following a rainy night was very pleasant to her, after eleven days of ocean imprisonment, and she enjoyed the ride into and through the city, stopping at my sister's to have I—— see her sick sister, while the folks came out to greet mother. Then we made our way up to the St. Cloud Hotel, 42d Street and Broadway, because we have many friends living all about that point. Mother seems nowise the worse this morning.

I—— had terrible sea-sickness on the voyage, as usual, and her eye, which was nearly put out by a parasol in Rome last winter, broke out into fresh inflammation, but she is pretty well now. She will go up to Chappaqua in a day or two to make ready for her mother's coming. We hope to get up there in ten or twelve days.

G—— is gaining, but typhoid fever is very slow. It troubles us that she cannot be with us, but the doctor will not allow her to be moved, even from the room. But she will be with us at Chappaqua in a fortnight, I hope. And now, if you shall visit the city this summer, be sure to devote Saturday to us, and G—— will show you beauties that our place has not yet disclosed to you.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

XXXII.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I—— and I got her mother up to Chappaqua on Tuesday last. It rained especially hard when we left the hotel and while we were driving from Pleasantville to our place (two miles); but she stood it without complaint, and it was a sad pleasure to us all to see her once more in her own room and her own bed, where she seemed more contented and satisfied than she had done or could do at any hotel. She has had one or two severe attacks since, with difficulty of breathing, but, though she will never walk again, she seems as likely to live for years as at any time since 1865.

I—— feels a real relief in being at home once more, and, though

overworked and most anxious, I hope her pallor will diminish and her strength increase as the summer wears on.

G—— was still in bed when we left, and not ready to come up on Friday when I called for her, but came up with the J—— family on Saturday. She is thin and pale, but no longer suffering, and took her place at our picnic lunch on Saturday as in the old days. I left her there on Saturday night, but she is coming down to-morrow or next day and going up to Cooperstown with the C——s at the close of this week. We think the air of that high pure region will be better for her than that of Chappaqua, where we are still at our house by the village, which is our least desirable location; but mother insists on having the new house plastered, etc., before removing to it; and that will about use up the summer.

We had quite a party on Saturday, and our picnic in the pines (north of the garden) was enjoyed by at least twenty. Some of the guests contributed supplies, so that I—— did not bear the entire burden of preparation. We would gladly have gone to the hotel, but she would not hear of it, though her only servant left that morning and she has not yet had time to get another. She means to try a Frenchwoman who can speak no English, so that she should hold no communications with others except through her. I am going to the Jubilee, contrary to my own judgment and desire. The pressure was at last so strong that it would have seemed cowardice to hold off, as in fact my chief reason for doing was a dread of making capital for my adversaries. In fact, my friends are so confident that we are to win the election that they prefer to try no experiments and take no risks. Still, I am going over to-morrow night.

You ought to see a few of the letters that I am favored with,—few of them asking outright for offices, but a good many asking for hats, as though I were a wholesale hatter. Three dozen assorted, is all that they require in the last of these missives I have opened. They are not among those I answer.

And so, with hope that we may see you and Mrs. R—— at Chappaqua before November (when I fear I—— will have to take her mother away by sea to some warmer climate), I remain

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

XXXIII.

NEW YORK, July 16, 1872.

MY FRIEND,—I have yours of the 14th, and answer it at once, because I have hidden where the throng do not find me, and have leisure that may not be mine another day.

I was not much interested in the Baltimore Convention. It did not seem to me probable that I should be nominated at Cincinnati, but I never doubted that Baltimore would accept the candidate of Cincinnati. There would have been no question of this if Cincinnati had nominated Davis, or Adams, or Trumbull. It was harder for the Democrats to take me, but there was really no alternative but the utter defeat and probable dissolution of their party. The medicine was

nauseous, but the patient was very sick, and could not afford to gratify his palate at the cost of his life. The really astounding feature of the business is the adoption at Baltimore of the Cincinnati platform. Considering what you and I have known of Democratic hostility to negroes, negro suffrage, etc., it seems scarcely possible to realize that this is the same party that, barely ten years ago, so execrated the Emancipation policy and so howled at me when I addressed to Mr. Lincoln my "Prayer of Twenty Millions." It is hard to realize that this was barely ten years ago. I grow dizzy when I think of it. And I can imagine no reason for the adoption of our platform unless the Democrats (I mean the controlling majority) mean to stay on it. For they might have endorsed the ticket and spurned the platform. I have done so myself.

Whatever the result of the contest, the Liberal movement is a step in human progress. I do not believe it can ever be retraced.

Our I—— is overworked, but I see no help for it. The neighbors offer to help her provide for our visitors, but she will accept no help that does not leave her chief director. She is thoroughly in the contest, and insists on doing her part in it. It would only annoy and humiliate her to interfere with this. She had about four hundred to feed last Saturday (a special occasion), and she had everything in admirable shape at a little before one P.M.

G—— is still in Otsego County, regaining her strength. She writes cheerfully.

Mother rode out to our picnic last Saturday, though she had not before been out of her room for weeks. She looked like a ghost, as she reclined in her carriage, but talked as if young and hearty. The day was very fine, and you know that our evergreens north of the garden afford the very place for a picnic.

You ask about "Parton's Life." It is a very crude affair, full of idle gossip which he picked up by inquiring at all the places where I had lived. Some of it is untrue; much of it is ridiculous. Still, as Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson has supplanted the works of far abler and wiser men, I presume Parton's will be consulted so long as any shall care to hear or read about me.

I have been buried up in people for some weeks past, receiving calls almost constantly. It is a wearing life, especially at this season. Last evening I escaped under cover of a furious rain and came over to Brooklyn, where I am hid in a friend's house. This will answer for a few days; then I will take a new departure. I am going up to New Hampshire about Aug. 1st, to do a little quiet electioneering. So, you see, I am not likely to rust out very soon.

As to united or separate action, I guess the Liberals should organize separately, and then fuse at the proper time.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

(To be continued.)

"A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN."

THIS lady's personality has suddenly become interesting to her countrywomen because of her successful books. One is always anxious to see how the woman of genius looks, what sort of a hand she writes, what is the outer covering of a mind which has shown itself to be bold, original, vivacious, accomplished, and teeming with power.

Perhaps any one is interesting to the world who goes suddenly from one profession to another. We should have been exceedingly anxious, had General Sherman taken to painting portraits, to see what sort of a paint-brush the noble old hero could wield, and if it were as effectual as his sabre.

Mrs. Cruger's profession has hitherto been that of woman of fashion, *grande dame*, beauty, good dresser. So well has she played this rôle that she would have had anything but brevet rank, did we confer the different grades upon leaders of fashion that we do on leaders of armies. So regardless of the repose of its votaries is Fashion, that no one expected a Minerva, fully clad in all the armor of type, to spring from its head-quarters. Indeed, society has been most kind in this respect. It has not treated its subjects to many such astonishments. When women of fashion have played with pen and ink, their work has had something of that amateurish quality which the dress of a purely literary lady is observed to have when she rushes from her foolscap to a ball.

Not that the green gown of Hannah More is now the inevitable belonging of a literary lady. Indeed, some of the most hard-working of the sisterhood get their gowns in Paris. Still, the best-made of them rarely fit as well as do Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger's gowns. Indeed, at a dinner-party at her own pretty house somebody was heard to remark, "What! with that white satin embroidered in silver, those arms, and that neck, she still steps up to the doors of the Temple of Fame, and they fly open to her, while other poor old frumps of literature, dressed for their trade, are simply wiping up the door-steps!" It was a natural, inevitable groan.

Mrs. Cruger is a very beautiful woman, of rather more than the average height. She is taller than the Venus de' Medici,—about the size of the Venus of Milo; and, as Heine said of Grisi, she has the arms which that statue has lost. Most noble are these fine arms; and the hands are large and well shaped, with each taper finger going off into pink as if it had just crushed itself into a strawberry. The face is peculiar. The nose is "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower,"—the "nez Watteau,"—the lips red, and the teeth white and fresh as those of a young Faun. Indeed, there is something like the Faun in this original face.

The eyes are not free from a little tilt at the outer corner, something remotely Japanese in shape, but the color of the iris is sea-green, the color of an aquamarine stone: her eyes have all the shifting lustre of

the sea, at which she must have looked long and dreamily, making it a part of her being. From those strange eyes one gets the key-note of a wayward and commanding genius which sways the woman, perhaps against her will. Faun-like, much of the woods and streams is in the healthy nature of this woman, whose eloquent blood speaks in her cheeks, in her general pinkness, for her skin has a fine, healthy, roseate tint, as if she loved long walks, horseback-exercise, to row a boat, and to take cold baths. Her hair is profuse and curly, a dark brown: so she is neither blonde nor brunette,—rather what the French call *châtainne*.

Mrs. Cruger lives delightfully in New York, her house full of Russian spoils and works of art, bear-skins on the floor, easy-chairs, musical instruments, heavy portières, and bright sunny boudoir, with wood fire, all the delightful confusion and well-regulated disorder of a woman's furnishing who has always had all that she wants.

So far as the world knows, Mrs. Cruger has never had a wish ungratified. She writes, therefore, as *Planchette* writes, because the spirit moves her, not to parry the keen bayonet of starvation, not to support family or friends; that has all been "done out" for her; and therefore the curiosity to see what she did write was very great, for we all acknowledge necessity to be the usual inspirer of good work.

The suddenness of her success can only be compared to that of "Jane Eyre," and those who criticise her playing with *edged tools* must remember what was said of that famous book. The British matron would have none of it, because Rochester was a "married man;" now it is a nursery classic. Mrs. Cruger has rushed with a free foot and a free lance into the kingdom of Love, not minding much whether the men and women had other and more legal ties to bind their affections. "Mon légitime," as the Emperor called his Empress, is not always possessed of her rights in these dashing stories: hence some severe criticisms.

When Mrs. Norton began to write (and there is a striking resemblance between the two women mentally: Mrs. Norton was a beauty, a woman of fashion, and a genius), she sent indignantly to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, who was at her feet for thirty years, and who finally married her in her old age, a newspaper cutting which accused her of "attempting to corrupt her young countrywomen."

He wrote back, very consolingly,—

"Do you know what a power is a newspaper? and when you rushed into type you became the property of this Belshazzar.

Belshazzar is king, Belshazzar is lord,
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board.

"This, dear friend, is a poetic paraphrase of the *personnel* of a newspaper, of the first-page man, the wit, the book-reviewer, the business-man, the night editor, the society reporter, the 'shilling dreadful,' the capability man, the 'all-rounder,' the 'occasional contributor,' who may be your dear society friend with whom you dined last night, and who expires of envy because you are so gifted, so beautiful, and so talked about: you belong now to *all this*, and prepare for the worst:

only, remember, if you do good work and it pleases the reader, you will live, and they will die. Even Belshazzar died, you remember; but Barry Cornwall's verses about him will never die."

Mrs. Cruger's genius, long fostered by habits of study, long withheld from the public, by reasons personal to herself, has much more of the Southern fire and luxuriance than is altogether pleasing to the Northern reader. Our own cold, tardy spring, covering the first spring beauties with a belated snow-storm, has made us chary of expressing our emotions. How unlike that clime where the sun comes with the kiss of a royal lover, with gifts of rich roses, yellow acacia, orange-flowers, and mimosa, and where Daphne, sweetest nymph, seems to stretch her white arms, imprisoned in the laurel-tree, toward that lover from whose impatience she fled! Keats, full of the pure, the blissful Hippocrene, was a child of this Southern atmosphere. Byron alarmed the British public because he too owned up to this worship of the sun. Perhaps Mrs. Cruger must choose which she loves or fears most,—to say what is in her, or to await the day when our sombre, stately English tongue can afford to voice that which flows so softly over the glib French organs of speech. She must choose whether she will tone her genius to the requirements of a colder and more critical taste. She should read Henry James's delightful story of "Madame de Mauves," and take a lesson from its exquisite reserve.

There will always be that question of taste. Perhaps to a writer who has so much to say, such a pent-up Niagara in her brain, who finds that her story will tell itself, we should recommend *caution*.

She is "*trop chargée*," as the painters say. Perhaps she puts on her reds and greens too heavily, this handsome woman of fashion who knows her society so well, but human nature even better. She may have grown tired of conventionality, and, to follow out our simile of General Sherman painting a picture, she may put the sabre-point into her paint-brush. She must remember, this fresh and dashing Minerva from the Salon of Venus, that she is using another and more dangerous tool than a feather fan.

When I first saw the frescos of Raphael, which is an epoch in one's life, I was glad that he painted because he could not help it. He enlarged the domain of art, without design. I was glad he had never heard of Ruskin. Inspiration was his master, Beauty set his palette for him, Grandeur, Force, and Grace rested in his right hand. His was a varied nature: sometimes it was the laurel crown, sometimes the crown of roses. How easy to criticise Raphael! how impossible to do what he did!

Mrs. Cruger has written books so strikingly interesting, so without the domain of Art, that, whether we approve or disapprove, we cannot lay them down unread. Therefore she has power; she has redeemed the literature of the moment from that vulgar swamp of commonplace into which it had sunk. Like some of those heavily-laden carts of Western emigrants, the modern novel has apparently got fixed in the ruts of a hopelessly uninteresting mud-hole, whence it laboriously endeavors to extricate itself, but in vain.

The drivers of this heavily-encumbered vehicle regard ladies and

gentlemen, people of refined manners and graceful deeds, as something too effete to have either hearts or souls, therefore they are not in the cart. But, as a learned official in New York once remarked, "I am a man, if I am a judge," it must be conceded that the mere fact of being a gentleman or a lady does not deprive the animal man of having the power to love, to suffer, to weep, to enjoy. Low as he is, perhaps, beside the self-made man, this effete product is still capable of living a life in which considerable romance can be included.

Walter Scott, Miss Edgeworth, Bulwer, Disraeli, and a thousand others have written of the world of society, which is, after all, the great scene of the drama of our race, without crow-quill or rose-water effeminacy. Why should not Mrs. Cruger tell what are the temptations and the virtues, the faults and the remorse, of the worldlings whom she knows?

She is entirely on the side of virtue to this extent, her sinners all get dreadfully punished. She knows the honey-combing power of sin as well as another; she calls a spade a spade, but she makes it dig a grave. In her untried art, she has shown the prodigality, the caprice, of an Indian satrap who could bury his beloved beneath mantles of emerald-green velvet, caskets of jewels, perfumes, and spices. Some of her epithets and descriptions are splendidly unwise, but it is the American temperament,—that temperament which led the Venetians to the deeds of the grandly agitated, passionate fourteenth century, with its tumult and change; and to us Luxury has now come in (after the oxygen in the air) to further this confusion. In our houses studied adornments are called in to gratify the senses and to magnificently enliven the mind. The eye now rests on harmonious color; the chair and sofa must yieldingly receive the form of the pampered lounge; the wine must be poured from a flask which Hebe might have brought after Ganymede had wreathed it with vines. There is no limitation to the requirements of a rich American. Nothing is too good for the man who wishes to humor himself with the spoils of the ages. Beauty has no latitude and longitude, no geographical boundaries: all is possible to him who holds Aladdin's lamp, and all the invisible Ariels in the air are tingling the nerves of the modern Aladdin, as with whips. He is stung with scorpions if he attempts to rest. The bliss of a spirit placed in an American body is in action.

Such has been the environment of the grand-niece of Washington Irving. With genius as her birthright, with a cosmopolitan education,—for she was born in France, and spoke French before she did English,—with a luxurious life and nothing to conquer, this daughter of the tumultuous nineteenth century and of the brisk American oxygen-laden air must write; and she can, if she pleases, write the great American novel. She has shown her ability in the three singularly unlike stories, "A Diplomat's Diary," "A Successful Man," and "Vampires."

However, "one must wade through blood to a throne" in the kingdom of literature. Sometimes one is reminded of the Hindoo who runs through an avenue of sharp swords: each step is marked by a cruel wound.

But to him who has a goal to reach, how little do his wounds smart, after that goal is attained!

Mrs. Cruger's conversation has great charm. She has a sweet-toned, low voice, a perfect courtesy. The talk of society must, of course, be made up of light topics. We do not go back to the days of Pericles and Aspasia at a ladies' lunch, nor need we show our familiarity with Huxley and Tyndall and Mill when speaking of bonnets. But with what a difference will two pairs of lips mark the record of a day! To hear Mrs. Cruger talk is to hear music in the air. We ask whence come these phrases, these ingenious epithets, these all-comprehending words, that good-natured satire, not of people, but of faults, the hopefulness, the earnest conviction, the love of truth?

Give a woman a purpose, a theme, and she will talk well. "*Tout toucher, rien approfondir*," is said to be the best conversational secret. The attrition of society no doubt sharpens the wits; we are all amused enough, travelled enough, to make good talkers, if we wish to become so, but how few are good talkers! The monthly magazines supply us with the cream of learning, the quintessence of thought, but one sees in the conversation of Mrs. Cruger the influence of a gentle and refined and scholarly father, who presided only too few years over the teeming brain of his gifted daughter. He enriched his daughter's mind with the pure old English undefiled.

One wonders if love's intuition taught this father to dream of the future dangerous elevation which the perilous gift of genius was to bring to the sunny-faced little girl who stood at his knee to talk of Milton's prose and of Philip Sidney's poetry.

One is not astonished to find that Mrs. Cruger loves the country, and to be alone. No one need be surprised to find the minor chord in her stories. No artist ever paints an eternal smile. For the poet, the painter, the dramatist, the romance-writer (who is all three), silence, solitude, are necessary. As a French writer pithily observes, "Hope and Inspiration, in visiting the Author or the Poet, wait until every one else has left."

We must not ask of Mrs. Cruger to ripen into a Jane Austen. That is not her rôle. That type belonged to the vanished grace of a past century. Perhaps in some sheltered nook of an English cathedral town there may be still that delicious slow blossoming. But such fruit cannot grow in America. A thousand sudden hurricanes, a blizzard, a hot sun, an icy winter, must freeze and thaw an American into whatever excellence is hidden within him. Whatever he does must be done in a hurry.

Women are not taught *definiteness* and *accuracy* of speech: so the greater the vocabulary the greater the danger. Their educations are usually superficial; their minds are like rudderless vessels, floating into any port, or shipwrecked, as the case may be. And a pretty girl begins to be flattered for her good looks at the moment when her ugly brother is being taught by a very rough-and-tumble experience, by a good bit of wholesome neglect, that he must have a definite and clear knowledge of something, or else it will be all up with him. There is no patronage for the American boy; he must conquer fortune for himself; but

there is a singular and a dangerous ease for the well-born American girl. A clever, brilliant mind, early imbued with a love of literature, is often stifled and put out by the foolish public sentiment in fashionable society that learning is detrimental to a girl's fascination. Many a clever girl has wished to be a beautiful fool. These facts have conspired to make the conversation of many a young American girl who could do better, flippant, pointless, and poor. But it has not injured Mrs. Cruger's conversation, although a lack of definite accuracy may sometimes have injured her literary work.

If nothing else, it is an admirable foible when a beautiful, successful, and well-born woman takes up authorship and literature as an amusement for her unoccupied hours. Society has hours of serene dulness, and even pleasure brings satiety. Instead of abusing her neighbors and railing at the world, Mrs. Cruger seeks her dogs and horses and the sea, at her country home, Idlesse, where she pours out her thoughts which bleed and words which burn, in her own reckless brave manner, to that admirable confidant, a sheet of paper. Like Raphael, she writes as he painted, because she cannot help it.

Her dreams are sometimes as enthusiastically lovely as the Ariadne, that proudest treasure of the Vatican, so exquisitely calm that she does not seem, this Ariadne, to be waiting for an inconstant lover, the only woman fair enough to wed the Apollo! And, again, her dreams are morbid, troubled, "like those who have eaten hasheesh." It is the temperament of genius, capricious, soul-enthraling, and uncertain.

She must "learn to labor and to wait."

M. E. W. Sherwood.

A BLOSSOM FROM THE HAGUE.

ONLY a blossom from the Hague!
 But, oh, so graceful and so fair,
 That, as its fragrance filled the air,
 My soul was filled with feelings vague
 And dreams of joy beyond compare.
 The rose-bud blooms in British vales;
 The lily in the fields of France,
 As in the days of old romance;
 And over glad Italian dales
 The snowy orange-blossoms glance.
 But only one of all so fair
 Can fill my soul with feelings vague
 And dreams of joy beyond compare,—
 Only a blossom from the Hague.

William E. S. Fales.

POLLY.

I.

SHE joined the wagon-train at Leavenworth, a thin, pale creature in a limp calico gown and flapping sun-bonnet. She had such a scared look in her great dark eyes that Valentine Reed watched her curiously. This tall, fair man, an aristocrat to his finger-tips, was out of his element in the motley gathering that filled the white-covered wagons. There were farmers, horny-handed and uncouth in manner, failures in business, men of queer records, gamblers, and ague-shaken Missourians with their pallid families,—a reckless, daring throng, who would stock the graveyards, at least, in the new land.

Reed was the last of a fine old Boston family who for a century had maintained princely state in a Beacon Street mansion. The remembrance of past glories was the young man's patrimony when he left college. He could not be a clerk and wither his life in dark offices. In the Middle Ages he would have been a knight-errant; in this year of 1860 he became an adventurer. No Crusader ever passed through worse dangers than lay before him,—the trackless desert under a burning sun, alkali water that killed when it lured on the thirsty man, hunger, madness, fever, and the red man, the cruellest foe that ever defended his own land from the invader.

Reed had a team of eight oxen, a big wagon, and stores for a miner: that was his fortune. He looked after the woman, as she passed swiftly. "Who is she?" he asked one of his drivers, a hatchet-faced Pike, yellow as saffron.

"Dunno; she come 'longside of Devitt's wagon las' night,—ol' man with her. Come from some place in York State; their critters died. Wanted to work her way takin' keer of Mis' Devitt's children. Looks sickly; but some sickly wimmen'll stan' a sight of work. Ol' man 'lowed you'd be wantin' extra han'."

The old man approached them then. He was short and squat, with keen blue eyes and long white beard. His shoulders were bowed by toil, and his enormous hands bronzed and work-hardened.

"Do you want a job?" Reed asked.

"Yep; I'm goin' to the Rockies; bin farmin'; ain't got no callin' fur the life. Was in Cal'forny in '49; got the itch fur prospectin' in the blood; hain't contented back East. Ruther dig fur gold then per-taters; that's my kind of farmin'. I'll pay fair fur my passage, and work drivin' oxen. I've crossed these plains afore."

"I need a man," Reed said, doubtfully, "but you look so old, and it's a long, dangerous journey; besides, they say the Indians are troublesome."

"Injins!" here the man of '49 brightened up; "Injins!" and his lean fingers clinched, his breast heaved. "I hev swore to kill as many as cross my path. There was a pard of mine, the squarest a man ever

grub-staked. The Utes killed him,—hung him, scalped, by my tent. There's twenty notches on my old rifle fur that,—twenty Injins fur one white man; an' there's a half-breed careerin' on these plains as is marked by me; an' I'm jes' as shore of meetin' him as I be that I see you."

All listened in silence and respect to the hero of '49, whose tangle of snowy beard and fierce vindictive tone added strength to his story.

"Dad," said a singularly musical voice, "it's settled I'm to go with the Devitts."

The old man's face softened as he looked at the speaker shyly.

"An' I cal'late to travel with this gentleman,—Mister Reed; and so the contrac' goes."

A faint rose tint flooded the woman's face as she met the earnest gaze of Reed's handsome eyes. He thought her even pretty then,—interesting, certainly, despite that frightened look.

"She's my da'ter Polly," said the old man, awkwardly; "name's same as mine,—Stetson, Dan'l Stetson. She hev been cruel used. I'd take it kind of you gentlemen ef you'll be good to her as hain't had much kindness from men, she says. If there's some as furgits she's young an' helpless, an' forces their company on her, I shall, accordin' to contrac', send that man to hell!"

His voice quivered slightly; he stooped and pressed in his big hands a piece of oak still moist with sap, part of which had been used to mend a wagon; it shivered under his hands, bent, and then, with a sharp crack, fell in two sections. The forty-niner was no longer a liar.

II.

Over the plains like a monstrous snake wound that line of white-covered wagons. Dust rose in clouds under the trampling hoofs of oxen whose horns at night in the stockade resembled a forest. Like fallen stars glittered camp-fires on the desolate land. The silver cord of a river, winding under the cottonwoods, disappeared, drained by thirst, awful thirst, from five hundred throats. In the trampled mud of the banks the little pools left in footprints were slaked by the fierce sun.

Dust, yellow dust, as cursed to humanity as the yellow dust in the far mountains, parched the air; men breathed it, stifled, died from it. Like Moses' pillar, it was a cloud by day, hiding the travellers. Over the shimmering sand the cactus rioted in gaudy red and purest white. Everywhere weird, scentless, gay flowers grew luxuriantly, and regiments of sunflowers, marshalled by the scorching wind, turned their faces to their great commander, the sun, that, boiling like molten metal, dripped, dripped its seething overflow on the hapless world.

At night, from the distant blue line, that grew, as the train wound on, into a mighty, heaven-reaching wall, came a cool breeze straight from snow-clad peaks,—straight from that monstrous sentinel, Pike's Peak, riven from the mountain-chain by some furious mood of nature.

At dark, the weary beasts were halted, and the wagons formed

into a corral. Over camp-fires the strange comrades of the journey discussed the future, and with them Reed and the man of '49. Tired sentries patrolled the line beyond the wagons, alert for danger. Miles away on the dark plains the wolves waited, the coyotes howled, while the deadliest foe lay silent in the foot-hills. The wolves and the coyotes had followed the train for days, like sharks behind a doomed ship. Many mounds rose beside the trail; some had fallen by the wayside. They waited until judgment-day. Had judgment any terror after the desert?

There was one ministering angel,—the fragile woman with the frightening eyes. She never failed nor grew weary. She held to her breast dying babies, soothed them to eternal slumber; she tended the sick-beds of strong men, who cursed their weakness; she assuaged the sufferings of brave-hearted women, who made no mourn, for pain was not new to them, they were born to a heritage of pain. Their work-hardened hands clung to the thin little hand that had the mother touch. Was she made of iron, this slender creature, that she endured so well? She was rightly the daughter of that tireless forty-niner, who stumped on ahead always and made no complaint.

At the camp-fire, by night, Polly would join Reed and the old man, and, sitting there, would listen to the talk; but any questions of her past she checked with all the dignity of a woman of the world; and Reed wondered then what manner of life hers had been.

She was always merry: as "sweet as Polly's laugh," old men say even now; for it ran in memory like the music of the brook by the old farm. Listen! she is singing. How quiet the air is! how sound must roll on over the space! It is something about the sea, rolling waves, and white sails, and then of farm-fields. "If a body meet a body,"—what an old friend is that lovers' song! Now it is a hymn, one of good old Watts's, full of Methodist fervor. Oh, the peace and safety of the prayer-meeting, the neighbors, the haven of rest, in the past! What mad fate had led some of those poor wanderers so far, to such a cruel land? The singer pauses, grown suddenly shy.

"Sing on, Polly," calls a man. "It sends one back to God's country."

She looks at Reed; he nods, thinks of college days,—he used to sing it then,—and of the circle of lads' faces, their merry jests and laughter. He begins in a clear tenor,—

"Oft in the stillly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me."

It is such a still night, so vast, so black, so unfathomable; boy-hood's days are far away, and home is but a memory.

"Good-night," says Polly: "I am too tired to sing more." Tired, Polly!—it is because you are crying. She walks to a wagon, and Reed follows her.

"Polly," he says, "what wicked fate sent you here, such a woman as you? How can you bear it all?"

"These are the happiest days I have ever known," she says, quietly. "Don't, Val, drive me to thinking, to looking on my past. How peaceful the wagons are! there will be no wrangling to-night. My poor charge is so ill, she would have me sing; it makes her think of home, she said. There will be another mound to-morrow. Is the future, by the mountains, worth all the suffering? We have travelled over burning ploughshares."

It had been a long journey; and now they were Polly and Val, and he loved her.

One mound? Oh, Polly, by mid-day there were half a hundred.

At the darkest hour of night, the darkest hour for that ill-fated train, there came a sound from the west as of far-rolling thunder behind the mountains. The earth trembled and vibrated under flying hoofs, as the Indians swept across the sand. Down fell the sunflower regiments, prone to the dust, and the bruised cactus oozed its life-fluid into the ground, fluid that later was stained with blood. The waiting foe had come; the time was ripe, for the train was rich in cattle and stores.

The man of '49 was a sentinel that night, and he heard the curious sound; perhaps his hearing was quickened by the dead man who had been his friend: they say old Indian-fighters carry their hatred to heaven; there are no good Indians to them. The camp was aroused, and waited prepared. The fusillade was answered by one as fierce, and then the shots rattled like the crackling of a prairie-fire. A great blaze of light stained the night. The wolves and the coyotes slunk further away, still waiting; and a great herd of buffaloes, scenting danger, threw up their shaggy heads, listened, and then stampeded, crushing scores of the weaker in their flight. To-morrow the vultures would come in flocks.

A woman with flashing eyes and waving hair sprang into a wagon; with quick, skilful hands she loaded gun after gun. To help the living now was all that was possible. She only said one prayer:

"Val, kill me if we are taken: don't let me fall alive into their hands."

"Trust me, Polly," he said, with white lips.

"We won't be beat," said the man of '49: "there's too many of us, and we was prepared."

He was right. In the gray morning the foe retreated, vanished like the dust that followed the swift hoofs of their ponies; and their leader, a hideous half-breed, lay dead by the wagon he had tried to enter.

"That's my work," said the old man. "I've squared my partner's account. I knowed him in Cal'forny."

Polly was the nurse and comforter now,—the tender, pitiful woman.

"I was mad last night," she said to Reed; "but I had to help. I learned to shoot long ago, in a land where the game is so tame it seems like killing pets. That is sport to Englishmen." Her lips curled and her eyes flashed, as if the fire of some old hatred flared up into life. She hurried away to a sufferer then, while Reed watched her in moody silence.

There was work to do in the stockade. The dead and dying were piled under the wounded cattle, that, penned in that narrow space, had added uproar and horror to the night. One man, driven crazy by the awful scenes of death and misery, ran stark mad across the plain and vanished in the distance,—to add one hideous, unburied ghost to all the ghastly spectres that must haunt those soundless solitudes by night.

In two days the corral had disappeared; the dead were buried deep, and over their graves new-comers made their camp-fires. They were a part of unwritten history. In the East, tiding of sons would be waited for, hoped for, in vain: the great army of the missing had gained recruits. That second night, guided by the blaze of the burning wagons, destroyed because there were not enough cattle to haul them, the hungry circled about. Later, the fires died down, long ribbons of smoke floated up the sky, and queer shapes of wheels quivered and sank to the ground; then the wolf and the coyote hastened to their banquet, the carcasses of oxen and of Indians. The plains were alive with velvet-shod, slinking creatures, that made the night hideous with their howls. At dawn the flapping of wings, but the vultures found only heaps of white bones.

III.

At last the security and peace of Denver gladdened the eyes of the wanderers. The caravan parted, the comrades said good-by, and the long journey was as a tale that is told. The forty-niner and his daughter rested a day or two, and then with Reed set out for the mountains. Stories of gold in gulches had come to Denver two years before, and the mountains lured on the eager treasure-seekers. Reed had tried to persuade Polly to stay in the village, she seemed so ill and suffering; but she, with her old frightened look, had refused.

"I want to be farther away," she said: "the end of the earth is not too distant for me. No; let me go with you and dad; we are happy together."

They camped one night in the pine woods. A big white moon peeped over the tree-tops, and with the silver light it cast upon the foaming brook were deeper shades of bronze, sent by the flickering camp-fire. The song of the rushing water chimed with the murmur of the pines, and a soft warm air touched lightly Polly's heavy hair and caressed her pale cheeks as she lay by the fire. The forty-niner had gone to set a bear-trap; this elusive bruin had haunted him for days. Reed stood and looked down on Polly.

"Why do you avoid me,—keep the old man with you,—seem afraid of me? Why, Polly?"

"Because I did not wish you to speak," she answered, sadly.

"You know that I love you," he said, steadily. "Sometimes I think you care for me. In Denver the minister could have married us."

"I shall marry no man."

"You are ill and fanciful. Oh, dearest!" and he flung himself by her side, catching her little, feverish hand to his lips, "Polly, what is there in your life that stands like a wall between us? Don't look so

pained ; I did not mean to question : we are so far from civilization and the world, we can afford to put the past away. I do not question ; I never will ; I only know I love you. What happiness lies before us ! Oh, my merry, gentle Polly, my ideal woman, have pity on me."

"Let me be your ideal," she said, sadly, "and only that. I love you, and, because of that, leave me alone for a month. Let us be dear friends again."

"And after that, Polly?"

She laid her frail hand on his head : "Eternity, Val." She whispered so low that the old man, returning, could not hear.

Some three weeks later they camped at the entrance to Horseshoe Gulch, and built their fire by the side of a monstrous boulder that guarded the dusty trail. The granite sides of this majestic sentinel had been blackened by countless camp-fires of prospectors, eager to be on and away to the heart of the mountain. Some of the men had been seekers for the gold of Captain Kidd on rugged Maine islands.

The man of '49, according to his custom, carefully surveyed the land, while Reed went hunting in the woods. Polly, too exhausted to move, lay by the fire. She had grown so white and frail she seemed to cling to life from sheer force of will.

At night, when Reed returned, he saw her and the old man talking earnestly, a flash of color in her pale face that lasted until late, while her eyes were strangely bright. She could not eat the dainty mountain grouse he cooked for her ; she wanted to lie quiet, her hand in his, and listen to them talk. When a cold wind drew down the gulch, she let Reed carry her to her bed, and there she stretched out her hand to the old man.

"Dad, you and Val keep together : don't be lonely when I'm gone."

"Must you give up and go back to Denver?" cried Reed. "Oh, Polly, how blind we have been, not to see you were so ill !"

"I am going farther, ever so far, beyond those stars, above the trees. Dad, I'll tell that other pioneer you kept your contract. I want you to bury me up there on the mountain : you two can carry me, I've grown so light ; there never was much of me at best. And pile rocks on me. Don't let the prowling, wild things uncover my bones. That is such a horror. Some day you two will come down the trail : you will have won wealth, and the world will be bright before you. Look up at my resting-place ; say, 'Polly is watching over us, bidding us God-speed.' I shall watch over you always."

Her breath came fast, her hands clinched in pain. They could do naught but moisten the parched lips and wipe the death-dew on her forehead.

"Val," she went on, faintly, gasping, each word a torment, "the dearest loves to men are the dead loves,—the women they cared for when they were young and gentle, not hardened by the world. I am content that I shall be such a memory to you. A Highland Mary, as Burns loved. Polly of the Plains, you will say. I know, lying here dying, I know—and I am glad, for I am a jealous wretch—that no woman will ever be so dear to you as I will be."

"No woman, Polly, none ever," he sobbed, lifting her head to his breast.

The long hours deepened into dawn; then golden rays filtered through the pines from the red sun over the mountains, and touched Polly's white face, the masses of her dark hair, the closed eyes. But Polly did not waken; if she could have, would not the heart-breaking cry of the man who loved her have brought her back to life?

IV.

Two years later, the man of '49 and Reed came down the trail. They had failed, and were going out into the world beyond, to begin the struggle anew. Reed alone ascended the mountain to a lonely grave; the elder man had not the strength; discouragement had made him weak and hopeless. He searched around the rock, and with feeble hand raised his pick and shovel, thrusting the soil away. He had wished to stay and look, the time they had been camping here, but Reed cried he would go mad so near that grave.

When the moon flooded all the land with witching, silver light, turned the brook to a sparkling ribbon, the trees to quaint fabled monsters with their feathery branches, the mountain walls to castles with turrets and towers, Reed came back from his mission of sorrow. He sat silent and moody by the fire.

"Val," said the forty-niner, "the mineral is here. I am goin' to stay and try my luck."

The younger lifted his ashy face, without a gleam of interest in his sad eyes. He said, slowly, "I shall go on; there is nothing for me. What are millions without her? what use is life now to me? I want to wander and keep from thinking. I never cared that we failed. Work dulls my pain, keeps me from heart-break."

"She thought you'd be like that," said the old man, gently. "Young men often talks that way. She told me if ever you wanted to fling away your future, give up ambition and hope, I was to tell you the truth: she told it to me that last day."

"She told you——" stammered the other.

"Ay. I went through many villages when I started from Vermont to the West; time was nothing to me, and I was happy journeying in my wagon. I went through one town—where, I shall never tell, nor in what State; I let them think it was in New York. I camped a mile or two outside, and there at midnight a woman come to my wagon. She'd walked ten miles. She told me between her sobs that her father died in Cal'forny in '49, and begged me, for the sake of a brother pioneer, to take me with her. She'd been cruel used, a black bruise on her forehead and on her thin little wrist. There was handsome houses along back on my way; she might have come from them; I surmised she did, for her gown was costly, and the jewels she sold in a city, afterwards, fetched a sight of money. She was so eager to be on, we started that night, and she only seemed a sane woman when we was miles away. She never lost that frightened look till we was fur across the plains and she knowed you loved her. The horrors of the journey

was nawthin' to her: she trusted me, and God knows I kept the contrac' I made. I treated her as my own child. All I knowed of her was that there never was a sweeter woman, none half so dear to me."

"What did she tell you on that last day?" Reed asked, hoarsely.

"That she knowed you'd respect her secret and not try to find out who she was. She said, with that laugh of hers,—oh, Val, it were like the rustlin' brook on the old farm, runnin' through a man's mem'ry like a strain of music,—that she was only one of many that come out here unnamed and died nameless. She gave me this—this 'ere worn little ring; I think it were her wedding-ring; it was for you. 'Tell him,' she said, 'I was a wife; death has saved us from sin.'"

There was no sound, save the soft murmur of the wind through the pines, the crackle of the dying fire, the rustle of the brook; then there came a sob straight from a strong man's heart, as Reed stretched out his hand for the tiny circle of gold.

"She suffered," said the forty-niner, "as few human creeturs ever did; and that's why I think I never see a braver woman, I never shall. She was so merry, too, an' never spoke of it until the last, when the agony wrung it from her. There'd been a wicked blow, and from it, eating into her heart, was a scourge of pain that gnawed night and day. Ef we knowed that man we would have killed him; we'd been worse than Apaches. That's why she took his name to the grave with her. Think what it cost her to be so merry, to jest and sing. Polly's laugh,—why, Val, it were the laugh of an angel of God."

Oh, irony of fate! mockery of men!—from beneath that blackened sentinel where the eager treasure-seekers had built their fires and gone on, without looking back, came a river of gold; one of the richest mines in all the Rockies lies at the entrance to the gulch, beneath the feet of the scores who climbed the trail. They had lost the wondrous chance, like boys who fling away youth's golden hours in dreams of manhood, that mocks them then with lost happiness. From the wrinkled hands of the man of '49 a stream of gold and good flowed out to humanity; and when he laid down his burden of wealth he slept on the mountain-side by a sunken grave. From the village that grew up around the mine, one could see the tall shaft of his monument against the blue sky,—the tribute of love from the people who loved him.

The governor lay dying. He was ripe in years and honor. The responsibility of great wealth lay before his executors and trustees. His wise and thoughtful will made the future bright for his stately wife and his children. Their lives would be as fair as his had been dark when he, younger than his eldest son, who stood weeping by the bed, had crossed the plains to the new land to make a fortune.

The governor lay in a stupor all day, his eyes closed, his breath coming in gasps, struggling from his broad chest under his gray beard. In the street, reporters waited, watching the windows; in the halls of the mansion, nurses, doctors, and politicians listened and talked in whispers. Over the straw before the door the wagons went softly;

even little children ceased their play and merry laughter and went quietly by.

At sunset there came a change; but none of those around the dying man's bed, those who loved him and thought they understood him best, ever read the meaning of it. The governor opened his eyes, a flash of joy illumined his face, as he cried, in a voice boyishly eager, full of happy recognition,—

"Why, Polly!"

Patience Stapleton.

AIMS OF UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

THE American Society for the Extension of University Teaching, which has its head-quarters in Philadelphia, and which began its active work in the United States with an introductory lecture at the St. Timothy Club of Roxborough on the third day of last November, has in its brief history developed a surprising amount of popular interest in good instruction.

Twenty different centres have taken up the work at the date of this writing; thirty-eight courses of lectures have been given or are in progress, at which the average attendance has exceeded nine thousand, and the total attendance at all the lectures amounts to nearly sixty thousand. The thirty-eight different courses include the subjects of English literature, biology, chemistry, geology, psychology, astronomy, mathematics, American history, electricity, and European history. The movement is increasing so rapidly that when this reaches the reader all of the foregoing data will be materially increased, as twenty-four applications have been received for the organization of new centres at different points radiating from Philadelphia as far as Lebanon, Towanda, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Rahway, N.J., and Staten Island, N.Y.

The animating spirit of University Extension is easy to understand, and for the better enlightenment of those to whom the matter is hardly more than a name, not over-explicit, the aims of the movement are briefly set forth in this paper.

The power of ideas is so direct and positive that whatever dwarfs the growth of the teacher, or saps his strength, or limits his influence, consigns the world to ignorance and is thoroughly bad. Whatever encourages his faculties to their best performance, whatever intensifies the radiancy of his mind and sends the glow of his intellect through wider avenues and down longer ranges, is good, thoroughly good, for it increases the world's enlightenment.

The teacher's profession in this country has not been worked for what there is in it. Think of a teacher of ripe classical scholarship restricted in his professional activity to the literal interpretation and parsing of Horace or Demosthenes, and going over the same thing for the hundredth time with small classes of boys, when his real mission should fill the world with the noblest ideals of Latin and Greek authorship! Think of the potential mathematician, who never develops far beyond what is required to teach the small coterie on the benches, while

all the wide world is ignorant of the sublime relations of quantity, and fated to remain so, because his voice is never heard outside of that room! There is a feeling, and there is a movement borne upon the tide of that feeling,—call it University Extension or what you will,—which is beating on the doors of the recitation-room and intends to bring out the men and women there incarcerated and set them where they belong, as teachers of the mind universal.

The college and university faculties contain men and women best qualified to teach, because they have the best and rarest mental equipment. Why should they bury their power in secluded retreats, and shut their light in between narrow walls, when there is a world-wide inability from lack of light? Why should they be limited in the exercise of their noblest powers to the instruction of a comparatively few youths, when their true place is at the head of the intellectual hosts? Why should not the folds of learning unfold, like pine cones when touched by the finger of the frost, and give the winged seed to the winds and the broad soil? Why should not university teaching be universal? It should be; and one end sought by University Extension is to vivify the teacher, to give him purer air than the pedantry of class-rooms and let him fill lung and voice with the broader philosophy of the open fields,—to bring him out from the priesthood of the *ipse dixit*, and reconsecrate him a minister unto minds who reverently meditate *de rerum natura*.

Another aim of University Extension is the intellectual organization of society. There are many special propaganda, that have moved through the world with such force either of truth or self-interest that they have produced conviction, and humanity has nucleated to them and inscribed them upon banners. Humanity is organized under them, and by such organization keeps the propaganda active and powerful. Society in general is a web woven of such organic threads; and there is every variety of thread in the fabric,—gold, silk, steel, brass, gum, shoddy, and corrupt intestine. There is not a dominating idea so mean, vile, or devilish that it might not become a fibre of society if at the bar of intellect it seemed to be true or advantageous.

The condition of society is just what the criteria of the popular intellect will adopt for its warp and woof. The courts are no sure defence against evils. The instinct of courts is usually better than the laws which they construe, and the laws are as good or better than the law-makers, and the law-makers are generally quite as good as the average of their constituents.

Better thinking precedes better knowledge, without which better willing is impossible. University Extension proposes to furnish a somewhat better grist for the mental molars of society to grind upon than it now has; and that means a more robust mental health, which will set choice and will into co-ordination with better modes, better manners, and better laws. It will do this by organizing society intellectually, as it is already organized religiously, politically, industrially, commercially, etc. Any one as a religionist, politician, artisan, or business man can find a place of recognition, and a degree in that place, determined by his ambition, capacity, and work, but as a student of

underlying principle and overlying developments, in this world of being, there is no particular place and no rating for any one.

University Extension aims at the creation of a university citizenship, with all the open privileges and honors coextensive with citizenship; a citizenship to assert and maintain a mental regnancy over the iron rule of work and worry, through an inclination to think and the possession of something to think about, rather than, Sisyphus-like, forever roll the same old burden of life up the same old hill.

It aims to bring the mental wealth of the world into more general circulation and use. For ages, great minds have appeared above the common sea, and uttered godlike things about life and destiny, which all should know, and but few can hear or understand. Even now, when the world is loaded down with literature of one kind or another, until it staggers in its orbit, the vitalizing communion of the average mind with the best thinking is very slight.

Helpful truths when preserved in literature are not dead, exactly, but they are like grain, that must be thrashed from the straw of authorship by the teacher; or, as there is a semblance of enchantment about it, perhaps we might say that they are like congealed souls, which rise and live again under the wand of the teacher's magic. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" "How can I understand except some one guide me?" said the Ethiopian to Philip; and it seems to be much the same all along the line. University Extension will place teachers of power everywhere in places accessible to those who cannot afford to give their time exclusively to study.

University Extension is a compensating movement to prevent the too wide separation of liberal culture from the average livelihood line of the general race. The tendency toward an aristocracy of intellect should be met as actively as the tendency toward an aristocracy of wealth. If established, it becomes just as oppressive to mental aspiration in the lowly as the presence of a wealthy privileged class is to the social aspirations of the poor. Not the elevation of the few to lordliness, but the elevation of the many to manliness and womanliness, is the great end in view, and that end becomes a vanishing quantity when power of mind or wealth segregates with a comparatively small class, which is removed from an intimate knowledge of, and sympathy with, the life of the masses. If higher education sublimes to lofty heights, in colleges and universities, without diffusing into the general life, and forming the upward extensions of that life, the peaks and pinnacles of the generic mind, then the formation of an intellectual class seems to be unavoidable; for if education is cut off from a reactionary effect on the general state it becomes at once subjective and self-contemplative. That is not exactly what we want. That is not Hercules, the giant armed, annihilating human disabilities. It is not Christ, the spiritual magnet, drawing the whole world up unto matchless perfection. It is rather a dapper Adonis, gathering up his dainty skirts and saying, "Keep away; don't touch me: you are ignorant, I am educated; I am better than you."

Unless I am much mistaken, there is this tendency in higher education: not enough to worry about; only enough, perhaps, to furnish

amusement to the general eye. Wealth pushes the tendency forward faster, but mind-culture goes the same way with slower steps. When it ceases to be a world-inspiration, it begins to weave an environment of inaccessibility about itself and declines to use its force in the struggle with human limitations.

Within a quarter of a century, the endowment of many of the older colleges has doubled, and the average expenses of the students have increased in nearly the same ratio. It may be fairly assumed that the advantages have increased in the same degree: still, the philanthropic idea which inspires the princely additions to the endowments, is, to create the larger privileges without increasing the cost to the student, while a tendency develops which the benefactors of the colleges do not intend and cannot restrain, and that is the inevitable extravagance of the students themselves when living within the influence of costly surroundings. The expensiveness becomes organic in student life, is beyond individual control, and we can see no other result ultimately than this: the self-dependent young man, who has sought education for its power, and who has formed the best product of the American college hitherto, must be shut out altogether, or sacrifice the self-reliance and self-respect, which have made him strong, by becoming a pension student.

The manly acquisition of higher education, with its inspiring ideals, must not be inhibited to those who have the world's work to do, and if anything can be done to keep the way open, it should be devised, and put in operation, in the interests of social strength.

It is this which calls for University Extension, or something with the same purpose, to conserve and extend the intellectual life of society. Developing conditions not only make such a thing possible, but imperatively demand it.

As to the term "University Extension," we are following the English plan very closely, and have adopted the name with it, but it is hardly suitable to be used as an exponent of the movement in this country. We look at England, with its narrow territory and dense population, with its intellectual life radiating from two or three centres that are intergrown with the state and have an authority over the whole realm as absolute, in its way, as the throne. We see those universities, with their six hundred years of history, co-natal with our language, and the storehouses of so much that is rich, impressive, and monumental of the products of the English mind. The very air of those classic temples and courts is vibrating, and will vibrate forever, with the pulses of England's largest natures, and there is not a scholar on the earth that would not instinctively uncover his head as he enters those precincts. It seems to us quite possible that if those universities, revered by all, and clothed with the age, associations, and state connections which they have, see fit to colonize their force in the towns and hamlets of the realm, they can do it; but in this country we do not see any such correlation of university and people.

Our universities are but recent extensions of the colleges; they are designed to furnish post-graduate and professional courses, and the term "University Extension" can have but one proper usage in our language;

that is, the carrying forward of what has been begun, the opening of new courses, and the extension of those already formed to more recondite lengths for the education of specialists. Let things extend forward, not backward. It is not university extension, after all. It is society extension. It is the nurture, growth, and enlargement of the intellectual life of society that form the essence of this thing, and it should be so denominated.

It must be wrought by educated men and women,—university men and women, if you please, but that does not constitute it university extension, and the impression that the movement so named is for the purpose of extending the universities, rather than for extending humanity in an intellectual sense, is both damaging and untrue. The name "Society University" has been proposed as a suitable one to give to the movement, the term "society" being used in its wide meaning, and not as applied to the *crème de la crème*, to Ward MacAllister's circumvallation, or to the "upper ten thousand."

Of course no one expects that the movement will become permanent as an unincorporated society supported by annual contributions. That is only a mode of beginning, so that the thing may have a being. It must soon assume corporate identity, and will then require a name as distinctive as its own existence. We think that it should be called a *society* university because it is of, by, and for society, and that it should be called a *university* because the freedom of method which prevails in the university is more appropriate to it in its ministrations to adult minds than the fasciculated curriculum and maternal guardianship of an American college.

Moreover, the term "university" is the only one that will apply to such a unit as the general body must become. It will grow by the accretions of teaching centres, and at those centres, as separate corporations, will gather most of the endowment that the system acquires. We can see no impropriety in bestowing the name university on such a system, if it maintains various and orderly courses of study in proper sequence. Since its business will not be to create and standardize knowledge, but rather to diffuse it, the most erudite scholars may not be required for its service, but it must have learned and eloquent expositors. If it does not cultivate the most penetrating analyses and scrutinize with microscopic eye the minutest shades of difference between facts, it must display the meanings of things in their unities, and broaden the significance of facts as it increases the ranges of a correct understanding of them.

Sydney T. Skidmore.

BY THE SEA.

I LEAN my ear. Could I but understand
What the sea whispers to the listening land,
Not e'en the brooding Sphinx could more than I
To man unfold of life and destiny.

Clinton Scollard.

WHAT COUNTRY GIRLS CAN DO.

CO-OPERATION is becoming almost a household word. It symbolizes the united efforts of many. One alone can have few advantages; twenty can secure more, and hundreds a still greater number, and so on until we have thousands, and hundreds of thousands, comprising our great cities, with all their opportunities.

The enthusiasm and cheerfulness arising from numbers and the necessities of numbers have great attractions, especially to young people. Girls and boys, young men and young women, flock to our cities, and the majority of those who have been accustomed to living amid a crowd will not give it up, even if greater comfort may be gained by removing to quieter surroundings. To such, country life appears dreary, cold, and lonely. It offers little sociability, no stores, gay streets, theatres, music, or pictures, no great libraries, no life, no chances. Conditions, however, depend not only upon surroundings, but also upon the temperament and the capabilities of the individual. From the most unpromising conditions some can develop cheer and sociability. To such persons even country life presents opportunities and possibilities.

Self-concentration prevents the development of character; shutting one's self away from the companionship of others is to be deplored, and lack of occupation for mind and body is an evil to be guarded against. All of these tendencies come into a country girl's life with peculiar force. Apparently city advantages are needed to make her forget self or pet hobbies, and to bring her into touch with the great world and its possibilities.

The city, however, is not necessary, for many opportunities and advantages come to the country girl or woman, and she can improve and develop these in her own sparsely-settled neighborhood, or little village, by co-operative methods. She needs to do what so many city girls have done,—viz., to rouse herself and neighbors, to study and compare notes, to educate herself and them to act in co-operation. Actions speak with more force than words: so let what has been done by country girls help those girls who live in the country and who do not know what to do to bring advantages to their own homes.

Fifteen months ago a young woman came home from a bustling town to a small house on a village street. The change and loneliness were great. Money was scarce. The social and intellectual atmosphere of the place was not high, and the boys and girls were idle or in mischief when out of school-hours. New ideas in educational methods had not reached them, and good teachers would not stay long in such a quiet place, where the salary was so low.

This young woman was planning to leave the village herself in a few months, but could not sit down in idleness to rest, and immediately began to question what she could do. Her first wish was to interest parents through their children, and to bring to the latter an interest

in practical matters. She corresponded with a city woman who was in touch with advanced thought, and heard from her of city exhibitions and clubs, and, after studying these, adapted the ideas to country needs. Next came the work of arousing the villagers, which was done by inviting one or two good speakers to come to the village. The young woman proved a charming hostess, and her cordiality and enthusiasm roused fresh impulse even in the city speakers. She did not stop to question whether her home was like a city house, or whether she could give her guests what they had been accustomed to, but made the best of what she had, in such a way that the remembrance of the quiet country home, with its earnest young hostess, became a bright memory to her guests.

The girls of the village soon formed a young people's club, with the co-operation of a young married woman who opened her doors to the group. The club was like others, but our friend planned for an exhibition which was fresh and original. Circulars were issued announcing that an exhibition of the school- and home-work of children and young people would take place six months later. The circulars read in part as follows:

"The exhibit must be entirely the work of the exhibitor, the only help allowed being advice from parents and friends. The name of the exhibitor of each article must be placed in a sealed envelope attached to the article, with the age of the exhibitor plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, until judged by the committees appointed for that purpose. The persons whose names are opposite the lines of work each offer a prize for the best specimen of work in that line. All who wish may mark their articles 'for sale' or 'orders taken.'

"Needle-work: such as samples of garments cut and made, machine stitching, plain sewing, hemming, overhanding, patching, darning, outlining, embroidery, miscellaneous fancy-work, knitting, crocheting, button-holes on different fabrics.

"Wood-work: to include any article made with a jack-knife, wood-carving, and scroll-sawing; any useful article made in part or wholly of wood, such as tools, boxes, knife-trays, picture-frames, clothes-horses, traps, mail wagons or sleds, boats; any article of furniture repaired or upholstered.

"Practical cookery: to include bread, biscuit, cake, canned fruit, confectionery.

"Laundry-work: such as washed and ironed shirts, collars, cuffs, etc.

"Art: to include drawing from objects, painting, mechanical drawings, such as plans of houses, plans of machines, plans of boats.

"Collections properly arranged and labelled: to include minerals, seeds, shells, coins, insects, and woods; pressed wild flowers, dated; different kinds of leaves, grasses, lichens, ferns; aquariums.

"Scrap-books: to include miscellaneous scrap-books with index; picture scrap-books; scrap-books on one subject, such as history, natural history, poetry, art, farming, anecdotes, the countries of the world, their people and products; scrap-books of authors, with portraits, lists of works, quotations from each; books of written quotations; notes on

books read; diaries or journals; daily report of temperature; cash accounts.

"Plants: to include potted plants, window-gardens, and cut flowers, also early fruits or vegetables, strawberries, lettuce, radishes, etc."

Think of the interest aroused in the village by such a circular going into the homes. Parents and grandparents were astonished. Children were full of questions as to what they could do. Knives and tools were brought into requisition, and girls' fingers became skillful through the interest taken. Soon a carpenter offered to teach a class, and one was organized among the boys. No more idle hours; no more dullness: all were awakened. This was especially the case with the young married lady above mentioned. She took up the work and made a great success of both club and industrial exhibit. Our friend left the village a very different place from what she found it, and went to a neighboring city, where she is developing other earnest work.

Another young girl, Miss L——, whose home was in a New-England settlement, returned from school with energies all aglow and enthusiasm ripe for work. No opportunities! All quiet and sleepy in the village. What should she do? Sit down and fold her hands? No: she quickly became acquainted by visiting the homes, formed some old colored women into a class for reading and work, and learned to know a sick girl who had lain for years in a little room away from all friends and interests. Miss L—— suggested forming in that room a little society, which was done, and weekly a group of eight or nine girls met there. Dresses were sewed for a poor child, and a course of study begun upon the lives of famous women of the nineteenth century and movements connected with them. Lady Randolph Churchill and the Primrose Club, Clara Barton and the Red Cross movement, Louisa Alcott, etc., were in turn taken up. The active girls learned much from the patient sufferer; and who can estimate the pleasure of broadening interests that came into her life from these weekly gatherings? Later came a village library through the direct efforts of Miss L——. Books are everywhere needed to develop character and keep people abreast of their times, but nowhere are they more needed than in a country village. It took enthusiasm, co-operation, and study; but let Miss L——'s own words tell the plan:

"The library was started by my going round to every house and asking the inmates if they would like a library; if so, if they would contribute by becoming annual or active members. Annual members paid one dollar, active members five dollars. These last elect the officers and can vote on all questions affecting the interests of the library. In this way I raised two hundred and twenty-five dollars; no one person gave me more than five dollars. Then we had a town tea-party, to which all gave bread, butter, cake, cream, eggs, poultry, etc., at which we cleared one hundred dollars. We have had donated about two hundred volumes, and have bought three hundred more. Stories and travels are the most popular, and we have tried to buy all the new books. We have still unexpended nearly fifty dollars. Twenty-five to thirty books are taken out weekly, and, as all our service is voluntary, our running expenses are small. Twenty dollars went to fit up

our rooms. The rent is about ten dollars per annum, and we have to heat and light it. All the village are quite proud and pleased with 'our library.' The boys are much taken with all kinds of juvenile science books."

A carpentry-class for boys is now being organized by Miss L——, and in the spring she is planning for an industrial exhibit, having heard of the one just described.

Miss M—— (a factory-girl who started work at an early age and has always been employed at a loom) lives in a suburban village, too distant to enjoy city life. She was surrounded by girls who were little educated, and yet who had longings for social life and culture. She aroused among them greater desires, and then studied what could be done, and, with the combined action of a hundred or more girls, an Educational Circle was started, and has had an interesting five years' history, reminding one of the early days among the mill-girls of Lowell, when Lucy Larcom and her band of friends edited the *Lowell Offering*.

Mr. George W. Cable left his Southern city home and came to live in a New-England town. He quickly became interested in the surrounding country, and found everywhere stagnation, with desires for city life. He organized home-culture clubs, which are explained as follows:

"They are for the pleasant, easy cultivation of ourselves and one another in our own homes, and to bring together persons who can be mutually helpful.

"They are for any one who is too busy to undertake serious study, or even any burdensome course of reading. They are for any one who out of working-hours is too tired in mind or body to study, or even to read, alone. They are for such persons as this who still are not content to let their minds go totally neglected, but are willing to give one regular hour a week to some profitable pursuit with four or five others in a small fireside circle. They are for those who have more or less self-culture, and who are looking for some practicable way to share their advantages with those who have had fewer. Such persons can give and get much benefit by assuming the secretaryship of a small group of persons who need only contact of some mind better trained in order to hold together for the accomplishment of some definite self-improvement."

The circular of information gives their advantages thus:

"These clubs afford the pleasant stimulus of weekly meetings with a few people all interested and engaged in the same good thing. They afford all the advantages that are generally secured by an organized movement. They establish healthy and needed friendships between persons whom the ordinary relations of society do not bring together. They bring again into a salutary contact with the outer world individuals and families who have glided into the easy error of a greater isolation than is good for either head or heart. They require no preparation, and are no addition to one's daily cares. A lawyer, or a mechanic who has to work from dawn to dark, may belong to a home-culture club and get and give much pleasure and profit without any appreciable loss

of in-door or out-door recreation. The work can be taken up and laid down at will; there are no pledges and no penalties."

The clubs do what they please. "Some clubs simply read—others more distinctly study—fiction, politics, biography, current public questions, poetry, practical arts, music, history, English translations of Greek and Latin poets, drawing, elocution, languages, the Bible, literary criticism, and many other special subjects. Some do not hold to any stated subject, but, to avoid making their pursuit laborious, let their choice from one meeting to another follow such lines as suggest themselves."

There are thirty-one of these clubs, with a membership of two hundred and forty-three, and in two weeks during last December thirty-nine thousand nine hundred and thirteen pages were read by members, besides several debates and a few social meetings.

The majority of these clubs meet in homes, mostly in country districts, and the social influence of thus coming together is great.

Chautauqua circles are also spreading through country districts; and who can estimate their influence in developing character and making lives happier?

Working-girls' societies, with their platform of co-operation, self-government, and self-support, open other possibilities which can be and have been developed. Papers and magazines find their way to thousands of farm-houses and village homes, and the daughters read of the good times city girls have in their societies. They long for similar rooms, and wish they could have classes, lectures, music, and a share in the "fun." Why can they not have the same?

At a Convention of Working-Girls' Societies held in April, 1890, at least a dozen country societies were represented by delegates. There were such societies as the Arbutus Club, consisting of thirty girls and meeting in a lady's room in a farming settlement. The Help Each Other Club, organized in a small town, which rented two rooms for five dollars a month, founded a library, started classes, gave parties, sociables, etc., and from the first met its running expenses by the twenty-five cents per month members' fees. A member of this club, Miss W—, is a cook and maid-of-all-work in one of the larger houses. She, however, never feels that she is prevented from study and culture; she reads, writes poetry and prose, edits a little club paper, and came as delegate from the club to New York. Her few words spoken at the Metropolitan Opera-House were so important that they may well bear repetition:

"The needs of girls are the same everywhere. In my own village, a borough with a population of nearly five thousand, there are two large cotton-mills, in which the operatives are largely girls and women, besides other shops and business houses where girls are employed. We work ten hours a day. How are we to get that development of mind and body that we need? Many of us leave school at an early age, and we need instruction that will help us to remedy the defects in our education. Our home influences are not of the best, always, and the atmosphere surrounding us is not a wholesome one. We must have an influence from outside that will strengthen our moral natures. We need

to know wise and pleasant ways of spending our leisure moments. We want to know more about this great and beautiful world all around us. We need to be taught, both by precept and example, that there are higher aims in life than fun and flirtation. We need to know that the working-girl who respects herself will be respected, for 'she is finer than her clothes, and, no matter where she goes, there is some one the fact to discern.' We need to know how to take care of our bodies. We need to have our minds so filled with great and high and pure thoughts that while our hands are busy with our daily work our brains will be busier yet, so that it could never be truly said of us that 'though we talk but little,' 'tis a *good deal* more than we think.'

"What do we country girls need? *Everything*. If the girls' clubs will supply those needs, then let them be established in every country town and factory village."

The Balmville Club is another country society, meeting only weekly in a neighborhood building with a large room, and very social as well as helpful times the girls have.

As Miss W—— says, "In all villages and small towns these clubs should spring up and bear fruit in making the country have its social attractiveness as well as the city."

But to other opportunities. Art can be developed in the country, and beautiful work done. In a hilly region within a hundred miles of New York there is a settlement where the girls were not interested in any pursuit. No money came to them, and the usual desire arose for city life. Two young ladies who were adepts in embroidery came to live there. Soon they formed a class in embroidery, and before long had a large group of girls interested in stitches and designs. No ordinary work was done, but the most difficult and exquisite was undertaken, especially certain Russian work. Communication was opened with the Associated Artists and Decorative Art Societies of New York, and regular orders were received and executed by the nimble fingers and bright brains of the so-called stupid country girls.

In England there has been organized a branch of the Young Women's Christian Association, called the "Time and Talent Department." It was found that in many rural districts and country villages there were talented girls who were longing for opportunities to help their sisters, as well as to occupy time and talent which they possessed. The London workers said, "Stay where you are and work for us there; you can co-operate and help in the country as well as in the city." Clever thinkers took up the idea, and the branch was formulated. "Time and Talent" is essentially a girls' work among girls. It has six sections,—the "Pioneer," the "Volunteer," the "Mutual Improvement," the "Missionary," the "Christian Evidence," and the "Students'."

The Pioneer Section is designed to aid in organizing branches.

The Volunteer Section serves as a link between need and supply. Some of the needs specified are as follows:

"1. Drawing, painting, or decorating, water-color drawings, painted panels, plaques, vases, or any wall-decorations for evening homes for working-girls, are urgently needed. Illuminated texts, or large

red-and-white ones, for lodging-houses, hospitals, etc. Painted cards of all descriptions, etc.

"2. Collecting and forwarding periodicals. All back numbers sent to the office are carefully sorted, and distributed suitably: addresses can be given of those who will value any specified publication, which when read can be regularly posted to them.

"3. Collections of natural objects: dried sea-weeds mounted on cards; shells in boxes, for sick children; acorns, lichens, etc., for making baskets and frames; dried ferns named and mounted; dried flowers on text-cards, etc.

"4. Scrap-books. Foreign scrap-books (information can be given as to foreign texts and leaflets) are required, as well as English ones, and those in which the pictures are illustrated by texts.

"5. Plain work, baby clothes, children's garments, or warm clothing: these are urgent needs.

"6. Fancy-work, dressing dolls, knitting and crocheting. In all these ways volunteers can materially help."

Many London guilds, hospitals, and club-rooms are beautified and made interesting by the work of these country girls.

The Mutual Improvement Section has charge of study and intellectual improvement. Clubs are organized through it and managed by postal arrangements. Here we find the Essay, the Natural History, the Observation, the Learning by Heart, and the Book Review Clubs.

The Missionary Section is described as "putting coals on other people's fires," and in many places where missionary interest has already been stirred this section of the "Time and Talent" work has been cordial co-operation, rather than starting new efforts.

The Christian Evidence Section has inaugurated some special courses of Bible study.

The last "section"—namely, the Students' Section—is designed for those who have not much time but have a superabundance of talent. Talent highly developed will here be put to account, and the development of such talent will be stimulated and many links formed by which the many, and not the few, will be gainers.

In this country similar movements have started, but under various heads. The New York Fruit and Flower Mission acts as a medium between country girls and city needs during the holidays and through the summer, and very beautiful relationships spring up by this co-operation. More, however, could be done here, and the country friends could make many city club rooms beautiful and interesting by means of pressed flowers, leaves, collections, scrap-books, etc.

Practical education is needed in the country as well as in the city. There has been too much brain-culture in the past, with too little sense-development and mind-training. With all the opportunities for objective teaching and manual training, but little of it has come to the country, and yet the boys and girls there need this training as much as children in crowded city tenements. Successful experiments in these directions are being made in many country neighborhoods; groups of ladies are inaugurating cooking-, carpentry-, and clay-modelling-classes,

and sending to the cities for teachers. In these neighborhoods, boys who expected to become clerks, and in consequence to leave their homes for city boarding-houses, are becoming impressed with the interest as well as value of tools. Girls are enjoying lessons in hygiene and the chemistry of food, as well as practical demonstrations of cooking. Sewing is also growing more and more interesting, and the young girls appreciate *doing* with the *learning*.

Take, for example, two neighborhoods on the Hudson, near New York. In one a library association was started a few years ago by some ladies. There seemed but few people around who could or would utilize a library or reading-room; but soon many men and boys gathered nightly. A sewing-school was started for Saturdays upon strict business principles, and within a month was overcrowded. It was hard to tell where the hundred or more girls came from, but there they were, eager to learn. A boys' class for modelling and carpentry started, then a cooking-class for girls, and all were successful. Monthly entertainments were held, when an admission-fee of ten cents was charged, and the rooms were crowded.

In the other neighborhood, practical classes have also started, and are all crowded. In this small settlement are now being held three weekly cooking-classes for different groups of girls, two large sewing-classes, a dress-making course, and boys' carpentry-classes.

Village bands and choruses are valuable. In one place a large group of boys are kept interested by their weekly band-practice. A right feeling of pride is aroused when they are called upon to lead local processions, to play at entertainments, etc. Here also the teacher of the village school has started a gymnasium, and is training boys and girls alike in the Swedish movements. Country children need to be physically developed by training, and taught graceful movements, as well as city children. Village volunteer companies of boys can be organized and made a power, by furnishing practical outlets to energies physical as well as mental.

Interest in surroundings should be roused. The country, with its woods, rocks, trees, and plants, should be studied; intimacy with the beautiful variety of animal and insect life should be encouraged. Through such channels homes will be made brighter, more attractive, and happier. Happiness means contentment, and contentment comes from health, occupation, and interest. Country contentment will be the result when young people become stronger, keep brain as well as hand busy, and are interested in others.

If, therefore, those who live in farm-house or village could learn from examples like these to adopt as a basis of action the principle of agitation, education, and co-operation, thus rousing from inactivity of mind and spirit to educate themselves, by finding out what can be done, and combining to do it, they will find that co-operative methods are adapted to country and village, and through such methods will realize a practical solution of the dulness of rural life, from which so many wish to escape.

Grace H. Dodge.

LATENT FORCE.

Recently some questions, propounded to Mr. Keely by Prof. Dewar, of the Royal Institution of Great Britain, elicited answers which were admitted to be clear and definite, but no physicist could accept Keely's assertion that incalculable amounts of latent force exist in the molecular spaces, for the simple reason that science asserts that molecular aggregation is generally attended with dissipation of energy instead of its absorption. The questions asked were,—

"I. In disintegrating water, how many foot-pounds of energy have you to expend in order to produce or induce the vibratory energy in your acoustical apparatus?

"Answer.—No foot-pounds at all. The force necessary to excite disintegration when the instrument is sensitized (both in sensitization and developments) would not be sufficient to wind up a watch.

"II. What is the amount of energy that you get out of that initial amount of water (say twelve drops) when decomposed into ether?

"Answer.—From twelve drops of water a force can be developed that will fill a chamber of seven-pint volume no less than six times with a pressure of ten tons to the square inch.

"III. In other words, if you put so many foot-pounds of energy into vibratory motion, how many foot-pounds do you get out of this?

"Answer.—All molecular masses of metal represent in their interstitial molecular spaces incalculable amounts of latent force, which, if awakened and brought into intense vibratory action by the medium of sympathetic liberation, would result in thousands of billions more power in foot-pounds than that necessary to awaken it. The resultant development of any and all forces is only accomplished by conditions that awaken the latent energy they have carried with them during molecular aggregation. If the latent force that exists in a pound of water could be sympathetically evolved or liberated up to the seventh subdivision or compound-inter-etheric, and could be stored free of rotation, it would be in my estimation sufficient to run the power of the world for a century."

* * * * *

This statement gives another of Keely's discoveries to the world,—viz., that molecular dissociation does not create energy, as men have asserted Keely has claimed, but supplies it in unlimited quantities, as the product of the hidden energy accumulated in molecular aggregation. This is to the physicist as if Keely had asserted that two and two make five; but, as men of science have now come forward to make known that "Keely has seemingly demonstrated the discovery of a force previously unknown to science," the discoverer at last feels at liberty to make public the nature of his discoveries. Until Prof. Leidy and Dr. Willcox had taken this stand, Mr. Keely could not, without jeopardizing his interests, and the interests of the Keely Motor Company, make known in what particulars his system conflicts with the systems upheld by the age in which we live.—*More Science*.—C. J. M.

SCIENCE, even in its highest progressive conditions, cannot assert anything definite. The many mistakes that men of science have made in the past prove the fallacy of *asserting*. By doing so they bastardize true philosophy and, as it were, place the wisdom of God at variance; as in the assertion that latent power does not exist in corpuscular aggregations of matter, in all its different forms, visible or invisible.

Take, for example, gunpowder, which is composed of three differ-

ent mediums of aggregated matter,—saltpetre, charcoal, and sulphur,—each representing different orders of molecular density, which, when associated under proper conditions, gives us what is called an explosive compound. In fact, it is a mass which is made susceptible at any moment by its exciter fire (an order of vibration) to evolve the most wonderful energy, in a volume many thousands of times greater than the volume it represents in its molecular mass. If it is not latent force that is thus liberated by its exciter, a mere spark, what is it?

Are not the gases—that are evolved in such great volume and power—held in the molecular embrace of its aggregated matter, latent, before excited into action? If this force is not compressed there, nor placed there by absorption, how did it get there? and by what power was it held in its quiescent state?

I contend that it was placed there at the birth of the molecule, by the infinite law of sympathetic etheric focalization, as towards the negative centres of neutrality, with a velocity as inconceivable in its character as would be the subdivision of matter to an ultimate end.

Again: What is the force that is held in the molecular embrace of that small portion of dynamite, which, by slight concussion, another order of vibration, evolves volumes of terrific force, riving the solid rock and hurling massive projectiles for miles? If it is not latent power that is excited into action, what is it?

Finally: What is held in the interstitial corpuscular embrace of water, which, by its proper exciter, another form of vibration, is liberated, and shows almost immeasurable volume and power? Is not this form of energy latent, quiet, until brought forth by its sympathetic negative exciter? Could the force thus evolved from these different mediums be confined again, or pressed back and absorbed into the interstitial spaces occupied before liberation?—where the sympathetic negative power of the Infinite One originally placed it.*

If latent force is not accumulated and held in all corpuscular aggregations, why is it that progressive orders of disintegration of water induce progressive conditions of increased volume and of higher power? I hold that in the evolved gases of all explosive compounds, dynamite, or any other, there exists, deeper down, in the corpuscular embrace of the gaseous element induced by the first explosion, a still greater degree of latent energy that could be awakened by the proper condition of vibration, and still further on *ad infinitum*.

* There are some paradoxical conditions shown up in the disintegration of water, which require further research to get at the solution. In disintegrating say five drops of water in a steel bulb of two cubic inches volume of atmospheric air, the force generated, by the triple order of vibration, when weighed on a lever, shows ten tons pressure per square inch. In using the same number of drops, in the same bulb, and associating it to a tube of two hundred cubic inches, the result is the same, in the force developed per square inch, as is shown on the volume of the one of two cubic inches. The solution of this problem seems to rest in the fact that the gaseous element thereby induced, even in minute quantities, must possess the property of exciting atmospheric air to that extent as to force it to give up, to quite an extended degree, the latent energy that is held in its corpuscular depths. This introductory medium seems to act on air in the same manner that a spark of fire acts on a magazine of gunpowder.

Is it possible to imagine that mere molecular dissociation could show up such immense volumes of energy unassociated with the medium of latent force?

The question arises, "How is this sympathetic infinite power held in the interstitial corpuscular position?"

Answer.—By the infinite and incalculable velocity of the molecular, atomic, and etheric capsules;* which velocity represents billions of revolutions per second in their rotations. We will imagine a sphere of twelve inches in diameter, representing a magnified molecule, surrounded by an atmospheric envelope of one-sixteenth of an inch in depth,—the envelope rotating at a velocity of the same increased ratio of the molecule's magnification. At the very lowest estimate, it would give a velocity of six hundred thousand miles per second, or twenty-four thousand times the circumference of the earth in that time. Is it possible to compute what the velocity would be, on the same ratio, up to the earth's diameter?† It is only under these conditions that we can be brought to even faintly imagine the wonderful sympathetic activity that exists in the molecular realm. An atmospheric film rotating on a twelve-inch sphere, at the same ratio as the molecular one, would be impenetrable to a steel-pointed projectile at its greatest velocity, and would hermetically enclose a resisting pressure of many thousand pounds per square inch.

The latent force evolved in the disintegration of water proves this fact, for under etheric evolution, in progressive orders of vibration, these pressures are evolved, and show their energy on a lever especially constructed for the purpose,—strong enough for measuring a force over three times that of gunpowder.

We will continue this subject a little farther, and this little farther will reach out into infinity.

The speculations of the physicists of the present age, in regard to latent energy, would neutralize the sympathetic conditions that are associated with the governing force of the cerebral over the physical organism. The evolution of a thought, the infinite exciter, arouses the latent energy of the physical organism to do its work,—differential orders of brain-force acting against each other under dual conditions. If there were no latent energy to arouse, sympathetically, there would be no action evolved on the physical mass, nor on any other, as *all force is mind force*. All evolutions of latent power, in its varied multiplicity of action, induced by its proper exciters, prove the connective link as between the celestial and the terrestrial, the finite and the infinite.

There would be no life, and therefore there would be no action on aggregated matter, had the latent negative force, the soul it is impregnated with, been left out of it.

* The ether is the capsule to the molecules and atoms, all the way up to the perfect stream of structural ether.

† A volume of pure ether, equivalent to the atmospheric displacement caused by our earth, could be compressed and absorbed in a volume of one cubic inch by the velocity and sympathetic power of the etheric triple flows, as focalizing towards the sympathetic centres of neutrality, at the birth of the molecule.

If a bar of steel or iron is brought into contact with a magnet, the latent force that the steel or iron is impregnated with is aroused, and shows its interstitial latent action by still holding another bar. But this experiment does not give the most remote idea of the immensity of the force that would show itself on more progressive exciters. Enough alternate active energy could be evolved, by the proper sympathetic exciter, in one cubic inch of steel to do the work of a horse, by its sympathetic association with the polar force in alternate depolarization.

This is the power that I am now getting under control (using the proper exciters, as associated with the mechanical media) to do commercial work. In other words, I am making a sympathetic harness for the polar terrestrial force: first, by exciting the sympathetic concordant force that exists in the corpuscular interstitial domain, which is concordant to it; and, secondly, after the concordance is established, by negatizing the thirds, sixths, and ninths of this concordance, thereby inducing high velocities with great power by intermittent negation, as associated with the dominant thirds.

Again: Take away the sympathetic latent force that all matter is impregnated with, the connective link between the finite and the infinite would be dissociated, and gravity would be neutralized, thereby bringing all visible and invisible aggregations back into the great etheric realm.

Here let me ask, what does the term cohesion mean? What is the power that holds molecules together, but electro-magnetic negative attraction? What is the state that is brought about by certain conditions of sympathetic vibration, causing molecules to repel each other, but electro-magnetic radiation?

It must not be understood that the character of the action of the latent force liberated from liquids and gases is the same in its evolution as that of the latent force existing in metals. The former shows up an elastic energy, which emanates from the breaking up of their rotating envelopes; increasing, at the same time, the range of their corpuscular action: thus giving, under confinement, elastic forces of an almost infinite character. By liberation from the tube it is confined in, it seeks its medium of concordant tenuity with a velocity greater than that of light.

In metals, the latent force, as excited by the same sympathizer, extends its range of neutral sympathetic attraction without corpuscular rupture, and reaches out as it were to link itself with its harmonic sympathizer, as long as its exciter is kept in action. When its exciter is dissociated, its outreach nestles back again into the corpuscular embrace of the molecular mass that has been acted upon.

This is the polar sympathetic harness, as between metallic mediums and the polar dominant current,—the leader of the triune stream of the terrestrial flow.

The velocity of the sympathetic bombarding streams, towards the centres of neutrality, in the corpuscular atoms, during sympathetic aggregation of visible molecular masses (in registering the latent force in their interstitial spaces), is thousands of times greater than

that of the most sensitive explosives. An atmospheric stream of that velocity would atomize the plate of an iron-clad, if brought to bear upon it.

If the evolution of the power of a thought be set down as one, what number would that represent in the power evolved by such thought on the physical organism? To answer this we must first be able, mentally, to get down to the neutral central depths of the corpuscular atoms, where gravity ceases to get its unit; and in the second place we must be able to weigh it as against the force physically evolved.

How true, "the finer the force the greater the power!" and the greater is the velocity, also; and the more mathematically infinite the computation.

Yet all these conditions of evolution and concentration are all accomplished by the celestial mind-force, as associated with terrestrial brain-matter.

The first seal is being broken, in the book of vibratory philosophy: the first stepping-stone is placed toward reaching the solution of that infinite problem,—the origin of life.

THEORY OF VIBRATORY LIFT FOR AIR-SHIPS.

All molecular masses of terrestrial matter are composed of the ultimate ether,—from which all things originally emanated. They are sympathetically drawn towards the earth's centre, as according to the density of their molecular aggregation, minus their force or sympathetic outreach towards celestial association. In other words, the celestial brain-flow as controlling terrestrial physical organisms: the celestial, mind; the terrestrial, matter!

The sympathetic outflow from the celestial streams reaches the infinite depths of all the diversified forms of matter. Thus it is seen that the celestial brain-flow which permeates, to its atomic depths, the terrestrial convolutions of all matter, forms the exact sympathetic parallel to the human brain-flow and the physical organism,—a perfect connective link of controlling sympathy, or sympathetic control. Under certain orders of sympathetic vibration, polar and anti-polar, the attractive sympathies of either stream can be intensified, so as to give the predominance to the celestial or to the terrestrial.

If the predominance be given to the celestial, to a certain degree, on a mass of metal, it will ascend from the earth's surface, towards the etheric field, with a velocity as according to the dominant concentration that is brought to bear on the negative thirds of its mass chords, by inducing high radiation from their neutral centres, in combination with the power of the celestial attractive.

The power of the terrestrial propulsive and celestial attractive to lift; and these conditions reversed, or the celestial propulsive and the terrestrial attractive, to descend. Associating these conditions with the one of corpuscular bombardment, it is evident to me with what perfection an air-ship of any number of tons weight can, when my system is completed, be controlled in all the varied movements necessary for

complete commercial use, at any desired elevation, and at any desired speed. It can float off into atmospheric space as gentle in motion as thistle-down, or with a velocity outrivalling a cyclone.*

John Worrell Keely.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IT is always a difficult task to even fairly estimate the character and purposes of a man filling an exalted position. He is so far removed from the ordinary plane that his incomings and outgoings are a mystery to most of mankind. Few people know him well. The multitude must gather their knowledge of him through the mist of conjecture and take their view of his conduct from behind other people's spectacles. Twenty-five years and more of association with important men have taught me many useful lessons in criticism. I have never known a strong man without weaknesses to those who were nearest him. A brilliant lawyer and statesman once said to me, "You never really know a man until you have been with him in his bibulous as well as graver moments."

This saying is entirely true. The most difficult of all the work writers have to do is to make an estimate of a prominent man and his acts from the cockloft. Yet that is what many of them are forced to do every week. The flippant side of a public character's life is always the most interesting to the world at large. That is the reason why his weaknesses are so often dwelt upon and his virtues so frequently misrepresented. Not only in this country, but in Europe, criticism is often as unjust as applause is undeserved. In this republic, where every man from the drayman to the statesman has a chance to win big stakes, as well as in a monarchy, where birth gives a man a place without winning it, men do not make and keep in touch with the busy game of existence without having some strong elements of character worthy of commendation. In this spirit I am taking a glance at the Prince of Wales, whose broad personality is worthy of careful consideration.

I have been led to make this attempt at an estimate of the character of the future King of England because of a singular paper upon the prince recently printed by Justin McCarthy. It is hardly to be expected that a Radical member of Parliament could find much to commend in the person under review,—especially when he is not honored

[* Mr. Keely uses "terrestrial" referring to the earth; "celestial" to the air! Also celestial, mind; terrestrial, matter.

"Neutral centres" represent pure ether in their remote depths.

Mr. Keely explains the force that he is handling or researching as a condition of sympathetic vibration associated with the polar stream positively and negatively. An English physicist of note said, after seeing the photographs of the raising of a solid metal mass in a glass chamber, "If Mr. Keely can raise a nail, a feather even, in this way, he has got a force unknown to us; and I see no reason why he should not be able, when he gets it under control, to raise thousands of tons in an air-ship."—C. J. M.]

with the prince's friendship, and only catches glimpses of him from afar or makes up his estimate from the applause or prejudices of those who happen to have the opportunity to gauge the prince at short range.

Mr. McCarthy has had a wide experience in writing and in public matters. He has a very entertaining way of saying things, and can get about as much out of his talents as any man in the world. He knows life, and knows all about the follies, as well as the virtues, of womankind and mankind. Perhaps no person is better fitted to be a critic of habits and conduct than the member of Parliament who is now posing as a leader of one of the factions of the Irish party. His criticism of the Prince of Wales is evidently written to catch the multitude, and to please that American audience that is fond only of insinuations about royalty. It is easy to smear a good picture with varnish and destroy fine color with shellac. Mr. McCarthy in every line of his drawing puts on light paint with one hand and brown with the other. He undertakes to belittle the coming sovereign by keeping up the prevalent idea among those who cannot reach him that he is only a good-natured rollicking fellow, whose chief aim in life is to be polite and enjoy himself. Perhaps no more unfair likeness of the man and his characteristics could be painted by an eccentric artist.

The tone of Justin McCarthy's recent article is not new in our country. All the Presidents and other important men of the United States have from time to time been severely criticised or eulogized, as the case may be, by writers who never knew the truth about their follies or their virtues. It is always easy in political or social life to hear stories that will excuse any gossip about those who are hidden away in high places. Their doings and sayings are magnified or dwarfed by those whose self-interest intrudes eulogy or defamation upon those who have not the opportunity of seeing and learning for themselves. There is an old and true adage that "no man is a hero to his valet;" yet he may be a hero to the many who cannot reach him. There is no one so great in this world that he is not an ordinary individual to some one. Usually the person who knows the greatest of men best is a very commonplace being. A powerful intellect gives up most to a weaker one, and a man of great parts rarely ever selects his equal for his companion. Perhaps that is the reason why it is so difficult to form an accurate opinion of an eminent man's character. I am not objecting to the publication of criticisms of prominent people. It serves a good purpose in stirring up a combat of opinion which gets us nearer to the truth as to public acts and utterances. It is in the frictions of life, fairly waged, that we get the best view of all things. A just estimate of men can only be reached by learning the different views of their conduct and capacity from those who touch elbows with them.

It is very difficult for people in the United States, where there is no leisured class, to understand how a man can give much attention to the sports of the field while bearing some of the gravest responsibilities of this life. Yet that is exactly what the Prince of Wales is doing every day; but his fondness for society and sports has given the foundation for the impression that has gone abroad that he is simply a master in social life, and a devotee of fun.

"Unofficial Master of Ceremonials" is the title given him in the article under review. The words suggest the plan, purpose, and scope of the ten pages of criticism and description that follow as Mr. McCarthy's estimate of the powers and character of Albert Edward. Taking a very different view of the man and his capacity, I am going to make an effort to picture him as something more than a good-natured man who has had sense enough merely to maintain his position in social life. As I see him, he is far more than a mere figure-head. His knowledge of politics and people, not only of his own country but of other countries, is certainly as broad as that of any statesman in the United Kingdom, if it is not indeed broader. If there were no other testimony at hand to prove this fact, the following lines from Mr. McCarthy's half-eulogy and half-defamation would suffice:

"From the testimony of all who know him, I believe him to be in one sense a remarkably well informed man. He is not a scholar, of course, but he speaks several languages admirably, and he has a thorough knowledge of what is going on in the civilized world. He has travelled much, and he has a good memory, and he knows a good deal about the condition of countries he has seen, and he knows all about the public men of various states. He has a desire to get information, and a considerable faculty for acquiring it. All this I have heard from ardent Radicals."

Does not the possession of all these accomplishments equip a man for any position in a government? Men who are bitterly opposed to the prince in every political relation bear testimony to his wisdom and common sense. The fact that Radicals know and eulogize him is another test of his fitness for the high position which he holds and the higher one that he will occupy if he live. That he has the skill to capture in his social net those who are against him as well as those who are for him is the best evidence of the possession and use of that remarkable tact for which the prince is so well noted,—which, by the way, is far more valuable in political and governmental life than mere scholarship, or the learning that is gleaned from books. To American eyes, especially those through which I look, Albert Edward occupies a very unique position. His strength is felt everywhere, and in relation to everything. When he becomes king, he will have no more power than now, except the ability to sign papers and appoint a few friends to office. If he has been merely a leader in social life, he has managed to impress himself so well upon his people that there is not a man nor woman in England who would not be glad to see him the ruler. That is saying much for one who has been surrounded with great temptations from childhood, and who had no political power to endow him with heavy responsibilities. His very position forced him for the moment to take upon himself the lighter obligations of life and meet his people on the field instead of viewing them from the throne. He could only weigh himself and be weighed outside of official life. Yet he rose above that position, step by step, until he made his influence felt all over the kingdom by means of the knowledge he gained by personal contact with the world in almost every walk of life. If this does not evidence a strong man, then what does?

My first impressions of the Prince of Wales were gathered at the Goodwood Races three years ago. He was then as strong in the regard of his people as he is to-day. He and his wife were the central figures of a gathering of forty thousand people, all bent on pleasure. The princess has a stronger hold on the affections of the English people than any woman in the kingdom; and this is strange when you come to think of the little Danish country from which she came to assume the responsible position of the wife of the prince of the realm. One of her sisters is the wife of the King of Greece, another is the wife of the Czar of Russia, and still another is married to one of the most distinguished noblemen in Europe; but of all this remarkable family of women the Princess of Wales is clearly and emphatically the most remarkable. Fully matching her husband in popularity, and performing all the duties of her high place to perfection, she has shown herself one of the first women of the world.

On the occasion just mentioned, the prince and princess were attending the royal picnic, which is held once a year in a grove on the Duke of Richmond's estate. One of the finest race-courses in the world runs in and out among the Sandown Hills, and gives a purpose to the royal feast. During the day I saw an American introduce himself to the Prince of Wales, and I saw that the prince behaved like a gentleman during this breach of etiquette. Few public men of the world would have stood the imposition, and yet there was a dignity about the prince's manner that reflected credit on him under circumstances in which he would have been perfectly justified in being rude. There was a simplicity about his manner that was worthy of the man. He mingled freely with the crowd. He was dressed in an ordinary pea-jacket, and wore a pot hat. Over his shoulders hung his field-glass, that he might watch the horses as they swept over the ground, for the Goodwood Cup is one of the greatest races of the year.

The picnic before the racing-contest had been a very notable affair. The woods are cut and arranged for this special purpose, and so perfectly is the work done that the trees left standing are in symmetrical rows, with wide paths running between them. The large ones have been mostly cut out, leaving only their young, tall, slim descendants to guard these festive occasions. They are trimmed far enough up, so that the limbs do not interfere, yet keep plenty of branch and leaf to form a green canopy over the royal people who eat beneath.

It is the month of August, the time when these feasts take place, and the harvest is not yet in. Down in the valley below the hills the fields are ripe with the golden grain. The grove where the picnic is being held is matchless in color and crowded with a brilliant throng. The greensward under the trees had long since been prepared for the white damask which was to cover it the greater part of the afternoon. Liveried servants, powdered and unpowdered, had already been at work arranging their spreads on the grass, each vying with the other in making his more beautiful than his neighbors'. Everything you could think of to eat or drink graced these boards laid on nature's own foundations, and the choicest flowers lent their beauty to the wealth of good things to eat, set out in the open air for the nobility and their friends.

While all this preparation was going on, the people already gathered looked on and expressed their opinions as to the beauty of the various set-outs.

The scene at the moment when the picnic was at its height was bewildering to an American who had been taught to look upon royalty as an unapproachable set, living in iron-clad shells and peeping out at the world with one eye at a time, and showing themselves only upon rare occasions. Here they were like a lot of country lads and lasses flushed with the enjoyment of a meal in the woods. The only difference I could see was in the character of the viands consumed, and the extravagance of the spread, which I suppose arose considerably more from a rivalry between the servants than between the masters. A lord has little to do with the details of his household economy. His butler in matters like this is supreme; just as his solicitor is in collecting his tithes and looking after his estates.

Goodwood is nearly a hundred years old, and has been the scene of many festive occasions, but none more perfect, I imagine, than the one I describe. I never beheld so democratic a sight in our "land of the free" as here. Wide pathways between each row of trees were constantly filled with curious crowds, who kept passing and repassing in perfect order, taking their glance at the aristocracy and what they had to eat. There was no restriction whatever, and the humblest as well as the highest had a perfect right to pass through these walks and look upon the tables and their occupants, without molestation or comment. Indeed, this very freedom added to the zest of the occasion, and kept up a kaleidoscope of changing color and action which made a beautiful contrast to the gorgeous settings on the greensward.

In the midst of these magnificent and yet democratic surroundings I was presented to and received my first impressions of his Royal Highness. I must say that the very demeanor of the man indicated that he was thoroughly self-possessed, looking after his great responsibilities just as any other well-equipped man of superior abilities would have done. There were several other opportunities granted me during the summer for studying the characteristics of the man who is to be the future King of England. It does not take an American long to discover the fact that the Prince of Wales is King of Great Britain in everything but name. He is not only the head of its social life, but holds sway in many other matters, so far as it is possible for any man who cannot sign his name to a decree of Parliament.

The English people certainly do not object to the prince's attendance upon ceremonial occasions, or at the race-course, nor do they regard him as a flippant man.

If there be any certain thing on this earth, it is that the prince is the ideal representative of his people. His harshest critics are fair enough to say that he is the most popular man in England, and that his wife is the most popular woman. A day or two ago I picked up a volume of the Badminton Library, which is the recognized authority the world over on out-of-door sports of all kinds. The Duke of Beaufort, the typical English gentleman of the old school who edits it, thus dedicates the work:

"Having received permission to dedicate these volumes, the Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes, to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, I do so feeling that I am dedicating them to one of the keenest sportsmen of our time. I can say from personal observation that there is no man who can extricate himself from the bustling and pushing crowd of horsemen when a fox breaks covert more dexterously and quickly than his Royal Highness, and that when hounds run hard over a big country, no man can take a line of his own and live with them better. Also, when the wind has been blowing hard, often have I seen his Royal Highness knocking out driven grouse and partridges and high rockety pheasants in fine workmanlike style. He is held to be a good yachtman, and as commander of the Royal Yacht Squadron is looked up to by those who love that pleasant and exhilarating pastime. His encouraging of racing is well known, and his attendance at the University, public school, and other matches testifies to his being, like most English gentlemen, fond of all manly sports. I consider it a great privilege to be allowed to dedicate these volumes to so eminent a sportsman as his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and I do so with sincere feelings of respect, esteem, and loyal devotion.

"BEAUFORT."

The English people care little for politics, but much for the pleasures which develop physical conditions. They believe in bone, muscle, and that good health and its attendant impulses which come from exercise in the open air.

I have dwelt much upon the lighter elements of the prince's character, because they are the ones most criticised, and by them the public estimate of him is made up in the United States. His love and appreciation of out-door sports are essential to his position. Broader responsibilities now keep him from following the hounds, and his pack has been sold. He no longer hunts the fox or the stag, and only now and then tramps over the moors of Scotland or Northern England after grouse, partridge, and pheasant. Only his racing-stable is left, and will always be kept, as an evidence of the fact that, while meeting to the full the weightier obligations put upon him, he does not forget to keep close to the *penchants* of the English nation.

He brings men of all classes into his life, from his ardent supporter to his most radical opponent. Home Rulers as well as Tories sit at his table and acknowledge his strength of mind and character. This bringing under his eye and within his influence those who oppose as well as those who favor the government shows that subtle tact of which he is such a master.

As a rule, Radicals are not willing to speak well of those who differ from them. If the men of this class put their legs under the mahogany over which the prince presides, it is another evidence of the insight of the man, who makes himself familiar with measures and men that sooner or later are bound to menace him. This cosmopolitan view of his duties crowds upon him great exactions, that keep him at the beck and call of every public occasion, and, under certain conditions, of every Englishman who has a cause worthy of consideration.

His mail every day is something enormous. No dignitary in our country writes a fraction of the number of letters which the Prince of Wales pens with his own hand every twenty-four hours. When he is at Marlborough House there is little time for rest from ten o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon. His appearance upon a race-course, at a picnic, before a Sunday-school, at the dedication of some public building, or at almost any other public occasion is a part of his duties, not as "Master of Ceremonials," but as Prince of the realm, upon whom the people have saddled important duties, for the fulfilment of which they hold him strictly accountable. To outsiders they may seem unimportant; but that is not the view these people take, and they are the masters, even if they may be called the servants of a monarch.

Mr. Chauncey Depew said the other day that the Prince of Wales was one of the strongest men he had ever met,—one so full of practical resources that he had a right to be regarded as a very remarkable man. Mr. Depew has had broader opportunities of gauging Albert Edward and comparing him with the great men of other lands than any other American, and his judgment is therefore worthy of great consideration.

Last summer I saw better the Prince of Wales during the visit of the German Emperor to his grandmother at Osborne House. Spending a week at West Cowes to witness the royal yacht race and the honors paid to William II., I had a fruitful opportunity of getting a good view of the coming king. He had changed the quiet dress of a democratic citizen for a brilliant uniform. He is too short and stout for it to become him well, and yet he wore it with ease and grace. His nephew, who rules Germany and is the most promising character in European life, looks less like a sprig of that nationality than does the prince. While William II. means more to the peace and happiness of the Old World than any half-dozen rulers in it, the prince and himself are in the closest touch upon the most important questions of the day. When the time comes for Albert Edward to assume the reins of government, he will hold them with even a firmer hand than does his mother. While it would be impossible for him to dominate England as the Emperor does Germany, on account of the different conditions of the two nations, still he would impart a new vigor to government such as Great Britain has not known for many years. He stands as the prop and the hope of the royal house. While keeping in sympathy with all the people of the United Kingdom, he has fitted himself for a higher place than that of "Unofficial Master of Ceremonials."

Frank A. Burr.

THE MOUJIK.

OUT of the dusk they stepped together,—out of the dimness of smoking incense and swinging lamps, of grim ikons and white-robed choristers, of chanting priests and bowed worshippers. They were the nearer to each other because they were both strangers in that far

land of snow and ice whose splendor and coldness had shot its mystic chill into their hearts. Together, I say, they came out of the deep, warm cathedral into the pallid glow of the winter's evening, into the vagueness of the snowy street, into the lonely stillness of the deserted square; and those strange anthems of an immortal melancholy seemed to pursue their hurrying, belated feet. Yet her eyes were full of sunshine as she swayed like a shadowy lily, tall and elegant in her rich furs, against the western light.

Under the sleeping Neva sighed the tides, and the birds calling to each other were fleeing fast. She smiled, but he was grave, and they spoke of many things together. He taught her of this curious nation, with its poverty and its riches, its ignorance and its insight, and of that superstitious rite whose hush was still upon them. "It is a sublime freak," he said.

Just then, passing from pavement to pavement, a plaint reached them, a child's plaint, loud and passionate, borne on the wind-gust that brushed them with its wing. They looked up. Leaning against the railing, where the white drifts had massed themselves in waves of a strange loveliness, stood a little boy. He was weeping bitterly, wringing his hands, filling earth and air with his distress. Swiftly they moved to where he stood. By his side lay a broken image, a small, white, plaster thing, such as Italian venders carry on their heads and sell in the thoroughfares of great cities. She stooped and spoke to him:

"So you have broken it, my little lad? What was it worth?" and her companion began to unbutton his military coat, fumbling in his breast for his pocket-book.

"*Dvar rublé,*" sobbed the child.

He was a dirty little moujik, with a round face roughed by the weather. His eyes gleamed large and dark under his greasy old fur cap. His miserable touloupe was caught about his strong young loins by a wisp of hemp rope.

In a moment the sum he named, with a generous surplus, was pushed into one of his icy hands. Then instantly, with a piercing cry of joy which rent the twilight mists, the little fellow fell on the snow at their feet. He lay face downward, and three times his head rose and fell.

"What has happened to him?" said the lady, frightened.

But in a moment she had seen. His lips were moving; he was beating his hands upon his heart and crossing himself with vehemence. When he sprang once more to his feet he was still praying,—nay, giving his thanks to Heaven; there was a rapt look on his face. To his benefactor he accorded only one timid upward glance of gratitude. Then, gathering his poor garments about him, he ran away quickly and disappeared in the falling gloom.

"Ah," said the lady, "my friend, where shall we find again, you and I, the beautiful faith of this child soul?"

"If it be folly, it is a divine one," said her companion.

She remained silent, and they walked onward, saying no more words. But upon her eyelashes a tear had frozen.

Julien Gordon.

SOME LETTERS TO JULIEN GORDON.

WHEN Julien Gordon published "A Diplomat's Diary" and "A Successful Man," the novels were greeted with a pæan of praise by the critics,—that is, by those critics who are most hard to please and who are most chary of their praise, the critics of the public press, who are wont to be regarded by the public as the only ones who give a written expression to their views upon "current literature." But the chorus which arose from the "jaded reviewers," whose praise is rare as that of Sir Hubert, was feeble in comparison to that which swelled from the throats of numberless readers, many of whom have expressed their approbation in writing, but not for the public eye, and some of whom are themselves distinguished in the world of letters. For every successful author has a number of critics who do not publish their criticisms, but send them to the author in the shape of letters. Julien Gordon has been overwhelmed with such letters, a number of which it has been our privilege to look over, and by permission we present some extracts. For it is a pity that such criticisms should be entirely lost to the public: they are often truer and keener than any that appear in print, coming from more careful and more appreciative readers. The term "jaded reviewer" is a hackneyed but expressive one,—expressive of the fact that the reviewer has too much to do to give much time or attention to any one book. It is from the unprofessional critics, who, struck with the merits of a book, give it perhaps more than one careful reading, that the freshest notes of praise arise. These voices the public never hears. But now an exception is to be made, and for the first time the public is taken into the confidence of a popular author, and allowed to gain a wider idea of the deep impression that author has made than could be gleaned from a mere perusal of printed critiques. Of course no names are signed to the extracts, which are presented below without further comment.

I had heard the pæans of praise that had been chanted on all sides in honor of "A Diplomat's Diary," and had wondered, when reading what the critics wrote, if I would see it with the same eyes.

And yet, unmixed as has been the praise bestowed upon it, I do not think that justice has been done it.

While praising the more evident beauties of the book, the critics have strangely overlooked those delicate and subtle features which, for me, have even a greater charm.

Chief among these are those marvellous word-pictures with which the book abounds, wonderful in their variety and in the crisp beauty of their imagery.

You can hardly turn a page without meeting one, each picture varied and beautiful in itself,—the Russian village, seen at early dawn—the funeral with the widow "dragging her sable garments through the snow"—the ball at the Winter Palace—the dying Strogonoff—the bear-hunt—"the warm June night by the river Kolotcha,"—all traced in lines sharp and strong as those of an etching of Albert Dürer.

* * * * *

The scenes live; you see them before you; they so impress themselves on the mind of the reader that later you see the scene itself before you, not the words which described them.

. . . It is a book apart. It would be sacrilege to compare it with the English novels of the present day, with their floundering generalities, their redundant verbiage, their roughly-hewn characters. One must search among the French writers to find a standard by which it can be measured; and I know no one who can furnish that standard but Bourget,—to my mind the leader of the French modern school of fiction. You have much in common with him. You, as he, possess the art of psychological examination; you probe an emotion to the quick; thoughts and feelings interest you more than any material incident,—the struggle of the human heart with the human instinct, of conscience and duty with the irresistible movement of the carnal heart; and with you, as with him, there is no more favorite object of study than that inexplicable mystery, a woman's heart,—or, in the words of Bourget, "the passions and sacrifice, the contests and the sufferings, of that thing which it is impossible to understand,—the heart of a woman."

* * * * *

The scaffolding of the story is perfect. Two central figures on a pedestal, around whose base are grouped the minor *dramatis personæ*, who serve the purpose of the Greek chorus. . . .

There is no plot whatever,—an unusual condition, which, singularly, no critic has remarked. What is the story? Simply the record of the meetings through a few months of a woman of brilliant intellect with a man whom I confess I think she sees through glamour. But, be it as it may, the book is entirely without incident,—a result which, as a rule, denotes the highest triumph of a writer's intellect.

I hope you think my congratulations on your "Diplomat's Diary" are worth having. In the belief that they are, I venture to send them. I have just finished the book, much to the detriment of my day's work. . . . It not only interested me, it made me think,—which romances rarely do.

Your wisdom in choosing Russia is apparent as one reads the book. The only really despotic court at all civilized makes a most charming frame for your figures.

Of course I adored Mrs. Acton, and am sorry for the hollow-cheeked man on the New York dock. As to your hero, he has a romantic sorrow all his life, and that should become him better than the rôle of Mrs. Acton's Number Two.

* * * * *

How correctly you describe Mrs. North in the few lines on page 103 which you put in her mouth! It describes a whole class of our countrywomen. She—if I understand her—never felt herself "insufficient for the heart she loved," but took good care of her husband's throat, gave him his tub at the right time, and was happy and content with his successes, whatever they were.

I have read the "Diary" twice,—the first time at one sitting for the sake of the story, and afterwards more at leisure for the sake of the plums in it. I think the style remarkably condensed and manly, and plainly intimating great

strength behind it. Any one with less to say would have said more, and would have seized the opportunity to put in a great deal of Russian padding. . . .

I have also read, and more than once, your "Successful Man," which I think charming. I see that you understand your Newport down to the very tip of your pen.

The whole reading world is delighted to welcome not only new and charming stories, but a new and strong writer. Like Oliver, I cry for "more."

J'avais tant entendu parler avec éloges du "Journal d'un Diplomate" que, quoiqu'il soit en Anglais, j'ai voulu le lire; et je vous assure que le plaisir que j'y ai trouvé m'a fait complètement oublier la paresse que j'ai ordinairement pour lire dans une autre langue que dans la mienne.

Mais pourquoi ne publieriez-vous pas ce livre en France? Personne mieux que vous ne pourrait le traduire, et il a toutes les qualités pour plaire à Paris: le style léger, l'esprit, le caractère de votre troublante Daphné, l'étude psychologique de la passion, si fort à la mode maintenant, avec une petite pointe d'exotisme qui lui donnerait encore plus de piquant. Je crois qu'un roman, écrit par une grande dame américaine, et dont la scène se passe en Russie, que nous aimons tant, aurait tout pour piquer d'abord la curiosité et ensuite exciter un grand intérêt. Pensez à mon idée: il me semble qu'elle n'est pas mauvaise et que vous auriez de grands succès de plus.

I have read "A Successful Man" twice over, and I cannot get it out of my head. It is so true, so human, and so dramatic.

You have touched upon a theme which you are exceptionally well qualified to elaborate, and you have done so with a subtlety of analysis quite unparalleled. Perfect as your "woman of fashion" is, perfection there might have been expected, but the woman *not* of fashion is drawn as admirably by your facile pen, and I confess to a great lump in my throat when with Mrs. Lawton's eyes I watched her husband speak to Constance; and then Lawton himself,—what could be better drawn? and, as I said before, it is all so human, and for that very reason, oh, so sad!

I do indeed congratulate you on your great gift, which is also a great responsibility, for the power to move others and to sway them by your eloquence must be indeed a responsibility. . . .

I have just read your "Diplomat's Diary," and, compliment aside, I wish to say that I think it a very strong book.

Its grace of composition and terse epigram one might well have expected, and they fully satisfy one's æsthetic sense; but the strength of the book I find in its *motif*, and in the characters of its principal *personae*. The greater the drama the less the action. There is no situation that I can recall in any book more sombre and hopeless and tragic than that in the *gare* at Petersburg on the departure of Daphne.

I confess my own sympathy, and I believe that cynics generally will have to readjust their spectacles before reading of that scene unmoved. The book gives a good show to moral heroism, and that is a good thing.

It is too beautiful, too exquisite. I sit and write, and my eyes are dim with tears, for I have just reached the end. I have *devoured* the book, nor have I raised my eyes or head from the moment of opening it until now, and the hour is late, my logs burn low, and every fibre of my soul is stirred. The book enchants, intoxicates me. I have laughed, pitied, admired, thrilled, *wept*, and am now tingling with the excitement through which I have passed. I feel as though some agitating crisis had come into my life; that *my* heart beats in unison with Daphne's; that *my* lover has just ground my letter into a "filthy pulp" beneath his heel on the snow! How wonderful you are!—how strong! how generous! Never has a book made me feel so *tense*. Not one instant does the onward sweep of the story relax its hold: I even felt breathless towards the end, and held my temples with my clinched hands, and felt that I must finish, or some internal strain would give way. And now I feel I cannot sleep until I have written what I feel.

I have to-day finished "A Diplomat's Diary," and I hasten to salute you. With head uncovered I stand before you to do homage to your genius. I was prepared for something good, but not of this sort. What a strange woman you are, and how far below the surface must flow your real life! One would not expect you to write like that,—you whose declared *rôle* it is to be a woman of fashion in a country where smart society has agreed to have no ideas. No wonder that my attempt to solve the problem of your inconsistent personality led me to believe that your two and two did not make four. We must know something of the value of the terms with which we have to deal, if we would arrive anywhere. As for your book, it is delicious. I like the story, I understand the men, and I am in love with Daphne. Some of your points are master-strokes: I have marked twenty that will last. As to your *mise-en-scène*, it is positively brilliant. You have given to your pages action; there is a sense of motion and warm strong flowing life, of a brilliant existence well played out. And then the end,—you have shown your artistic perception of what is dramatic and needed to make it complete. It is clever to the end.

Your "Mademoiselle Réséda," of which I have just reluctantly resigned the last chapter, is so delightful that I cannot help writing you. . . .

Most romances in English have bored me of late years, but your work possesses a truth, charm, and "authority" characteristic of the best modern French school, with the added merit for us of perfect local color.

When I read "A Diplomat's Diary" I was again surprised; there was a maturity of grasp and touch that certainly did not suggest the beginner. I am very much struck, as is Mr. Hazeltine, I see, with the way in which your sentences go straight to the mark, without verbiage. That is a quality which promises more for your future writing than any mere general ability of description and characterization. It guarantees to you a style of your own. You have an advantage, doubtless, in the foreign atmosphere of your book: it will be a more difficult task when you are on your own soil wholly. Your hero is more strongly painted and is more attractive than your heroine; she is in a certain way piquante, but does not quite justify the power she has over him.

... "A Successful Man," without exception, is the most brilliant piece of writing as well as interesting story that I have seen for many a long day; you have done what is so rare, made each person speak for themselves, so that they are not mere dead beings seen only as your description might bring them before one, but sentient human characters, and as such, down to the least important, becoming essentially part of one's own past, and always to be recalled as real people representing phases of thought and experience which will constantly be in one's memory as possibilities of life. Then, too, it is such a great thing that you have been able to do in making a thoroughly American hero and story, so that it will always have an historical interest as well as a human one. Perhaps this is not clearly expressed, but you will know what I mean: it has always seemed as though American writers lost much of their possible strength if they *never* were able to put their people in their own country and always were obliged to make several of their most important characters foreign.

Well, shall I tell you? I sent for the *Diplomat*, and had a charming morning with him. I read it eagerly at one sitting, much interested and excited by the crisp language and the development of the romance, and above all by the *reserve of power* indicated. . . . The color, atmosphere, intensity, and suppressed passion of the book are its chief qualities to me. I do not care for the *danseuse* episode, but I suppose it is more artistic to have a sort of counter-plot of that nature; but that is a small matter. It is, however, as I said before, very much what you *keep back* that so excites and carries the reader along. It is delightful to find a young author who does not tell all she knows. And you have made such a history in so few words. . . .

[The following letter was not written to Julien Gordon, but to a friend, who sent it to her.]

I have been reading *Lippincott's*, with its fragment of Julien Gordon and the skilful analysis of that fascinating "L'Inconnue's" writings by "Robert Timsol." I am glad to find that this critic sees in "A Diplomat's Diary" just what I saw in my first reading of it (and I have since that read it over repeatedly), —namely, *a complete work of art*: not alone is it brilliant, but so finished as well; each separate part and scene is a finished picture that charms and fascinates you. I find the astute "Timsol" saying in his critique as follows: "The tale is so told that one is fain to listen and remember; the narrow scene so skilfully set, so framed and fringed with graceful and fitting accessories, as to be sufficient and complete," etc.

I would say even *more* than this, for her characters are so vivid and life-like that one feels a really personal interest in them: they have become your friends: you don't want to part with them: one feels like saying to Julien Gordon, Where is your Mrs. Acton? what have you done with her? have you dared to marry her to that wasted man with his cavern eyes that was waiting for her at the ugly pier-head? and, if so, can the fair "Acton" ever lose the memory of the Diplomat's splendid love? will he not forever haunt that memory of hers, rising up before her with his air of distinction and nobility, with his grand manner of courts, with his alluring love? Ah, Julien Gordon, these are serious questions

to answer. And have you not given to your Daphne a difficult rôle in life? and *that life in America!* I do not agree with one criticism of Timsol: he thinks that at the last the Diplomat "fails to rise to the occasion, and takes his discomfiture in ill part," etc. The criticism is absolutely wrong: on the contrary, the ending of the drama is particularly fine; the fiery action of the injured man, the few terse words, so few, and yet so full, is perfect, and couldn't have been improved.

JOHN DICKINSON.

WHY a life of John Dickinson has not long since been included in some of the comprehensive series of American statesmen and patriots, already given to the world, is a question that naturally arises in view of Mr. Dickinson's important services to his State and nation. Whatever may be the reply to this query, and however it may be barnacled over with prejudice and misunderstanding, we cannot but feel that the fates were kind in reserving this biography* for the later historian, and one who could bring to the task of presenting the great Pennsylvanian to the reader of to-day the pen of a ripe scholar and the mind of a philosophical student of history.

Men who are moderate and dispassionate because their vision of past, present, and future is so full that they are incapable of forming a narrow or extreme view, and who are able to detect a wrong on their own side as well as on that of their opponents, are those to whom contemporaneous opinion usually metes out scant justice. Such a man was Dickinson, of whom many of us simply remember that he wrote some political tracts, called the "Farmer's Letters," which are such dry reading in these days that we have no word of blame for a certain bucolic librarian who catalogued them picturesquely under the general head of agriculture; also that he, for some time, opposed the Declaration of Independence, when John Hancock, John Adams, and other prominent patriots eagerly cast in their votes for that document, forgetting, perhaps, that Mr. Dickinson was, in his opposition to an entire rupture with Great Britain, long sustained by such men as Robert R. Livingston, James Wilson, Edward Rutledge, and Robert Morris.

To the casual reader John Dickinson presents that seeming anomaly the "armed petitioner." Bitterly opposed to a separation, he used every endeavor to bring about a reconciliation with the mother-country, yet in his "Farmer's Letters" he was the first, says Dr. Stillé, to resist upon legal and constitutional grounds the pretensions of the ministry to tax the Colonies. During all the long period of debate upon the question of separation, Mr. Dickinson furthered and aided in the organization of troops with which to make armed resistance should the need arise. As if to follow the great leader of the cause of the Commonwealth in the past century, his motto seems to have been, "Trust in your king, but keep your arms in readiness to resist him if necessary." The thoughtful mind of this later historian was needed to reconcile the apparent inconsistency of the position and actions of Dickinson and his associates. In order to do this,

* "The Life and Times of John Dickinson. Prepared at the request of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, by Charles J. Stillé, LL.D."

it was necessary to picture their *entourage*, and the studies that had prepared them to act their parts in the drama of independence. Hence we have a sketch of all the shades of political faith prevailing in the Commonwealth at this time, and all the conflicting opinions held with regard to the position and duties of the Colonies toward the mother-country, in which even-handed justice is meted out to the Quaker, the Scotch-Irishman, the German, the English Churchman, and all who composed the mixed nationality of Pennsylvania. The stand taken by Dickinson and his colleagues is attributed to the thorough training in English constitutional law which they had received in the Temple. This postulate Dr. Stillé strengthens by citing the fact that a large proportion of American students came from the Middle and Southern States, and only a few from New England.

Such men as Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, the strongly conservative asserter of American liberty, Daniel Dulany, who drew such a fine and subtle distinction between internal and external taxation, Edward Rutledge, Henry and Arthur Lee, John Dickinson, and others of their kind, Dr. Stillé denominates English Constitutional Whigs. The great point of difference between such men, and the New England delegates who came to the Congress of 1774, was that the conservative element in Pennsylvania held that the question between the Colonies and England, being a legal one, should be decided by an appeal to legal principles recognized by both the mother-country and the Colonies, while the delegates from New England, who had less loyalty to Great Britain, having suffered more at her hands, were disposed to push matters further,—indeed, to any extreme that the needs of the hour seemed to require. With their thoughts turning to Boston in a state of siege, and further inflamed by false rumors of hostilities already begun, we can readily imagine with what scant patience they listened to proposals for conciliatory measures toward the crown.

However we may now feel as to who was right and who was wrong at this important crisis of affairs, there is no doubt that the position taken by Mr. Dickinson and his associates represents, to a large extent, the sentiments of the ablest and most influential men in Pennsylvania, up to the time of the rejection of the second petition to the king. All that was asked for, at first, was a repeal of the laws under which the Colonies had suffered since 1763. Indeed, a short time previous to the Revolution the rule of the king had been looked upon as so paternal a government that Joseph Galloway warmly advocated an even closer union with Great Britain, and Thomas Wharton wrote to Thomas Walpole about the same time, 1774, suggesting an American union which should be governed by a supreme magistrate appointed by the parent state. Nor were these citizens alone in their loyalty to the crown. A large proportion of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania signed a petition praying his majesty to take the Province out of the hands of the Proprietaries and permit them to enjoy the privileges that had been granted them by and under his royal predecessors. Subjects who entertained such feelings toward their sovereign cannot be looked upon as ripe for revolution. Indeed, only a few men of extreme views talked of it at the outset. Reconciliation was the dominating thought of the hour. In October, 1774, General Washington wrote to Captain Mackenzie, "No such thing as independence is desired by any thinking man in North America;" and the valiant Greene, while facing the dangers of war without dismay, wrote to John Adams, a little later, "I still think you are playing a desperate game."

Viewed in the clearer light that has come to us, now that more than a hundred years have elapsed since the stirring events in which John Dickinson took so prominent a part, and more than eighty years since he was numbered among the living, the most severe judgment that can be pronounced upon him is, that he clung too long and too pertinaciously to opinions which were in the beginning based upon common sense and legality, but which were finally rendered untenable in the face of the position maintained by Great Britain toward her Colonies. That John Adams and his political following gauged more accurately the temper of the English king and people Dr. Stillé frankly admits, also that Mr. Dickinson's "natural hesitation, which he never quite overcame," and which in 1764 proved to be the highest wisdom, savored of weakness in 1776. Notwithstanding the position held by many leading Pennsylvanians with regard to a separation from England, when a question of definite rights was involved they were no more ready to relinquish theirs than the members from Massachusetts. Although to Boston port belong all the glories, rehearsed in song and story, of the famous tea-party, it is pleasant to be reminded that Philadelphia was the first city in the Colonies which adopted measures to prevent the landing of the tea. The Philadelphia meeting of citizens to organize opposition to the tea-tax was held in October, 1773, that of Boston in November of the same year, although the tea-party in the latter city took place several days in advance of that of Philadelphia, in consequence of the vessels arriving there earlier. The treatment of the goods consigned was rather different in the two cities. The consignees of the East India Company in Philadelphia, Thomas and Isaac Wharton, resolutely refused to land the tea, but, instead of throwing it overboard, returned it intact to its owners.

During the months that followed the repeal of the Stamp Act, and the inauguration of Mr. Charles Townshend's clever scheme for raising a revenue for imperial purposes by the imposition of various duties, it became the self-appointed task of the "Farmer on the banks of the Delaware" to instruct his countrymen in the principles of constitutional law, liberty, and resistance.

It is impossible, now, to form any adequate conception of the influence exerted by the "Farmer's Letters," and the avidity with which they were read at home and abroad. Franklin, who was no friend of their author, arranged to have these letters reprinted in London, where they were approved by Edmund Burke, although Lord Hillsborough considered them "very wild." Translated into French, they were widely read in France, doubtless adding fuel to the fire of discontent already smouldering, which was destined to flame up, later, in the glory and shame of the French Revolution.

That influential men among his contemporaries did not judge Mr. Dickinson as severely as historians have done, during the last hundred years, is evident from the important positions to which he was appointed during the Revolution and after peace was concluded. The same hand that drew up the Pennsylvania resolutions against the Stamp Act, the Declaration of Rights, the second petition to the king, and penned the "Farmer's Letters," wrote also the widely-read letters of *Fabius*, and left an indelible impress upon the Constitution of 1787, in whose formation Mr. Dickinson was called upon to take a leading part.

In this brief limit we can do no more than draw attention to a pleasant chapter that treats of the private character and domestic life of Mr. Dickinson, of his marriage with Miss Norris, daughter of Isaac Norris, of Fairhill, and of the high ideals of duty and singleness of purpose of this well-mated pair, who

voluntarily relinquished the beautiful and valuable property of Fairhill to the sons of Charles Norris because it was known to have been the desire of Mrs. Dickinson's father that this estate should pass to the Norris heirs in the male line. To Mr. Dickinson's well-known independence Dr. Stillé adverts, as exhibited in his avoidance of the curious wedding customs prevalent at that period, and in his choosing to be married at home rather than in meeting. This last departure from established usage among Quakers called forth from one of Mrs. Dickinson's relatives the following quaint strictures:

"I am greatly concerned for the example Polly has set by this her *outgoing* in marriage." (Referring to her not having been married at the Friends' Meeting.) "I fear she has slipped from the top of the hill of the reputation she had gained in the Society and among her friends, and that it will be a long time before she gains it again, if ever. I wish she may not repent it."

Anne H. Wharton.

LITERARY DYNAMICS.

SAYS Mr. Walter Pater, in his "Appreciations," "An intimate consciousness of the expression of natural things, which weighs, listens, penetrates, where the earlier mind passed roughly by, is a large element in the complexion of modern poetry." We have learned to expect from Mr. Pater the expression of profound truths, and nowhere has he more fully realized that expectation than in the foregoing statement. It is this intimate consciousness, this close analysis, and the subsequent reconstruction of artistic forms upon the framework of a fuller knowledge, which constitute the dynamic force in modern literature. We may, indeed, find much that is essential in the models of an earlier time or in the methods of a foreign school, but the *moving* power—that which contains the germ of future fruitfulness—must be sought in what is distinctively original and national.

That America should have produced a group of poets and several novelists comparing favorably with the first writers of Europe is not enough, so long as we find their work based solely upon accepted European models. We may applaud the skill and scholarship of Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, of Washington Irving and Cooper and Howells, but they constitute, in Spencerian phrase, a purely static force; they keep our accomplishment well up to the standard of accepted traditions, but they originate nothing; they are simply a phase in the evolutionary development of a type with which we have been familiar for centuries. How far it is desirable to cultivate a transplanted flower, or to what extent such cultivation calls for the exercise of the finest art, are questions apart from the discussion.

In the literary history of every country there have been long periods of artistic production, during which no new voice, no national clarion-call, has disturbed the honeyed cadences of the time. In England, the years of reaction following the glory of the Elizabethan era served as fallow ground for the nourishment of the French spirit and of French ideals, and so Boileau blossomed into Dryden and Dryden bloomed forth in Pope, and the distich became a Jugernaut beneath whose wheels English Poetry ruthlessly flung herself. Not until the advent of Wordsworth was there any serious attempt to oppose a

barrier to the onward sweep of artificialism: with him a new set of conditions began to be felt; he was essentially a dynamic force. As Mr. Lowell observes, "Development of the individual . . . was the corner-stone of Wordsworth's edifice." No tradition was strong enough to bind him, and no critical raiillery cutting enough to keep him from the free expression of his thought and the untrammelled interpretation of Nature's moods as they bore upon his own mind.

A little later, though in a field so different, the dynamics of literature receive illustration in the Titan strokes of Carlyle. "He is one of those," says Mr. Birrell, "who would sooner be wrong with Plato than right with Aristotle; in one word, he is a mystic." But that is not all. He is more than a mystic, in that he is always aggressive in his methods; it is a part of religion with him to break with convention,—not, indeed, to strike at the spirit of Beauty, but to insist that the beautiful shall be interpreted in accordance with the individual conscience. It was with him as with Fleeming Jenkin, of whom Mr. Stevenson tells us, "Far on in middle age, when men begin to lie down with the bestial goddesses Comfort and Respectability, the strings of his nature still sounded as high a note as a young man's." Therein is the source of power,—the high note, the noble aim. Incorrect inferences may be drawn, logical processes may be at fault, but the movement is towards a loftier ideal, the force is a dynamic one; it is not content with holding things as they are, it hates equilibriums; it must break new ground and open vistas hitherto unseen.

It is, indeed, inevitable that in the process of breaking new ground certain ideals must suffer disparagement. Form must be temporarily neglected; those outward embodiments which art has wrought to perfectness must be injured in order that the spiritual germ may have room for growth. But it is better so; for we know that, while the neglect and injury are only temporary, growth is a condition of the existence of Art itself. That which makes the Greek literature so admirable is the adaptability of the thought to the vehicle by which it finds expression: simplicity is at the base of Greek art in all its manifestations. But there was a time in its history when thought and feeling became more complex; ideas which had been readily embodied in simple forms evolved groups which required more elaborate treatment, and, as single thoughts bifurcated, new modes of expression became a necessity, so that we find the attention more and more given to Form as an essential. We may conclude, indeed, that it was a regular evolutionary movement by which Greek simplicity gave place to the complex forms of a later period, and it is not surprising that the ideas which originally necessitated this development should at last have been lost sight of, dwindling as the importance of Form augmented, until, in the Troubadours and Trouvères of France, poetry became a thing of measurements and modulated sound, wooing the ear and allowing the mind to starve. That it was a force is not to be denied, but it was distinctly a static force; it held beauty in solution and kept alive the reverence for art, but it stirred no soul to be up and doing; it broke no new ground; it taught men to slumber rather than to work.

It is curious that the name of Classicism should have been applied to a method which, so far from keeping alive the simplicity of the early models, sought to employ the most artificial of processes. "*L'Art Poétique*" of Boileau was the expression of an iron-bound law of artificiality. A writer might commit all sorts of literary sins so long as he committed them in rhymed couplets, and the power of the law—both in its permissive and prohibitory aspects—is well exhibited in the century and a half which followed the advent of Dryden. We

have seen how the genius of Wordsworth, foreshadowed perhaps by some of the utterances of Thomson and other writers of the second class, was strong enough to break the fetters which bound English taste to the "parlor muse," but we cannot claim for the Victorian poets—if we except, as possibly we should, Browning and William Morris—any very startling exhibition of that originality of thought and utterance which constitutes the dynamics of literature.

Much has been claimed for the Russian school of novelists, and by the greater names the claims have doubtless been justified. A man with the ideals of Tourgenieff must of necessity be a leader in fresh movements and the pioneer of a new aspiration; and to Tolstoi, despite the trail of the serpent of realism, must be conceded the laurels of one who would have been a great artist had he chosen to follow the methods of art. As it is, he has despised those processes by which alone the facts of universal nature can be adequately interpreted, and so is a new force wasted for want of the proper application of means to ends.

With regard to the Scandinavian literature, it remains to be seen how much of the present interest is a mere fad and how much the working out of a real enthusiasm. Henrik Ibsen is a moving power beyond question, though he too revolts from the yoke of art, and hence swings the hammer of Thor in empty air. To say this, however, is not to deny the existence of that force which originates, which vivifies, which evolves new forms in harmony with their environment. We may regret the failure to follow the line of least resistance, to the end that the greatest good may result, but we are bound to admit the presence of the force itself. The principles remain constant at all times and in all climes.

For our own country it seems not unreasonable to claim an accomplishment in literature which, considering our youth and the hard material conditions of those who founded the nation, is fairly creditable. But thus far we have produced little else than reiterations. Mr. Lowell, despite the "Biglow Papers," is a European; Irving is saturated with the life of the Spanish Peninsula; from the considerable number of singers whose verse is a household word, but who are still not writers of the first order, we find it difficult to select one whose voice has the native ring. In pure romance we have, indeed, Nathaniel Hawthorne (to whom Americans might well apply Jean Paul Richter's *sobriquet*, "the only one"), and, in the exploitation of a single phase of national life, Bret Harte, whose dramatic perception I believe to be the keenest and truest which the present century has brought to light. But we have to confess a want of roundness, a failure to reach all sides of the picture, which, while not invalidating a right to the title of artist, precludes a claim to absolute nationality and originality of inspiration. Of course such brilliant meteors as Edgar Poe fall outside our category, because they dazzle our unaccustomed eyes with a light foreign to our understanding, and exist amid conditions with which they are out of harmony. No wonder that in looking over the rather disheartening list the eye seeks for the name of Emerson; it is there in letters of gold,—the representative of a moving power in our literature,—a dynamic force finding its origin in what is native, and, when once the thin atmosphere of Oriental mysticism is pierced, showing itself of enormously expansive quality. Yet even Emerson does not always see whole truths, or, rather, he does not always see the two halves of a truth at the same time; nor do the emotional and the philosophic sides of his nature always permit of a symmetrical development of universal problems. When he is the most profound as philosopher he

loses ground as poet, and *vice versa*: hence, while we owe him a debt of gratitude not easily computed, we must admit limitations which are likely to become more clearly defined as the generations pass.

There remains Walt Whitman,—a stentorian voice crying in the wilderness, a personality whose very bulk has prevented us from estimating his proportions. The perspective of space has already enabled England to judge him more accurately than we have done; the perspective of time will permit a future generation to understand the meaning of his message in a way that we dream not of to-day. That which differentiates Whitman from all other exponents of the national life and character is his total grasp of the American Man as a distinct human type; it is in virtue of this totality of apprehension that his work will endure. It is quite possible that the English appreciation which he has obtained may not be entirely due to a comprehension of Whitman in this respect. Englishmen are apt to applaud a war-whoop as the best individual expression of Western civilization, just as they are apt to accept Daisy Miller as the type of American womanhood. Whitman's "barbaric yawp" is a part of him, and an essential part, but it is not all, and, though he has seen the potency of the red blood and rugged brawn of America, he has not been blind to the spiritual forces which are operative even in the castaway, for whom the sun shines as for any other. Whitman is an "all round" man, and he depicts "all round" figures. He does not work in the flat, and so the "scented herbage of the breast" is a corollary to other analyses of the individual being; and that aggregation of individuals which constitutes America becomes the sign and symbol of a future greatness of which Whitman is the prophet and the seer. Hence he is the great dynamic force of this present era. Whether this force is to find its freest and fullest outlet here or elsewhere is a question with which we are not at present concerned, though we are doubtless justified in the expectation that American leadership will manifest itself in letters as in the other activities of life.

Francis Howard Williams.

"MAIDENS CHOOSING."

MANY very nice things might be said about Mrs. Kirk, and without exaggeration. Her reputation has kept growing with her books, but it has not yet caught up with her merits; and those of us are not without warrant who think her better entitled to a place among the *Critic's* recent feminine additions to its Academy than some of the ladies who were elected. True, she is not passionate, as Mrs. Burnett and Miss Woolson can be at times; she does not expound the manners of rural New England, like Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, nor gloat over mountain-tops and atmospheric changes, like Miss Murfree (though a slight tendency that way appears in chapter vii. of her last story); nor has she dipped profoundly into theologic and psychologic abysses, like Mrs. Deland. She has shown no inclination toward the fleshly, the sensational, the Oriental, the hysterical, or any other variety of the deadly-romantic; nor yet toward either the nerve-rasping or the all-fours type of realism. These may be defects; but they can be condoned by such as enjoy well-mannered repose and quietude

when these stop short of dullness. As to that, when did Mrs. Kirk ever print a dull page, or a chapter that was not true to life? She always carries her brain about with her, and it is a brain worth carrying. Hereafter her books may come to be prized, like Miss Austen's, for their delicacy and acuteness. The almost forgotten pseudonyme of "Henry Hayes" might pass, for it covered so much (if one must retain the old distinction, not yet wholly obsolete) of virile breadth and cerebration; but the fine touches, the nice insight into the ways and moods of women, were plainly feminine. This writer has no prejudices, and her convictions are not narrowing; she takes her walks abroad, spies out with kindly amusement the "tricks and manners" of the well-placed and well-endowed, and shoots their folly as it flies; but behind all this is the suggestion of a contented home and a good conscience.

Her most notable gift is satire, and perhaps she selects New York as the scene of most of her excursions because Society there disports itself in ways that need more correcting than is required nearer home. Who has more trenchantly exposed the frivolities, the greediness, the base ambitions that flaunt abroad and make difficult the path of the just? A reader may prefer the suburban peace of "Sons and Daughters," troubled only by its one haughty millionairess; but Mrs. Kirk appears to love Broadway and the avenues, and returns to them in her latest tale.

Its stage is somewhat crowded; but so is the metropolis. The quaint title is not precisely descriptive, for it was a solitary maiden who had any choosing to do: as for Miss Gussy Talbot, she is a mature bird, and ready for any adequately provided mate who can be caught. All these people are instructive; but one's chief interest centres on the high-souled girl who cannot bring herself to "do her duty" and restore the fallen fortunes of her house,—on her, and on her lovers three. There is the bad boy, the Merry-Andrew of the piece, who though much more than grown must have his bear-leader, and in that guardian's absence is constantly getting into scrapes, such as being caught kissing the wrong young woman when he has gone to propose to the right one. There is the handsome and masterful Western financier, a millionaire by his own exertions when not yet thirty, somewhat too much of a sultan and too little of a gentleman. And there is the admirable and self-immolating cousin who knows that he is a detrimental, and plays the part of John Alden to Milgate's Miles Standish, but with more sustained fidelity. Of course the heroine is a Priscilla, and prefers the dinner of herbs where love is to the stalled ox without it. Beyond these leading characters are the two rapid sisters, who have a method in their madcap mirth, the devoted, match-making step-mother, and an array of supernumeraries, for whom the author does not especially care, nor expect her readers to. There is one exception,—the brilliant man who has made several business failures, and now supports his social position by ways that are dark. His is a rather pathetic case, for he feels that "his wife only tried to please him in order to cut him in two by demands upon his purse: the children had bewitched him; but no doubt they too were heartless little humbugs trying to bribe him with kisses." This is true to the letter, and it is very sad; but it did not justify Mr. Atterbury in swindling poor Mrs. Craige out of her two thousand dollars, and his day of judgment comes early.

Frederic M. Bird.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES of distinguished men of action are incomparably delightful reading. Even when destitute of style they charm the cultivated literary taste, telling, as they do, of something done, and commonly telling it directly and without airs. It was thus that General Grant wrote, and it is thus that Rear-Admiral Ammen has written his fascinating memoirs.* Because of this, indeed, the story of "The Old Navy and the New" is likely to prove the notable book of the year. With utmost simplicity the author narrates the salient events in a life of singular usefulness and devotion to the service of his country; a life of which more than a quarter of a century has been passed upon the sea. In the beginning, Admiral Ammen tells of his early acquaintance with General Grant, who was two years his junior. The two boys were constant playmates, and once, when Grant, while fishing, fell into a small but swollen stream, Ammen rescued him from drowning. Fifty years afterwards, Grant humorously referred to this event in a letter written from France. "I am," he says, "of a forgiving nature, however, and forgive you,—but is the feeling universal? If the Democrats get into full power, may they not hold you responsible?"

Admiral Ammen entered the navy as a midshipman in 1837, through the influence of a Mr. Hamer, a now forgotten member of Congress from Ohio, who also obtained the appointment of General Grant to the Military Academy at West Point. Our author's early recollections of the service are vivid and full of interest. He informs us that he never owed a tailor's bill; that he never fought a duel, though he has been a second several times; and that fifty years ago, when an ordinary tone of voice would have been heard the length of a vessel, a distance of only one hundred and fifty feet from taffrail to billet-head, the trumpet, as an emblem of authority, had to be flourished and talked through, "no matter how impossible it was to understand the order thus delivered." The incidents of his first cruise to the West Indies are recorded with a most entertaining particularity. He recalls the thousand and one amusing scenes in the "steerage," and sketches with genuine humor the picturesque figures in the mess,—“Blobbs,” “Barbot,” “Billy B.,” and “Hamilton G.” It appears, however, that his first experience of the sea was not entirely satisfactory; and at the end of the three years' cruise he actually sent in his resignation. It was retained by the commodore, owing to the intervention of a friend, and the disgusted middy was persuaded to remain in the service. “I have always,” says the admiral, “felt grateful to Commodore Shubrick for this considerate conduct towards a youth whom he had never seen, and many years afterwards I took occasion to express my sense of obligation to him.”

After this, cruise followed cruise in many waters, and always the midshipman's eyes were wide open to the strange sights of foreign lands. Promotion was slow, to be sure, but it came in time, and so did the civil war and the thrilling adventures thereof. Here the memories of Admiral Ammen are of special

* THE OLD NAVY AND THE NEW. By Rear-Admiral Daniel Ammen, U.S.N. With an Appendix of Personal Letters from General Grant. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$3.00.

value. Immediately following the war he saw much of his old friend General Grant, and his notes of their conversations will be read with profound interest. On one occasion (October, 1867) Grant said "he believed that President Johnson meditated a violent subversion of the government, and to that end Governor Swann, of Maryland, was his abettor." Two months later he told the following: "A few days ago I had a visit of an hour or more from President Johnson, who spoke on indifferent subjects until just before leaving, when he said, 'General, there is one question in which I feel a great deal of interest, and that is, in the event of an open rupture between myself and Congress, on which side will you be found?' I replied, 'That will depend entirely upon which is the revolutionary party.'" But it must not be supposed that Admiral Ammen was at this time done with the sea; the long and lively story of his voyaging goes on, taking us, for instance, after an interval of more than twenty years, back again to the Chinese waters. Then, with his appointment as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, came a larger official life and more congenial duties. It is unnecessary to dwell here on the author's original views concerning naval architecture, and his support of the Nicaragua Canal; the later as well as the earlier events of his adventurous and exemplary career are fully and modestly set forth in this wholly readable volume. Never dull, abundantly and naively anecdotal, breathing of the sea, it is a book for both sexes and all ages; a book hard to lay down when once picked up; a wholesome, trustworthy, vivacious autobiography.

There is a time,
 'Twixt eve and morn,
 When the soul,
 From Earth's care borne,
 Mounteth up,
 And seeming its house
 Of flesh to flee,
 Attests
 Its immortality.

In such a time, it seems, there was vouchsafed to Mr. Taylor the vision he has described in verse.* Immortality, enthroned as a celestial being of surpassing loveliness, greets Nature, Time, and Death as "creatures of alien climes afar," and passes judgment on their respective claims to special consideration. Replying to the appeal of Nature, Immortality objects that

Briers cling to thy blossoms,
 Thistles hedge thy perfume,
 Thorns are bound to thy fruitage,
 Nettles sting 'midst thy bloom.

Neither Time nor Death fares better in the esteem of Immortality. There is in her criticism a lofty philosophy of life.

The late Horace Binney said of Philadelphia that "she is more indifferent to her own sons than she is to strangers;" a reproach which the Historical

* MAN IMMORTAL. AN ALLEGORICAL POEM. By William Stitt Taylor. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$2.00.

Society of Pennsylvania proposes to wipe out, so far, at least, as it applies to John Dickinson,* a distinguished adopted son, of whom Thomas Jefferson prophesied that a grateful posterity would "consecrate his name in history as one of the great worthies of the Revolution." The excellent memoir which Mr. Stillé has written as an introduction to a new and enlarged edition of Dickinson's works presently to be published by the Historical Society, will quicken the interest of many readers in the life, character, and public services of one of the most eminent men in American history. Though born in Maryland, Dickinson came of Quaker stock, the family having lived for a period of more than two centuries and a half at "Crosiadoré," a beautiful spot on the shores of the Chesapeake, the present owner and occupant of it being in the direct line of descent from the original proprietor. Trained in the law, as were so many of the leaders of the Revolution, at the English Inns of Court, Dickinson began the practice of his profession in Philadelphia at the age of twenty-five. In a few years he became a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and entered upon a political career the adequate story of which, during more than a quarter of a century, is the story of the State, and an important part of the national history. Pitted early and often against Franklin, he had the courage to lead the unpopular opposition in the State Assembly to the proposed abolishment of the proprietary government of the Penns, and later on to maintain in the Continental Congress that the Declaration of Independence was inopportune. There will no doubt be readers of Mr. Stillé's able apology who cannot entirely accept it; but there will be few who will fail to be put, perhaps for the first time, in sympathy with Dickinson's point of view. Compared with the hot patriotism of Samuel Adams, the conciliatory policy of Dickinson shows badly, indeed; but it is necessary to bear in mind his careful legal training, his conservative spirit, and what Mr. Stillé calls his "natural hesitation," which he never quite overcame, and which in 1776 proved to be weakness. No one, however, has phrased this weakness so well as Edward Rutledge, who, in a letter to John Jay, spoke of the "vice" of Dickinson's productions,—*"the vice of refining too much."*

The chief service rendered by Dickinson to his country was the writing of the famous "Farmer's Letters." As the leading spirit in the Stamp Act Congress, he gave form and color to the agitation in the colonies which effected the repeal of that act. Says Mr. Stillé, "The arguments by which the claim of the ministry to tax us for revenue by such an act of Parliament as that levying duties on glass, paints, etc., was answered in the 'Farmer's Letters' first convinced the whole body of our countrymen, groping blindly for a cure for their grievances, that there was a legal remedy, and then forced the ministry to consent in a measure to the demand for a repeal of some of its most obnoxious provisions." Even Edmund Burke approved the principle of these letters, and, translated into French, they were much read in Parisian *salons*, their author was compared with Cicero, and Voltaire, in the words of Bancroft, "joined the praise of the farmer of Pennsylvania and that of the Russians who aspired to liberate Greece." It must be said, however, that the vindication of Dickinson by no means constitutes the sole object or the larger value and interest of Mr.

* THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN DICKINSON. 1732-1808. Prepared at the request of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, by Charles J. Stillé, LL.D. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$3.00.

Stillé's biography. The volume reveals and explains the attitude of Pennsylvania before and during the Revolutionary war; and in recording the career of its subject as President of the State, and, afterwards, as member of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution, it gives at the same time a careful study of the general political life of the times. The Appendix contains Dickinson's "Vindication," and Dr. George H. Moore's cogent statement of Dickinson's claim to the authorship of the remarkable state paper, "The Declaration of the Causes of taking up Arms," commonly attributed to Jefferson.

The Rev. Dr. Batterson dedicates the third and enlarged edition of his historical outline of the American Episcopate* to Bishop Whitaker. This excellent compendium is not likely to be superseded, its very sketchiness constituting so much of its value, since it permits the compression of all needed information within small space, and arrays it skilfully with a view to readiness of reference. The author's notes are copious and luminous, and sometimes breezy.

Mabel Hart's story † is of the artfully artless sort. Its two heroines, Beatrice and Evelyn, live in Florence in an atmosphere of art and love. There are the bohemian life of the studios, the cosmopolitan characters at the "Pension Bold," and the glimpses of the galleries. The girls are no less distinctly drawn than their lovers, Ugo and Guido, and the old painter Andrea Vivaldi, who hungers for the ideal but would go hungry if he painted it. The author's portrait of the German professor is excellent; and admirable, too, are her fugitive, picturesque sketches of Italian scenes and people. Quite likely, however, there will be many readers who will quarrel with her over the final issue of the romance. Yet, surely, it is the particular privilege of a novelist to do as she pleases with her characters.

It is the express design of "H. B. T." 's very useful and convenient little compilation ‡ to arouse a more general interest in the game of whist, and to demonstrate, to those who may stand in fear of its supposed intricacies, how little there is really to learn in order to begin. The author has wisely avoided the loading down of his manual with multitudinous examples of hands: he simply tells the student when to lead a card, regardless, as he says, of the thousand and one combinations that may occur. It is safe to say that the stupidest person in the world may, with the aid of this handy guide-book, master the first principles of the best of all games of cards.

* A SKETCH-BOOK OF THE AMERICAN EPISCOPATE. By the Rev. Hermon Griswold Batterson, D.D. Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Appendix. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, \$1.00. Quarto Edition. Large margins. Cloth, \$5.00.

† TWO ENGLISH GIRLS. By Mabel Hart. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, 75 cents. Paper, 50 cents.

‡ CONVENTIONAL WHIST LEADS. WHEN TO LEAD EACH CARD OF THE THIRTEEN ORIGINALLY, AND WHICH CARD OF THE REMAINING TWELVE TO LEAD ON SECOND ROUND. Together with some Sound Advice to Players. Compiled from the Highest Authorities of the Time. By H. B. T. J. B. Lippincott Company. Cloth, 50 cents.

CURRENT NOTES.

Housekeepers Should Remember.

The great success of the Royal Baking Powder is due to the extreme care exercised by its manufacturers to make it entirely pure, uniform in quality, and of the highest leavening power. All the scientific knowledge, care and skill, attained by twenty-five years' practical experience, are contributed toward this end, and no preparation can be made with a greater accuracy, precision and exactness.

Every article used is absolutely pure. Chemists are employed to test the strength of each ingredient, so that its exact effect in combi-

nation with its co-ingredients is definitely known. Nothing is trusted to chance, and no person is employed in the preparation of the materials used, or the manufacture of the powder, who is not an expert in his particular branch of the business.

As a consequence, the Royal Baking Powder is of the highest grade of excellence, always pure, wholesome and uniform in quality. Each box is exactly like every other, and will retain its power, and produce the same and the highest leavening effect in any climate, at any time.

The Government Chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands in the market, in their reports placed the Royal Baking Powder at the head of the list for strength, purity and wholesomeness; and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME AMERICA.—The discussion on the origin of the name America was opened at the International Congress of Americanists in Paris by M. Jules Marcou, who asserted, says *Science*, that the name America was derived from a range of mountains in Central America which in the language of the natives is called "Amerique," and that Vespucci never bore the Christian name of "Amerigo," because this latter is not a saint's name in the Italian calendar, and, further, that he changed his name "Alberico" to "Amerigo" for the first time after the name by which the New World is now commonly known began to be used, in order to cause it to be believed that the continent was so named in his honor.

But M. Govi proved two years ago that the name "Alberico" is in the Florentine language identical with "Amerigo," and that Vespucci, before the year 1500, sometimes subscribed himself "Amerigo" appears from a letter recently discovered among the archives of the Duke of Gonzaga at Mantua. This point was corroborated by the Spanish-Americanist De la Espada, from letters and pamphlets preserved in the Archivo de las Indias at Seville, in which Vespucci sometimes calls himself "Alberico" and sometimes "Amerigo." *En passant*, the Spanish savant mentioned the interesting fact that the first of the so-called "quatuor navigationes" was not made by Vespucci at all.

M. Hamy adduced a further interesting proof of the incorrectness of M. Marcou's contention in the shape of a map of the world, prepared in the year 1490 by the cartographer Vallescu, of Majorca, on the back of which is a note to the effect that the map was bought in at an auction by the merchant Amerigo Vespucci for one hundred and twenty gold ducats. Further, the general Secretary of the Congress, M. Pector, pointed out that, according to a communication received from the President of Nicaragua, the range of mountains in question is not called "Amerique" at all, but "Amerisque."

ROYAL SOUP.—William I. had a fine sense of what was becoming at a royal table. He was so well pleased at one of his little dinners with a savory soup compounded by his cook, Tezelin, that he sent for him and asked how it was named.

"I call it dillagrouit," was the reply.

"A poor name for so good a soup!" cried the king. "Nathless"—everybody said "nathless" in those days—"we bestow upon you the manor of Addington."

This manor, I may add, reverted to the crown. In the reign of Henry III. we find it in the hands of the Bardolfs, and held on the tenure of "making pasties in the king's kitchen on the day of his coronation, or providing some one as his deputy, to make a dish called grout, and if suet (seym) was added, it was called malpigernoun." At James II.'s coronation the lord of the manor claimed to find a man to make a dish of grout in the royal kitchen, and prayed that the king's cook might be the man. The claim was allowed, and the claimant knighted. But what was this grout? Was it identical with Tezelin's dillagrouit and the Bardolfs' malpigernoun? And was a pottage called Bardolf, of which a fourteenth-century recipe has been printed by the Society of Antiquaries, identical with these? If so, as among the ingredients were almond milk, the brawn of capons, sugar and spice, chicken parboiled and chopped, etc., it was doubtlessly a dish for a king.—*All the Year Round*.

IT IS SURPRISING to those not in the secret, how even delicate women, who use Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify their blood, can accomplish so much work, with little or none of that tired feeling so prevalent during the spring.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is always the same. It does not vary, either in flavor, effect, or quality. It is the best blood medicine, and expels every debilitating acid and impurity from the system. It aids digestion, strengthens the nerves, and vitalizes all the functions of the body.

"For several years, in the spring months, I was troubled with a drowsy, tired feeling, and a dull pain in the small of my back, so bad, at times, as to prevent my being able to walk, the least sudden motion causing me severe distress. Occasionally, a rash covered my body, the skin apparently becoming thickened, accompanied by intense itching. Frequently, boils would break out on various parts of the body. By the advice of my family physician, I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continued it till the poison in my system was completely eradicated. I believe that everybody would be benefited by taking a bottle or two of Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring."
—L. W. ENGLISH, *Montgomery City, Mo.*



Ayer's Sarsaparilla, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

Has cured others, will cure you.

The remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, bilious attacks, sick headache, flatulency, nausea, piles, and all derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels, is Ayer's Pills. They are sugar-coated, composed of the essential virtues of well-known vegetable aperients, and without any mineral drug whatever. Though gentle in action, they are thorough in effect, and cleanse the stomach and intestines of all effete and irritating substances. Ayer's Pills are admirably adapted to the needs of travellers, and, as a family medicine, are universal favorites,—everywhere recommended by the profession.

"I regard Ayer's Pills as one of the most reliable general remedies of our times. They have been in use in my family for various affections requiring a purgative medicine, and have given unvarying satisfaction. We have found them an excellent remedy for colds and light fevers."—W. R. WOODSON, *Fort Worth, Texas.*

Ayer's Cathartic Pills, prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists.

FREEZING OUT THE ANTS.—The inhabitants of cold climates have little idea of the fierceness of the conflict which has been carried on from time immemorial between man and the ant tribe, and can hardly appreciate the extraordinary capacity shown by these tireless insects in their depredations upon the human race. In the tropics no satisfactory remedy has yet been devised by which the balance of advantage, always largely in favor of the ant as against man, can be overcome, and the insignificant-looking insect, by force of numbers, industry, and perseverance, is master of the situation.

Even in more temperate regions, like some parts of our Southern States, ants are troublesome enemies, and the suggestion made in the November issue of the *Tropical Agriculturist*, published at Colombo, in Ceylon, may be worth trying in some parts of this country. The suggestion is, that ants may be frozen out of existence by means of a cask of the freezing-mixture used by engineers in excavating in quicksands fixed over the entrance of the nest, the other entrances being closed with clay, with a tube placed in the hole, also well packed with clay. The pressure from the head of liquid would, it is claimed, be sufficient to drive the freezing-mixture down into the farthest recesses of the ants' galleries, which would almost instantly become lined with solid ice, or, at all events, would be made so cold that no ant, however tenacious of life it might be, could long survive the exposure.

These freezing-mixtures are not very expensive, and, as our contemporary suggests, it is possible that the progress of science has here achieved a victory in the interest of man for which so many generations have contended in vain.—*Garden and Forest*.

DOSING ON SHIPBOARD.—Curious yarns are spun about the method of dispensing followed by divers captains on deep water. The sea lawyer usually found in a ship's fore-castle fondly asserts that each bottle of the medicine-chest bears a distinguishing number, and upon this foundation proceeds to build the following story, which is redolent of the salt sea. An illiterate shipmaster, having consulted his book of medical instructions, found that a strong dose from number six bottle was the proper remedy for a sick sailor standing before him. Number six, however, had been in great request during the passage, and not a drop remained. For a moment the amateur doctor was at a loss. An inspiration opportunely caused his corrugated brow to smoothen. He mixed together portions from bottles number two and number four on the strictly arithmetical principle that two and four make six! Deponent sayeth not what effect, if any, the dreadful decoction had upon the seaman. Another story tells equally against the sister service. It is related that a lieutenant in command of one of her Majesty's gunboats deemed the responsibility of the charge of a medicine-chest too much for him. Immediately she was off soundings the gallant officer mustered all hands, and divided the contents of the chest equally, so that each had "his whack and na mair." There is another naval yarn in this connection well worth mentioning. A man-of-war doctor, whose name is unfortunately lost to posterity, had a simple method of locating a man's ailment and alleviating it (save the mark!) by drastic and infallible remedies. He would tie a piece of tape around the waist of the complaining mariner, and command him to declare whether his pain existed above or below the tape. If above, an emetic, and if below, a dose of salts, followed as a matter of course.—*Poll Mall Budget*.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



BEECHAM'S PILLS.

THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE

for all BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS *to which Men, Women, and Children are Subject*, is the most marvellous Antidote yet discovered. It is the premier Specific for *Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation,*

Sick Headache, Disordered Liver, etc.,

And is found efficacious and remedial by all FEMALE SUFFERERS.

Long pre-eminent for their health-restoring and life-giving properties, BEECHAM'S PILLS have an unprecedented demand and the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the world. Price, 25 cents per box.

Prepared only by THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. B. F. Allen Co., Sole Agents for the United States, 365 and 367 Canal Street, New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail BEECHAM'S PILLS on receipt of price,—*but inquire first*. Please mention this publication in ordering.

The Great English Remedy. Known and Sold all over the World. Worth a Guinea a Box. Will relieve Sick Headache in Twenty Minutes.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

KNOWN AND SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD.

WILL RELIEVE SICK HEADACHE IN 20 MINUTES.

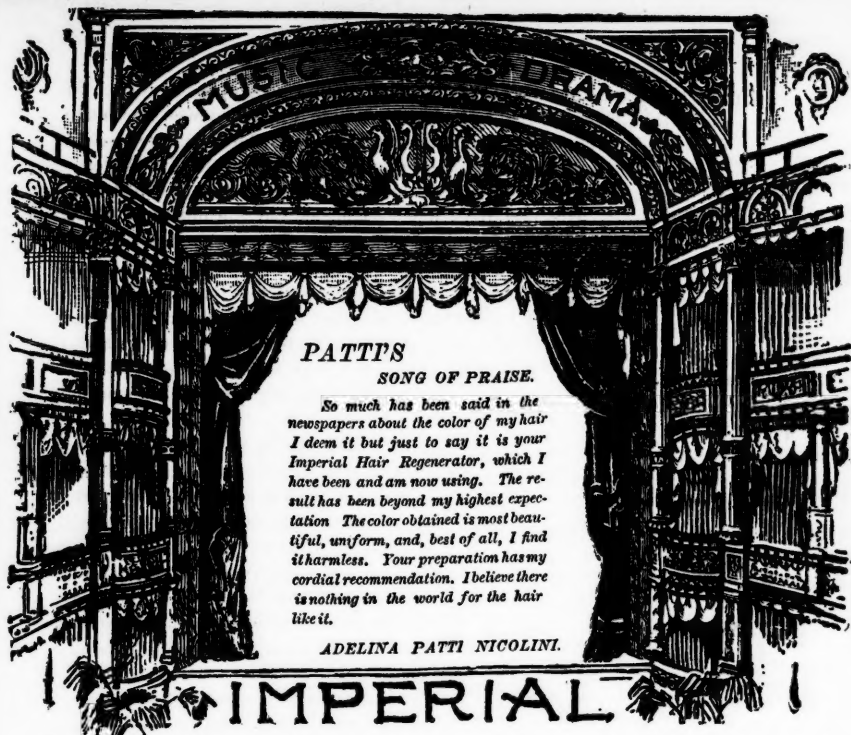
SUSPENDED ANIMATION.—My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father; and his authority was the well-known General Avitable, Runjeet Singh's right-hand man, who was present at the facts. Those facts are that a certain "joghee" (Hindu anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Singh, and, declining to obey, was brought by force into the tyrant's presence and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce. He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the pulses ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor who was present declared that the heart had ceased to beat. To all appearances he was as dead as Queen Anne.

In this state he was put into a carefully-made box, the lid was closed, and sealed with Runjeet Singh's own signet-ring. The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal windows at Lahore, and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under General Avitable's own supervision. Sun and rain came and grass sprang up, grew, and withered on the surface over the grave, and the sentries went their rounds, and the joghee's disciples and friends were all kept under careful surveillance, not to call it imprisonment. After forty days, in Runjeet Singh's own presence, the vault was uncovered and the box extracted from it with its seals intact. It was opened, and showed the joghee within precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still, to all appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them, and which he had publicly explained before his burial. He revived, as he had said he would, and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life! He refused all gifts, and retired to his former retreat, but shortly afterwards he and his disciples disappeared. It was not safe for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler.

Runjeet Singh cared little for human life, which was his toy or plaything. No one who knows his historical character will for a moment admit that he would let himself be deceived or played upon in a matter on which he had set his heart. Each scene—the suspension of life, the burial, the disinterment, the reviving—took place in the tyrant's own presence and before hundreds of spectators in open daylight and with every precaution that absolute despotic power could command. Runjeet cared little whether the man lived or died, so that his own curiosity was gratified. The guards under the palace windows commanded by Avitable would be anxious solely to carry out Runjeet's Singh's wishes.—*Chambers's Journal*.

WHERE SOAP IS SCARCE.—It is stated that soap in India is regarded almost in the light of a natural curiosity, for it is rarely if ever to be obtained of a shopkeeper there. Of course it is sold in the larger towns; but the amount used by the natives must be very small, seeing that the total consumption of soap in India last year was only five thousand tons. This means that the amount used by each person for the year was considerably less than one ounce.

—*Chambers's Journal*.



PATTI'S

SONG OF PRAISE.

So much has been said in the newspapers about the color of my hair I deem it but just to say it is your Imperial Hair Regenerator, which I have been and am now using. The result has been beyond my highest expectation. The color obtained is most beautiful, uniform, and, best of all, I find it harmless. Your preparation has my cordial recommendation. I believe there is nothing in the world for the hair like it.

ADELINA PATTI NICOLINI.

IMPERIAL

Hair Regenerator is the only perfect and safe preparation for coloring the hair; and in order to test its merits, send sample of hair to the Imperial Chemical Manufacturing Company, 54 West Twenty-Third Street, and it will be regenerated to the Patti, Cleopatra, or any other shade, free of charge.

FASHIONS IN HAIR.

As Much Change in Them as in Dress Goods.

There never was a time in which the color of the hair was so essentially fashionable as it is to-day. To some extent this is accounted for by the progress there has been made in scientifically coloring the hair. The most fashionable color of all to-day is the beautiful Titian red, made so popular by Mademoiselle Patti and Fanny Davenport. This shade can only be produced by the Imperial Hair Regenerator, both these ladies having attested to its intrinsic merits and to its harmlessness. Others use it to produce the natural shade upon gray, bleached, or streaky hair, and the Court hair-dressers, Messrs. Duke & Rumball, apply it regularly to the ladies of the Court of St. James and the Princess of Wales. It is perfectly harmless, and unaffected even by sea-baths. It leaves the hair beautiful and glossy; indeed, it rivals nature itself. We guarantee absolute satisfaction to all who have applications made at the reception-rooms, 54 West Twenty-Third Street. Send sample of hair, or call, and it will be regenerated to any color, free.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

How to Remove It Without Pain or Disfiguration.

One of the most annoying and irritating afflictions that a lady can be subjected to is that of superfluous hair. Many of the treatments for its removal have been both cruel and ineffectual; but there need be no further cause for annoyance, as the Imperial Hair Remover will effectually and safely remove all superfluous hair without the slightest pain or disfiguration to the most delicate skin. It is easily applied. The Imperial Chemical Manufacturing Company, 54 West Twenty-Third Street. Ladies who are sceptical can call and test its merits free of charge.

VENUS TINT

The most delicate and delightfully natural tint that has yet been discovered. It is practically impossible to detect it, and is guaranteed absolutely uninjurious. Easily applied, and unaffected by perspiration. No lady's toilet is complete without it. Sold by all druggists, at \$1.00 per bottle, or direct by mail from The Imperial Chemical Manufacturing Company, 54 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

STAGE SCENERY IN THE DAYS OF ÆSCHYLUS.—Attempts to produce in stage scenery the illusion of reality had, according to Vitruvius, been first made in the days of Æschylus by the painter Agatharchus, who left a treatise on the subject; according to Aristotle, it was Sophocles who first introduced scene-painting. But these two statements have been reconciled by Müller and Brunn. Since Dr. Dörpfeld's demonstrations have revolutionized the old ideas about the Greek stage, and have shown that the action took place in the round orchestra, or dancing-place, some critics have disputed the statement of Vitruvius, or at least doubted whether it refers to scene-painting; but it is not so easy to refute Aristotle, who uses the word "scenography," and, moreover, the round orchestra did not exclude scenery, a background from which the actors could emerge, "a king's palace, a temple, or the like," as Miss Harrison explains. These were temporary structures, which were probably partly contrived by painting.

The studies of Agatharchus were continued, says Vitruvius, by Democritus and Anaxagoras, who wrote "to explain how the points of sight and distance ought to guide the lines, as in nature, to a centre, so that by means of pictorial deception the real appearances of buildings appear on the scene, which, painted on a flat vertical surface, seem, nevertheless, to advance and recede." The panel-painters adapted the studies of the scenograph to the backgrounds of their paintings, and, though scenography was an inferior kind of art which ministered chiefly to the taste of the multitude, it had no doubt an important influence on the development of painting, and Agatharchus prepared the way for Apollodorus, who first painted chiaroscuro.

Pliny states that the painters of Sicyon made mathematical and geometrical studies essential conditions of good painting. Pamphilus—influenced no doubt by the canon of Polycletus, a native of Sicyon, like himself—first laid down rules for painting as Polycletus had done for sculpture, and the painter Pausias, his disciple, put these rules into practice and excelled in foreshortening.—*The Edinburgh Review*.

IN TANGIER.—The Arab shop is a mere box in the wall, without windows, neither does it bear any name or number. The shop door is raised some distance higher than the street, and when this is open in the morning the merchant jumps in and squats down on a cushion within easy distance of his goods. Here he attends to his customers, who stand outside in the street to examine his wares.

The notary and scribe sit in an open place, and their clients are attended to in public. We have never heard what a lawyer's fees are for a consultation in this country, but we know a charge is made for drawing up public documents, such sum depending upon the character of the work required to be done. Justice is delivered by the governor in the gate, as it was in olden times. We do not mean by this that justice is administered as we understand it in England. No; it is carried out after the Moorish fashion, bribery forming the chief feature. Tangier is the nearest town to Europe of all the Moorish ports, and certainly the most important. It was once under the crown of Portugal, afterwards that of England; but two hundred years ago it was abandoned to the Moors, and has remained in their hands ever since, leaving no trace of Christian occupation. It has no architectural adornment worth a passing notice.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

made at the reception-rooms, 54 West Twenty-Third Street. Send sample of hair, or call, and it will be regenerated to any color, free.

all druggists, at \$1.00 per bottle, or direct by mail from The Imperial Chemical Manufacturing Company, 54 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

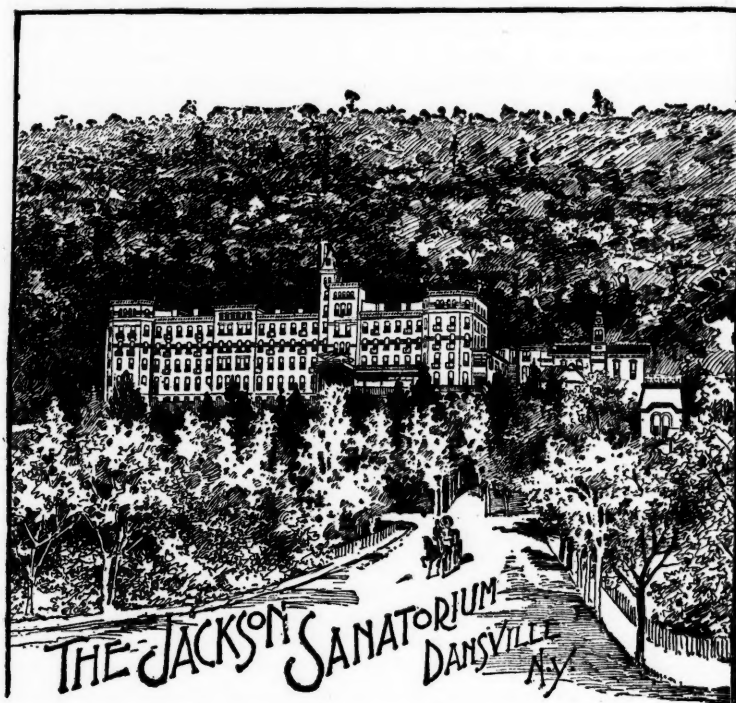
CURRENT NOTES.

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HEALTH!

—Established in 1858.—

REST!



Offers an unequalled combination of natural advantages, therapeutic appliances, and favorable conditions for the restoration of the sick and exhausted.

Hill-side location, unsurpassed scenery, healthful climate, pure air and water. Magnificent (brick and iron) *fire-proof* main building, and twelve cottages, steam-heated, complete in sanitary details, and designed to meet every requirement of invalids or seekers of rest and quiet.

The Sanatorium is under the personal care and management of a PERMANENT STAFF OF REGULARLY EDUCATED AND EXPERIENCED PHYSICIANS. Skilled attendants minister to every need.

Extensive apartments for treatment arranged for individual privacy. All forms of baths, electricity, massage, etc., scientifically administered. Dr. Taylor's Swedish movements. Delsarte system of physical culture.

Comfort without care; freedom from taxations of fashionable life; together with the helpful influence of a Christian home, which provides for recreation and amusement without dissipation.

Best mail, telegraphic, and telephonic facilities. *Open all the Year.*

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Dansville, Livingston Co., New York.

Formerly Jackson & Leffingwell.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.—Although the hippopotamus may be less loathsome than the crocodile, Sir S. Baker writes that "there is no animal that he disliked more than the hippopotamus, if he was compelled to travel at night upon an African river in an ordinary boat." Even without this limitation the hippopotamus seems remarkably dangerous. Sir S. Baker tells how in broad daylight a hippopotamus charged the steamer that was towing his diahbeeah, and perforated the iron plates of the vessel in two places with its projecting tusks, so that it made a dangerous leak. On another occasion, when the steamer passed over a hippopotamus that was walking (after the manner of these beasts) under water along the bed of the river, the steamer of one hundred and eight tons gave a leap into the air, as the water was too shallow to permit the hippopotamus to pass beneath the keel. What became of the hippopotamus was not ascertained.

On another occasion a bull hippopotamus charged the diahbeeah in the middle of the night and sank a small boat that was fastened alongside by biting a large piece out of it. "Not satisfied with this success, it then charged the iron vessel, and would assuredly have sunk her if I had not stopped the onset by a shot in the skull with a No. 8 rifle." Sir S. Baker calls the animal "stupidly ferocious" when it is in the water, though it is comparatively timorous on land. On one occasion he saw a man in a boat wantonly attacked and killed by a hippopotamus. The Hamran Arabs and some of the tribes attack the hippopotamus with their harpoons, and when the beast has been thus securely hooked they drag it on shore and slay it with their spears, while they half blind it by throwing sand into its eyes. But the hippopotamus sometimes gets the better of them and escapes. Sir S. Baker states a curious fact concerning a commercial change that has affected the hippopotamus. Formerly its tusks, or large prominent teeth, were in great request by dentists to make artificial teeth. They were superior to ivory in the permanence of their color, and they never turned yellow. But the American invention of porcelain enamel for artificial teeth has destroyed the value of the hippopotamus's tusks, and they are now cheaper than ivory.—*Longman's Magazine*.

WILD BEASTS FAR-SIGHTED.—A curious communication has been made to the "Académie de Médecine" by M. Motais, of Angers, whose works on the various diseases of the eye are highly esteemed. He has closely examined the effect of captivity on the sight of wild beasts, such as lions, tigers, etc., and asserts that all animals in a savage state are far-sighted. The same remark applies to man in an uncivilized state, and even to those who, though civilized, follow vocations which oblige them to remain constantly in the open air, such as sailors or farm-laborers.

The same faculty subsists in caged animals when they have been taken after the age of six or eight months; but when born in captivity, or kept in cages when very young, they become near-sighted, which M. Motais attributes to the narrow space in which they are confined, and the training which obliges them to follow the eye of the keeper or tamer to obey his will. The near-sightedness of school-children may, in his opinion, be ascribed to the same cause,—the habit of concentrating the sight on one point, and the fact that the power of the visual organ becomes modified according to the requirements to which it is subjected.—*Murray's Magazine*.

RÉCAMIER CREAM.

After the numerous villanous compounds that have been offered in the form of Face Bleaches, Cosmetics, etc., ladies may well think before buying anything to improve their complexions; *but they need hesitate no longer.* Récamier Cream has been in use for nearly a century, and is the only preparation of the kind that has received the endorsement of eminent physicians and chemists, as it is a strictly Pharmaceutical preparation. Its purity and highly beneficial effects are beyond dispute. Most enthusiastic letters of praise of Récamier Cream and Toilet Preparations have been received by Mrs. Ayer from hundreds of fashionable ladies and the leading artistes of the world.

Récamier Cream is *not a Cosmetic.* You apply it at night and wash it off in the morning.

Price, \$1.50 per Jar. For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers, or by



YES, MY LITTLE DEAR, AND SO DO THOUSANDS OF OTHER MAMMAS.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER,
305 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Write for Pamphlet containing full list of Récamier Preparations and toilet articles, the choicest and daintiest in the world. Prompt attention paid to orders by mail.



AN IRISH ELECTIONEERING BILL.—During the time of a contested election in Meath, some sixty-five years ago, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all persons who should vote for him. In due course he received the following bill, which he had framed and preserved in Somerville House, County Meath. A copy of it was found in the month of April, 1826, among the papers of the deceased Very Rev. Archdeacon O'Connell, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Meath. It ran thus:

MY BILL YOUR HONOUR.

To eating 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks at 3s. 6d. a head is to me . . . £2 12 0
 For eating 16 more below stairs and two Priests after supper is to me 2 15 9
 To six beds in one room and four in another at two guineas every bed and not more than four in any bed at a time,—cheap enough God knows, is to me . . . 22 15 0
 To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 13s. every one of them, and for a man which was lost on head of watching them all night, is to me . . . 5 5 0
 For breakfast on tay in the morning for every one of them and as many more as they brought, as near as I can guess is to me 4 12 0
 To raw whiskey and punch without talking of pipes and tobacco as well as for porter, and as well as for breakfasting a lot above stairs and for glasses and delf for the first day and night I am not sure, but, for three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it and not to be very exact it is in all or thereabouts and not to be too particular it is to me at least 79 15 9
 For shaving and cropping of the heads of the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks at 13d. for every head of them by my brother who has a vote, is to me 2 13 1
 For medicine and nurse for poor Tom Kernan in the middle of the night when he was not expected, is to me ten hogs,—I don't talk of the Piper or for keeping him sober, as long as he was sober, is to me 40 10 0

The total is £100 10s. 7d., you may say £111; so your honor Sir Mark send me this Eleven hundred by Bryan himself, who and I pray for your success always in Trim and no more at present.—Signed in place of Jemmy Can's wife.

his
BRYAN X GARRATT
 mark.

—*The Spectator.*

GASTRONOMICS.—The dinner-table is the only place where men are not bored in the very first hour.

The discovery of a new dish contributes more to human happiness than the discovery of a new planet.

Men who eat rapidly, and get drunk, know not how to eat or to drink.

Foods vary from the solidest to the lightest.

To say that a man should never change his wine is heresy. Use deadens the palate. After the third glass the finest wine in the world loses its flavor.

A dinner without cheese is like a pretty woman with only one eye.

Cookery is a science. No man is born a cook.

The most indispensable qualification of a cook is punctuality.

To wait too long for any guest is a rudeness toward those who have arrived punctually.

A man who invites his friends to dinner and takes no personal interest in it is unworthy of their friendship.

It should always be the care of the lady of the house that the coffee is good; of the master of the house, that the liqueurs are of the finest quality.

When you invite a friend to dinner, remember that while he is under your roof you are responsible for his happiness.—*Brillat-Savarin.*

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

The Special Food for Brain and Nerves.

COMPOSED
OF THE
NERVE-FEEDING
PRINCIPLES
OF THE



OX-BRAIN
AND THE
EMBRYO
OF THE
WHEAT AND OAT.

Prepared according to Prof. Percy's formula (in his "Prize Essay" to the American Medical Association), is the *only* preparation of the hypophosphites identical in composition with the phosphoid elements of the human brain and the higher organs of life, and possesses in the fullest degree the life-sustaining power. It nourishes the *brain and nerves*, and thus restores *lost vigor*, *strengthens the intellect*, imparts endurance for *mental labor*, and *prevents nervous exhaustion*. It is a positive *cure for night sweats*, and a *preventive of consumption*. For more than twenty years many leading physicians have prescribed Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites for the cure of all nervous diseases. It is used and recommended by talented brain-workers *everywhere*. It is not a "patent medicine" nor "stimulant." It contains no narcotics. The exact formula is on the label. It is delicate in combination, and does not offend the taste. Pamphlet with testimonials free. For sale by druggists, from whom no substitute should be accepted. Sent by mail (\$1) from 56 West 25th Street, New York.

See that this signature is printed on the label.

F. Crosby Co.

THE NEW PREMISES OF THE OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.—The Oliver Ditson Company, so well known throughout the United States for its prominence as a centre for musical publications, musical instruments, and all else appertaining to the divine art of music, has lately perfected a movement which not only gives the company additional room in which to carry on their constantly increasing business, but also one of the finest buildings for the purpose in the city of Boston. As now arranged, there is but one main entrance to the structure, which opens direct into the retail department, where every facility for handling the immense quantity of music demanded by the constant influx of patrons is to be noticed and appreciated. The whole building is lighted by electricity and fitted with electric bells, having sufficient power in the basement for all the wants of the establishment. In summing up, it can be stated that the building has a frontage of seventy feet, is elegantly appointed from basement to top, and in the alterations made care has been had to have convenience and comfort go hand in hand, so that in receiving goods, preparing them for sale, and in meeting the demands from customers, the easiest and pleasantest methods for the accomplishment of the same have been secured, and cannot fail to meet the approval of both those who serve and those who are served.

CAN THE PHONOGRAPH SLANDER?—The preliminary hearing in a highly interesting case was held lately before Judge Blauvert in New York. Mr. Emmond appeared as defendant in an action brought by Mrs. Margaret Dusen for conspiracy and defamation of character. The facts of the case are briefly as follows. Mrs. Margaret Dusen keeps a boarding-house, and Mr. Theodore Emmond is one of her boarders. Mr. Emmond appears to have been dissatisfied with the fare, and he devised and carried out a striking method of finding out the nature of the food placed before him and his fellow-boarders. Emmond placed a phonograph in the kitchen, and bribed the cook to set it working when her mistress was talking. This she did, and on the following Sunday after dinner, the instrument having in the mean time been brought from the kitchen into the dining-room, Mrs. Dusen was invited to join the boarders and witness an exhibition of the new instrument, which Mr. Emmond explained to be a newly-invented music-machine. He had, however, no sooner set the machine working than the assembled boarders heard the following deliverance in Mrs. Dusen's well-known voice:

"Mary, you do not want to pay over eight cents a pound for meat anyhow. It is good enough for them. You can get it in Mulberry Street for that. You are giving too big prices for steak. If they do not like it, let them eat more vegetables. Yesterday you bought fresh pie. How often have I told you to save five cents by getting it stale and warming it up? Then this bill of twenty-five cents a pound for coffee is too much: coffee at fifteen cents a pound will do in the future. I have got enough trouble to make both ends meet, without feeding three men at five dollars a week on porter-house steak."

Mrs. Dusen sought the advice of her lawyers, with the result that Mr. Theodore Emmond was summoned to appear before Judge Blauvert to answer the charge of defamation and conspiracy.

THE PARIS OPERA-HOUSE.—The budget of the Paris Opera-House varies from a little under three million francs to a little over four millions. Salaries are paid to no less than seven hundred persons. The enumeration is interesting and curious. Artists,—which means singers,—30; ballet-dancers, 150; chorus, 80; orchestra, 100; at the booking-offices, 30; carpenters, 80; gasmen, 15; dressers, 20 of each sex; ballet-masters, stage-managers, prompters, etc., 15. So the list runs on till we get to the full number. The *claque* only get their admissions,—from sixty to ninety tickets for the pit,—some of which they may dispose of. Every artist has a right to a dresser, who has charge of his wardrobe and conducts his toilet, but the artist may have his own valet if he prefers it. The chorus get each about fifteen hundred francs a year, but they combine the opera with singing in the choirs of churches and also of the conservatoires, and have their special employments during the day. The leader of the orchestra gets twelve thousand francs a year, and the lesser lights from fifteen hundred francs to three thousand francs; but they stand out for their status. Meyerbeer used to call them "*Messieurs les Professeurs*;" and the tradition remains. Then there are the dancers,—the *corps de ballet*,—who, starting with eighteen hundred francs a year, get an annual increase of two hundred francs, and sometimes rise very high indeed. Mademoiselle Mauri at present receives forty thousand francs.

QUINA-LAROCHE.—This preparation has for its basis a combination of all the principles of the best cinchonas with a rich special wine; not, like many mixtures, an ordinary compound of drugs, but a result of laborious researches, which has won for its inventor a National Prize of 16,600 francs, and Gold Medals at the Expositions of Paris, Vienna, etc.

Quina-Laroche is *par excellence* the tonic with which to combat stomach affections, loss of appetite, mental depression, anæmia, etc. Quina-Laroche is a powerful preservative against intermittent and continued fevers rebellious to sulphate of quinine, and of exceptional value in cases of tardy convalescence; in combination with iron, is especially recommended for poorness of the blood, chlorosis, difficulties of assimilation, debility, &c. Prevents Influenza and La Grippe.



E. Fougere & Co., Agents, No. 30 North William St., New York. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.

CHEAPNESS is usually associated with the purchase of something at a price less than its market value. The price of best flour is about eight dollars per barrel. If one now procured a barrel of best quality for six dollars it would be *cheap*. All this to make plain that there can be no *cheapness* in legitimate life insurance, where the purpose and the practice are to give the exact and full equivalent in insurance for every dollar and cent paid as a premium to a company. This is another way of saying that insurance is furnished at its cost, its exact cost year by year; and this is done only where there is a community of interest,—where nobody gains or loses,—where each has his just proportion of benefit and no more.

There are several such companies adhering strictly and with high integrity and great managerial skill and ability to the original purpose of getting life insurance at low cost, and their success is unquestionable. But cost differs,—not much, but still enough to make an appreciable difference to the premium-payer; and hence it has become usual to say that one institution furnishes insurance *more cheaply* than another. Nothing can be cheaper than cost, except some other cost which is less; and what is meant is that one company furnishes a given volume of insurance at **LESS COST** than another. If the meaning is clear, the reader may now be directed where, for forty-three years, life insurance has been stanch and reliable,—where the average cost has been materially **LESS** than in twenty companies competing for the support of discriminating insurers.

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE,

921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AN UNCROWNED KING.—In the literary and artistic world of Paris, a few years ago, there figured an eccentric personage named Meyrena, a man-about-town, who was generally regarded as somewhat feather-brained. He was always talking of his wonderful adventures and travels in unexplored regions. One fine day he suddenly disappeared. No one was much surprised, or took any trouble to ascertain what had become of him. Several years having elapsed, Meyrena reappeared as suddenly as he had departed, and became once more a familiar figure on the Boulevards. Now, however, his recitals were more marvellous than ever. "You must understand," he would say to his friends, "that you are now conversing with royalty. I am king of the Sedangs." Every one concluded that the poor fellow was mad, but, much to the general surprise, it was found that his story was partly true. Meyrena had succeeded in penetrating into some unexplored territory beyond Indo-China, and, after having lived for some time in the midst of a people known as the Sedangs, he had assumed a certain post of semi-regal authority. On returning to Paris he formed the audacious project of negotiating a treaty with the French government, placing his pseudo-kingdom under the protection of France. As may be imagined, his proposal was treated as a joke. Greatly discouraged, Meyrena returned to his dominions, and nothing more was heard of him till the other day, when a report of his death was circulated. No details were obtainable, and it was not until the arrival of the Indo-China mail at Marseilles that any particulars of this extraordinary career transpired. It appears that Meyrena had established himself on the island of Troman, near Singapore, with a number of Chinese-Egyptians, an Englishman named Scott, and a Frenchman named Villeroy. They obtained their provisions from Singapore and from Epdase. Each member of the singular fraternity had his governmental functions clearly defined. Villeroy was Physician in Ordinary to the King; Scott was Minister of Public Works and Chancellor of the Exchequer, his budget being, in the outset at all events, a purely imaginary one. These proceedings led the British authorities to suspect that Meyrena was endeavoring to convert the island into a resort of pirates, especially as his operations were coincident with certain turbulent outbreaks on the part of the Malays. It is thought that Meyrena committed suicide in order to escape from the embarrassments of his position. Both Villeroy and Scott had deserted him, and he does not appear to have derived any support from his so-called subjects, as according to the latest reports he was at the time of his death in absolute want.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

WHERE THEATRICAL INTERESTS CLASHED.—The theatrical caterer has often to contend with outside influences over which he has no control, resulting in scanty audiences, or, it may be, no audience at all. A manager of the old Bower Saloon meeting a friend one day near the Horse Guards, the latter inquired how he was getting on. "Oh, we live, sir, we live," was the reply. "Well, I must be off," said his friend; "I'm in a hurry to see about seats at the Italian opera next week." "What!" exclaimed the Bower manager, "does the Italian opera open next week? I'm very sorry to hear it." "Why, what can it matter to you?" cried the other. "Surely you don't imagine that the opera performance will clash with yours?" "Won't it, though?" was the answer. "My audience won't be inside Her Majesty's, but they will all be there—picking pockets!" and, shaking hands, the dismayed manager went sadly on his way.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**SOME CHILDREN
GROWING TOO FAST**

BECOME LISTLESS, FRETFUL,
WITHOUT ENERGY, THIN AND
WEAK. BUT YOU CAN FORTIFY
AND BUILD THEM UP, BY
THE USE OF



SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

They will take it as readily as any food and an improvement in Health,
Strength and Flesh is noticed immediately. As a remedy for

**COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS,
CONSUMPTION,**

SCROFULA, AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS,

In both the old and the young, it is unequalled.

CAUTION: Beware of Imitations. Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon Color Wrapper.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Manufacturing Chemists.

NEW YORK, LONDON, BELLEVILLE, MILAN, BARCELONA, OPORTO.

AS PALESTINE

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN IN LONDON.—Charlotte Cushman arrived in London unheralded by a single paragraph. The path might be steep and thorny, but toil would render triumph all the sweeter. This idea of winning renown by legitimate work, without drawing on a ready-made reputation, dominated her every action. Living frugally, she took obscure lodgings in Covent Garden, spent the bulk of her time dancing attendance upon Messieurs the theatrical managers, and for her pains was by one and all coldly repulsed. Off the stage, the God-given genius of this superb actress failed to make itself apparent in the person of a woman who, sooth to say, was not cast in fascinating mould, having physical qualities bordering on the masculine. But, as events afterwards demonstrated, Laurent of Covent Garden, to take one example, lost a clear five thousand pounds by refusing her proffered services at the ridiculous salary of eight pounds per week.

Returning to London after an unsuccessful attempt in Paris to get an engagement there with an English company, Charlotte grew more resolute than ever, equipped herself with new letters of introduction, and once more waited upon Maddox, the little Hebrew manager of the Princess's Theatre. Equally chilling was her second reception. "Repulsed, but not conquered," writes George Vandenhoff, with authority, in his "Reminiscences," "she rose to depart; but, as she reached the door, she turned round and exclaimed, 'I know I have enemies in this country, but'—and here she cast herself upon her knees and raised her clasped hands aloft—'so help me God! I'll defeat them.' She uttered this with the energy of Lady Macbeth and the prophetic spirit of Meg Merrilies. 'Hullo!' said Maddox to himself, 's'help me! she's got de shuff in her!' and he gave her an appearance, and afterward an engagement in his theatre." The engagement was at twenty pounds a week, and Maddox cleared some five thousand pounds by the transaction.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

A CLEVER THIEF.—An extraordinary account is given of how a safe was opened by a robber who had at his disposal no instrument of any kind, but operated merely with his finger-nail. The person who accomplished the feat revealed his intention of robbing the iron safe in a hotel to another young man, who happened to be the cousin of the hotel proprietor,—a fact he was unacquainted with. As a matter of course, the proposed scheme to rob was revealed to the owner of the hotel, and a little before midnight, when it was to be put into execution, a couple of detectives were admitted to the premises and concealed behind the office counter. A short time afterwards the robber entered the office gently, without either tools or explosives wherewith to open the massive iron receptacle, the combination of which it was evident he did not know. He had, however, resorted to an ingenious plan of his own. He had pared the nail of his index finger on the right hand until the blood-vessels were exposed. Then, by placing the sensitive wound on the combination lock, he could distinguish the movements of the tumblers as they fell. For more than an hour did he work, and at last there came a sharp click, and he swung back the doors of the safe. He was in the act of filling his pockets with the valuable papers it contained, when a damper was thrown upon his activity by the sudden grasp of the detectives, under whose escort he was taken to prison, and thus interrupted what was probably one of the most ingenious robberies ever recorded in the annals of crime.—*Glasgow Citizen*.



LUCAS COUNTY, S.S.

FRANK J. CHENEY MAKES OATH THAT HE IS THE SENIOR PARTNER OF THE FIRM OF F. J. CHENEY & CO., DOING BUSINESS IN THE CITY OF TOLEDO, COUNTY AND STATE AFORESAID, AND THAT SAID FIRM WILL PAY THE SUM OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR EACH AND EVERY CASE OF CATARRH THAT CANNOT BE CURED BY THE USE OF HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Frank J. Cheney

SWORN TO BEFORE ME, AND SUBSCRIBED IN MY PRESENCE, THIS 6TH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1889



W. D. Sheason
Notary Public.

*Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,
and acts directly upon the Blood and
mucous surfaces.*

DR. L. L. GORSUCH, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced medicine for forty years, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure."

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it."

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me."

CONDUCTOR E. D. LOOMIS, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful. Write him about it."

REV. H. P. CARSON, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl."

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines.

Price 75 Cents a Bottle. \$8.00 a Dozen.

The only Genuine HALL'S CATARRH CURE is Manufactured by

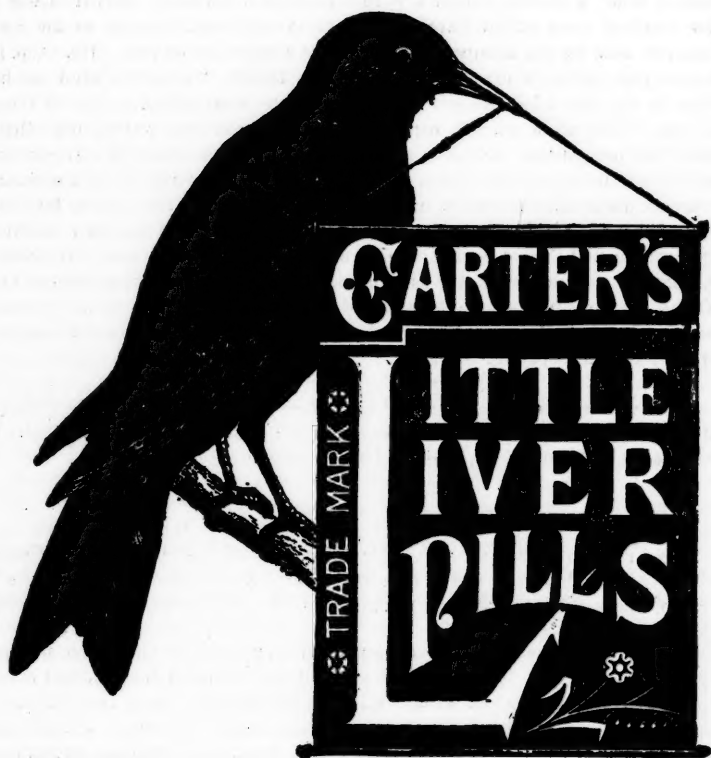
F. J. CHENEY & CO., - TOLEDO, O.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Testimonials sent free on application.

OLIVE SCHREINER.—“Olive Schreiner's volume of *Dreams*,” says the *Pull Mall Gazette*, “is dated from Matjesfontein, Cape Colony. Miss Schreiner's home is in one of the beautiful suburbs of Cape Town. But Matjesfontein is a strange little oasis in the desert karroo through which the railway runs from the Cape to Kimberley. Pitched in the heart of that wilderness, it consists of a farm, a hotel, a station, a mill; a warehouse, and a few huts. But it boasts a few hundred acres which have been made to smile and blossom as the rose (more or less) by the energy and skill of one young Scotchman. His name is Logan, and he has made Matjesfontein the quotable example of what can be done in the way of coaxing a harvest from the most sterile region of Cape Colony. The miracle which certain thrifty Germans have worked with their little kitchen-garden patches in waste land about Cape Town, Mr. Logan has worked in the karroo with a farm the size of an English county. It is a desolate prospect which Miss Schreiner has to look on from the ‘South-African farm’ at Matjesfontein,—the flat drab wastes of sands stretching far away, only relieved by low sierras of jagged rock or ragged stone-heaps. But the clear, dry South-African wind sweeps over it, with healing in its wings better than twenty Dr. Kochs for those who need it; and the landscape has moods of wild, weird beauty when the garish mid-day glare is exchanged for faint dawn or twilight or the pure Southern night.” Her dreams and allegories, says the *London Star*, “are somewhat in the manner of Turgeneff's poems in prose, and are instinct not only with a rare poetic spirit and much force of vivid description, but, above all, with that wide sympathy for humanity, based on economic knowledge, which is to be the key-note of the literature of the immediate future.”

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.—Two Penobscot County farmers bought an old fashioned pair of steelyards, each paying a part of the cost, and both used them for weighing their produce for market. After a time a dispute arose, and each claimed to own them. The matter was carried into court. The jury disagreed. Then the case, on some technicality, was sent to the law-court, and was again sent back for trial. The costs up to this point had reached about five hundred dollars, about a hundred times the original cost of the steelyards. When it came up again, Judge Peters was the presiding justice. He told the counsel that, if continued, the costs would be increased to such an extent that one or the other of the parties would lose his farm in order to pay, and advised them to enter it “neither party,” and divide the costs. After a consultation, the parties said that they were willing to do that, and it looked as though the case would be settled. All at once one of the contestants went over to his counsel in the court-room and asked, “But who is going to get the steelyards? He shall not have them.” The other contestant made the same declaration. Then the counsel arose and said the case was just where it was before any talk of settlement had been made. They were willing to stop litigation and divide the costs, but “what could be done with the steelyards?” “I'll fix that,” said Judge Peters. “Let the sheriff of the county take the steelyards at night and go down and throw them into the middle of the river, letting nobody know the exact spot, so that they never can be recovered by any one.” The contestants agreed to this proposition, each paid his proportionate part of the costs, and the case was dropped.—*Lewiston Journal*.



positively cure SICK HEADACHE. They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side.

Purely vegetable. Sugar-coated. Do not gripe or sicken. SMALL PRICE. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE.

CARTER MEDICINE Co., New York City.

WHAT KILLED SIR WALTER SCOTT.—Professor Blaikie, in a letter to the *New York Observer*, says that, while the journal of Sir Walter Scott displays his constant kind-heartedness and his willingness to take up other people's burdens, even while his own was so heavy, on the other hand it furnishes more evidence of bondage to the world than could have been expected. An example of this is found in his professed readiness to fight a duel if he should have been called upon to do so by a foreign gentleman whom he had offended, his conviction being that nothing could injure him more than a reflection on his honor. "We have only too plentiful evidence, too," says Dr. Blaikie, "of his habit, at least in the latter part of his life, to make no difference between Sundays and week-days in his literary work. Correcting of proofs and slaving away at task-work were usual occupations for the day of rest. Had he let his brain and nerves regain their tone by a day of rest and worship, the end of his life might have been very different. And we may say the same thing with reference to his use of alcohol. For his time, he was a very temperate man. Yet we find him telling how one night, after having had a warning from apoplexy and a frequent twitching of the muscles of the face, he took a glass of whiskey, and when he went to his dressing-room sank stupefied on the floor. This was his second attack; and it is not generally known that his last illness came on after a similar violation of the proper regimen."

THE MESSENGER BOY IN ENGLAND.—What are these creatures shambling up the crescent? These are two message boys. And who is that troglodyte roosting on the railing? That is Drake's boy waiting on Peel's boy and Smellie's boy. Why does he wait? Because he never travels alone; secondly, because he has infinite time. Do they shake hands when they meet? No, Drake's boy puts out his foot and trips up Peel's boy. What does Peel's boy do? He rises in haste and smites him with a leg of mutton. Are they now enemies? No, these are proofs of attachment. After burnishing the leg of mutton, they sit down to discuss the universe,—i.e., the street, the pantomime, and one Kidd, a pirate.

Why does Smellie's boy go off by himself and yell? If he did not do that he would burst. He does not know he is yelling. Why does he lay down his basket and dance? Hush; do not betray him. All boys do that when they are alone. Does he look ashamed if you see him? No; boys never look anything. Will he come to if you leave him? Yes; he will whistle presently, and calm down. How much does he get for this? Four-and-sixpence a week.

This boy is accounted for by the Evolution Theory. His father was Primitive Man. It is only being in a town and his mispronunciation that make you think he is not a savage. What he represents is Capacity: he is clay, dough, putty. This boy cannot as yet walk straight, or dress better, or brush his hair. He is not good. He is not bad. He has no soul. He has not even soap. He is simply Boy, pure, unwashed, unregenerate Boy.—*Good Words.*

THREE TO ONE.—At whist, a gentleman lost the odd trick, upon which the rubber turned, through the bad play of his partner, who failed to respond to his call for trumps, and so ruined a magnificent hand and good game.

"Hard lines," said a friend who was looking on, sympathetically and significantly.

"Yes," was the reply, "but what could one do against three such adversaries?"—*All the Year Round.*

✓ FORTY years ago almost every mother thought her child must have paregoric or laudanum to make it sleep. These drugs will produce sleep, and a few drops too many of them will produce the sleep from which there is no waking. Many are the children who have been killed or whose health has been ruined for life by paregoric, laudanum, and morphine, each of which is a narcotic product of opium. Druggists are prohibited from selling either of the narcotics named to children at all, or to anybody without labelling them "poison." The definition of "narcotic" is "*A medicine which relieves pain and produces sleep, but which, in poisonous doses, produces stupor, coma, convulsions, and death.*" The taste and smell of opium medicines are disguised, and sold under the names of "Bateman's Drops," "Godfrey's Cordial," "Soothing Syrups," etc. You should not permit any medicine to be given to your children without you or your physician knows of what it is composed.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
—H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."—ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 Second Avenue, New York.

"From personal knowledge I can say that Castoria is a most excellent medicine for children."—DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria promotes Digestion, assists Teething, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no morphine or other narcotic property.

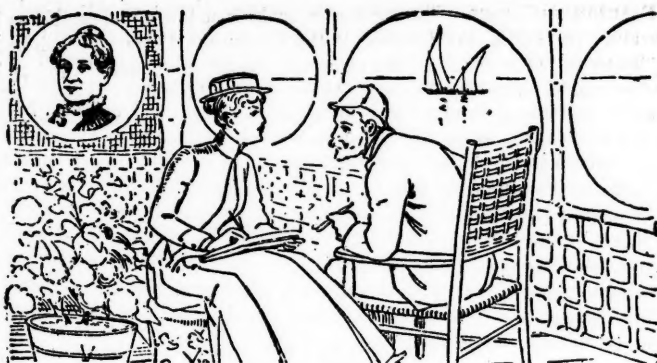


and cakes and biscuit and potpies are the nicest when made with Cleveland's Baking Powder.

FASHION IN BOOKS.—The fashion in books is as incomprehensible as it is uncertain. In 1812, at the dispersal of the Roxburghe Library,—described as the “Waterloo” of book-sales,—the enormous sum of two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds was given for what is known as the Valdarfer Boccaccio, which was printed in Venice in 1471. Of this excessively rare book only one perfect copy is known, while there are less than half a dozen copies in existence, not even an imperfect one being in the British Museum. The work is printed in Roman letters, long lines, without numerals, catch-words, or signatures, and has forty lines to the full page. A copy, with five leaves missing and several others mended, came into the market the other day, and was knocked down for the trifling sum of two hundred and thirty pounds, in spite of the fact that it is the largest copy in the world. Dibdin has described with bated breath the sale of the Roxburghe copy,—for which two peers of the realm bid in person: he would not have found the sale the other day a very exciting affair.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—Masquerading is allowed during Carnival time in certain Italian towns between sunset and sunrise, but not during the business hours of the day. Cardinal Masella being lately at Pisa, and having an official visit to pay to some dignitary who lived close to his hotel, set out on foot in his scarlet robes and baretta. A policeman, unaccustomed to see a Prince of the Church unattended and walking in the streets, stopped his Eminence and severely informed him that it was forbidden to go about “disguised” in broad daylight. He had taken the cardinal for a mummer. This was better, however, than what happened to a cardinal at the last Ecumenical Council, when a great crowd of bishops were pressing into St. Peter’s, so that the Swiss Guards could not keep a way clear for the Pope and his suite. One of these men, impatient at being shoved about, lifted the stock of his halbert, and, ramming it behind him, hit a cardinal in the pit of the stomach. A moan from his Eminence caused the guard to look round, upon which he humbly excused himself on the ground that he thought he was hitting a bishop.

MEISSONIER’S POSTHUMOUS WORKS.—It is not known yet what will be done with all the unfinished pictures left in Meissonnier’s studios. They represent a fortune, for many of them, which were condemned by the fastidious taste of the painter himself, will soon be in the hands of the dealers and heralded as masterpieces. Most of the sketches and mere studies, one need not doubt, will turn out full-fledged paintings by the time they reach the amateur. One can but remember what happened after Daubigny’s death and after Millet’s death. Each had a son who painted, and much of the work of those sons is dearly cherished to-day in hundreds of cabinets in America and elsewhere as that of the illustrious fathers. The posthumous paintings of Meissonnier will probably be numerous; but it is only right to add that the high character of Mr. Charles Meissonnier may be considered a guarantee, so far as his personal influence can go, for the integrity of the artistic remains of his distinguished father.—*Art Amateur*.



"WHO ARE YOU WRITING TO, DEAR?"

"I am answering Mrs. Pinkham's letter, that reached us at Cairo. She has told me just what to do, and I am feeling much better; besides, she has given me a list of places where her preparations are sold. I found them here in Alexandria, and have laid in a stock. My mind is easy now, so any time you wish to start, I'm ready!"

American ladies travelling abroad find the Compound invaluable. It sustains the energies in the most trying climate, and is a faithful friend whenever needed. Mrs. Pinkham's foreign correspondence is very large, and increases rapidly. Send stamp for "Guide to Health," a beautiful illustrated book.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is the only *Positive Cure and Legitimate Remedy* for the peculiar weaknesses and ailments of women.

FORTY YEARS AGO TO-DAY.—The Pioneer Newspaper Advertising Agency of S. H. Parvin's Sons was established in Cincinnati on the 27th of March, 1851, forty years ago. It has kept pace with the advancement of civilization and the demands of the times. From a small beginning the business has gradually grown into one of immense proportions, having unlimited credit with the entire newspaper press of the United States, Canada, and foreign countries.

One noticeable feature is the fact that during all these years, having maintained a high standard of integrity, the Parvin Agency have, through fair dealing, gained the confidence and good will alike of both advertisers and publishers, thus enabling them to secure for their many patrons the most favorable consideration at the hands of the publishers.

The success of such a reliable firm is chronicled with pleasure. The Parvin Agency, infused with the spirit of progressive men of experience, and a thorough knowledge of the advertising field, has gained for them a world-wide reputation and produced fortunes for many of their customers.

After forty years of creditable business experience in the field of advertising, the firm of S. H. Parvin's Sons deserve the hearty and cordial recognition, as well as congratulations, of the entire press of the country.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, March 27, 1891.

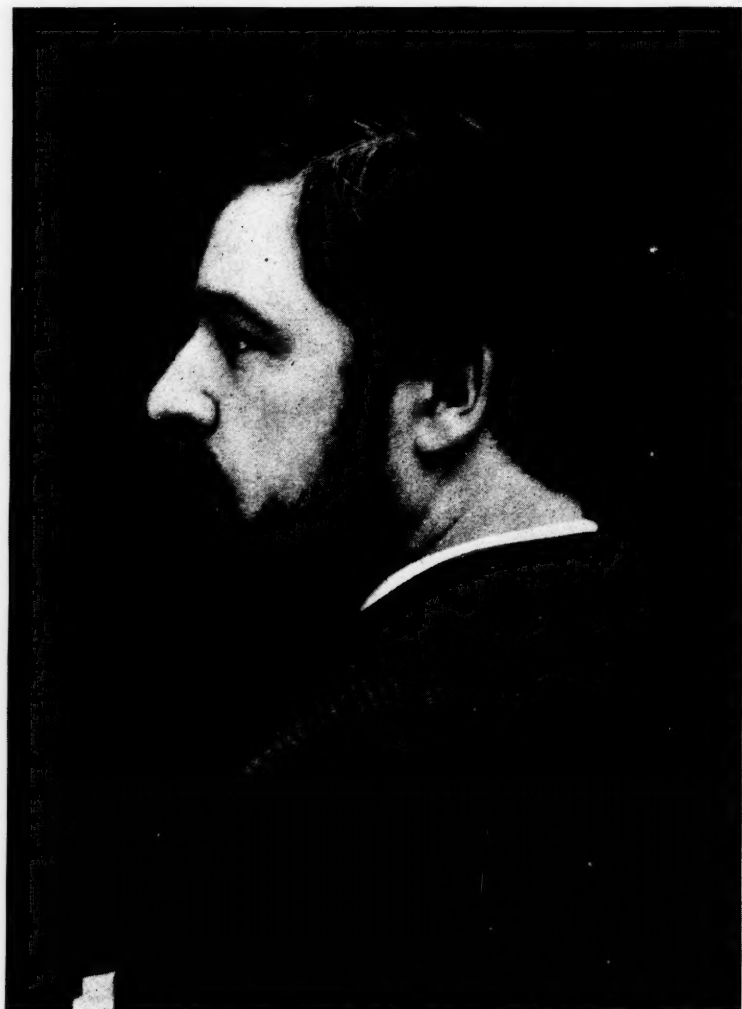
SYMPATHETIC VIBRATION.—The well-known phrase of Dr. Chalmers, "The power of littles," is strikingly illustrated in the physical world by the phenomena we are about to study. Little forces acting in the same direction and recurring at rapid and regular intervals of time will, if accumulated, soon add up to a single force of gigantic magnitude. Every one has heard how a regiment of soldiers, when crossing a suspension bridge, have to break step, lest the uniform tramp of their feet should set up, as it might well do, a dangerously large oscillation of the bridge. A half-hundredweight hung up by a wire may be thrown into a considerable swing by a succession of gentle taps, or even puffs of air, if the taps or puffs hit the suspended body at the right moment,—that is, when the feeble impulses conspire in the same direction with that of the swinging weight. To give definiteness, imagine the wire supporting the half-hundredweight to be rather more than a yard long, the time taken for the weight to make a single swing in one direction will then be a second; the arrangement will be in fact a seconds-pendulum. Let us now attach one end of a fine thread to the weight and every second give the feeblest possible jerk to the thread. We shall soon find that a surprisingly large swing of the pendulum is set up, because the gentle impetus we have given synchronizes with the period of the swinging weight. The trivial amount of energy in each pull is stored up in the weight, so that if we now attempted to stop the oscillations of the weight by a single pull of the thread we could not do so, as the thread would break. In fact, if the half-hundredweight be swinging through an arc which measures a foot across, it will be moving with an average velocity of a foot per second, thus possessing a momentum equal to a half-ounce bullet moving with a velocity of nearly eighteen hundred feet a second,—more than sufficient to kill a man. All this energy has been transmitted through a thread an infant could break, and has accumulated in the weight owing to the succession of tiny jerks coinciding with the period of the pendulum.—*Good Words.*



BIRD-MANNA!—The great secret of the canary-breeders of the Hartz Mountains, Germany. Bird-Manna will restore the song of cage-birds, will prevent their ailments, and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will, in most cases, carry the little musician through this critical period without loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by Druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Company, 400 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CASTORIA is truly a marvellous thing for children. Doctors prescribe it, medical journals recommend it, and more than a million mothers are using it in place of paregoric, Bateman's Drops, so-called soothing syrups, and other narcotic and stupefying remedies. Castoria is the quickest thing to regulate the stomach and bowels and give healthy sleep the world has ever seen. It is pleasant to the taste and absolutely harmless. It relieves constipation, quiets pain, cures diarrhoea and wind-colic, allays feverishness, destroys worms, and prevents convulsions, soothes the child, and gives it refreshing and natural sleep. Castoria is the children's panacea,—the mothers' friend.

17
6



Truly yours
E. P. Lathrop

GOLD OF PLEASURE.

BY

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP,

AUTHOR OF

"AN ECHO OF PASSION," "NEWPORT," "WOULD YOU KILL HIM?"
"AFTERGLOW," ETC.

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